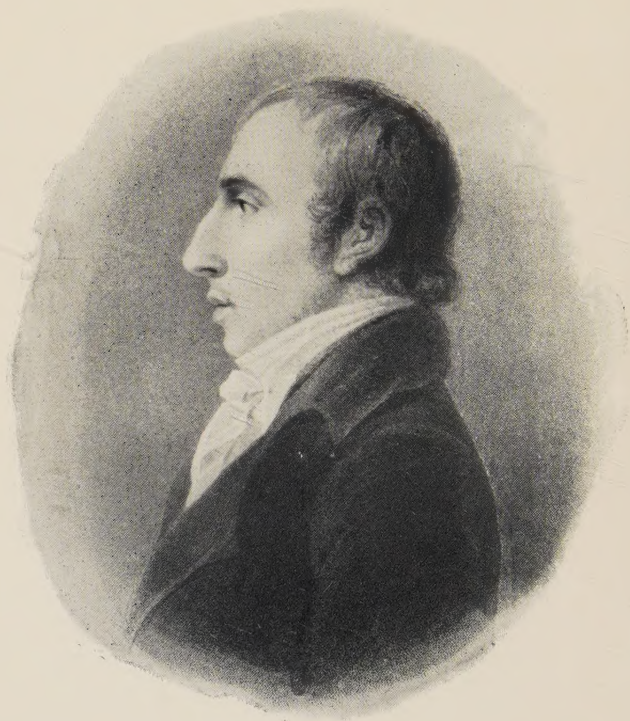


Wordsworth



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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

From a Drawing by Hancock about 1798

OXFORD EDITION

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

EDITED BY

THOMAS HUTCHINSON, M.A.



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If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
 Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
 Shine, Poet ! in thy place, and be content :—
 The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
 And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
 (Visible though they be to half the earth,
 Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
 Are yet of no diviner origin,
 No purer essence, than the one that burns,
 Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
 Of some dark mountain ; or than those which seem
 Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
 Among the branches of the leafless trees ;
 All are the undying offspring of one Sire :
 Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
 Shine, Poet ! in thy place, and be content.

Preface.

IN this Edition of the Poems of William Wordsworth there will be found—now for the first time within the compass of a single volume of convenient size and modest price—every piece of original verse which we know to have been published by the poet himself, or of which he can be shown to have authorised the posthumous publication.

The OXFORD WORDSWORTH comprises (1) the *Minor or Miscellaneous Poems*, reprinted from the standard edition of 1849–50,—the last issued during the lifetime and under the direct authority of the poet; (2) a reprint of the original text of the two Poems of 1793, viz. *An Evening Walk*, and *Descriptive Sketches*; (3) a *Supplement*, giving, so far as it has been possible to ascertain, every piece published by Wordsworth on any other occasion whatsoever, but omitted by him from the final edition of 1849–50; (4) *The Prelude*¹, or *Growth of a Poet's Mind*; *an Autobiographical Poem*; (5) *The Excursion* (text of ed. 1849–50); (6) all the *Author's Notes* of ed. 1849–50, together with many notes found in various early editions, but subsequently omitted; (7) sundry *Prefaces*, *Postscripts*, &c., given at the end of Vol. V., ed. 1849–50; (8) a *Chronological Table of the Life of Wordsworth*, and (9) some few miscellaneous *Notes* by the *Editor*, who is also accountable for (10) the *Chronological Data* prefixed to the individual poems.

Great pains have been taken to ensure a high degree of accuracy in the text of this Edition. The poet's use of capital letters—a sure index to his intentions of stress—has been carefully and, it is hoped, in every instance reproduced; but it seemed idle to preserve with scrupulous exactness certain oddities and inconsistencies of spelling—a matter to which Wordsworth, unlike his brother-poet, Walter Savage Landor, appears never to have given serious attention. The editor has throughout compared the punctuation of the standard text of 1849–50 with that of the *Aldine Wordsworth*, issued in 1892². In most instances of divergence between them he has followed the recent authority; but in a few cases a regard—it may be, a superstitious regard—for the metrical design of the poet has compelled him to revert (not without misgiving) to the pointing of the standard text. Be this as it may, we must always bear in mind the fact that Wordsworth's system of punctuation was no mere logical or intellectual organ, but rather—in the words of the *Aldine Editor*—"an elaborate

¹ Published, shortly after the poet's death, in 1850.

² Edited by Edward Dowden, LL.D., &c., &c., Professor of Oratory and English Literature in the University of Dublin.

and ingenious instrument, intended at once to guide the reader to the meaning and to serve a metrical purpose."

In three places, where a misprint in the text of 1849-50, while not absolutely demonstrable, was yet in the highest degree probable, the Editor has substituted a reading of one or more of the earlier editions, taking care to add in a footnote the precise authority attaching to the adopted reading. On behalf of the change thus introduced into line 3 of *Misc. Son.*, II. XXIV: "a lamp *sullenly* (*vice* suddenly) *glaring*," it will probably suffice to refer the reader to the numerous passages cited in the footnote on page 266; bidding him add thereto, from *Eccles. Sonnets*, II. xv. line 13: "Ambition . . . is no *sullen fire*;" and also, from *Inscriptions*, X., lines 27, 28: "by *sullen* weeds forbidden To resume its native *light*." In defence of "*choral* (*vice* coral) fountains" (p. 217) it may be observed, first: that Wordsworth was not a writer of nonsense-verses; secondly: that he had a rooted aversion to slipshod grammar, and, in particular, to the very solecism exemplified in the phrase (of text 1849-50), "coral fountains," i.e. to the adjectival misuse of a substantive *pur et simple*. We may feel confident that the poet-critic who found fault with W. Rowan Hamilton's phrase: *weariness of that gold sphere*, and remonstrated with R. P. Gillies for having written: *where the lake gleams beneath the autumn sun*; who vehemently advocated the employment of *vernal* and *autumnal* as being both "unexceptionable words," and declared it to be a matter of regret that Miss Seward's bantling, *hybernal*, was not in more familiar use;—we may, surely, feel quite satisfied that this severe precisian would never have condescended to the vile phrase, *coral fountains*; all the more because, in the words, *fountains coralline*, he had a phrase ready to his hand which (had it but been possible on the score of sense) was undeniably "unexceptionable," as well from the metrist's as from the grammarian's point of view. It should be added that the *Aldine* Editor led the way in adopting both readings—*sullenly* and *choral*—into his text. The third instance above referred to (see page 498) calls for no particular comment in this place.

In the extract from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresida*, contributed by Wordsworth to the volume projected by Thomas Powell in 1840, line 118, as it appears in the original issue of that volume (1841), runs precisely as it runs in Chaucer's original, and as it now runs in the *OXFORD WORDSWORTH*:—

"With a soft voice, he of his Lady dear"—

When, however, in the following year, this extract, along with the poet's other adaptations from Chaucer, was being reprinted for publication amongst his Collected Poems, the compositor perpetrated the ludicrous and (one would have thought) quite palpable blunder of foisting in the word 'night' (evidently caught from the expression 'night by night,' which occurs four lines below), between the words 'soft' and 'voice.' From that day to this, the line has run, in every edition of the Poems:—

"With a soft night voice, he of his Lady dear"—

an arrangement which obviously yields neither good metre nor common sense. It seems strange that neither Wordsworth himself, nor his clerk and proof-reader, Mr. John Carter, should, while revising the several editions of the Poems that appeared between 1842 and 1850, have detected so manifest an error of the press. But we may

perhaps suppose that their attention on these occasions was wholly given to Wordsworth's original compositions, and that the text of the adaptations from Chaucer, having been settled once for all, was simply left to take care of itself. Professor Dowden, in a paper read to the Wordsworth Society in May, 1882, was the first to suggest the possibly intrusive character of 'night;' he has, however, retained that word in the text of the Aldine Edition (1892). The Editor of the *OXFORD WORDSWORTH*, finding himself unable to conceive the possibility of any difference of opinion as to the true character and origin of 'night' in the line under notice, has summarily removed it from the text, without note, comment or apology of any kind whatsoever.

In a very few instances—possibly not more than half-a-dozen in all—where a passage either of striking beauty or otherwise interesting had been rejected from the text of ed. 1849-50, the Editor has ventured to restore the cancelled lines to their original position, placing them within brackets, to indicate that they form no part of the standard text, and adding in a footnote the precise amount of authority which they derive from the numerous earlier editions. The second stanza of *Louisa* has been replaced after this fashion; so, too, have the opening stanza of *Dion*, and a stanza (originally the sixth) of the *Ode to Duty*. Thus restored, the passages in question are sure to catch the eye of the reader; whereas, had they been relegated to the "Notes and Illustrations" at the end of the volume, they would necessarily have escaped the notice of that numerous class who read poetry readily enough, but turn with instant aversion from anything in the shape of a Note.

The Minor Poems are here presented in the order in which they stand in ed. 1849-50. The notion of that order or arrangement was, as is well known, first conceived by Wordsworth in 1812, and, after three years of sedulous elaboration, was finally perfected and embodied by him in the Collective Edition of 1815. To it, despite much ridicule and hostile criticism, the poet adhered with unwavering faith throughout the rest of his life. On this question of arrangement, the Editor is fain to confess, his affections are most humble; he has no ambition to see a goodlier scheme than Wordsworth's. Accordingly, those who purchase the *OXFORD WORDSWORTH* must needs content themselves with the works of the poet arranged according to an antiquated scheme of his own devising. As to the advantages alleged by some to accompany a chronological arrangement of the poems, it will be time enough to discuss them when the materials for the construction of such an arrangement are in our hands. At present, our knowledge of the chronology¹ of the poems is very far from complete; and, accordingly, every attempt to set the poems in their true chronological order must of necessity be largely tentative and conjectural.

In compiling the Chronological Life-Table, the Editor has, of course, freely availed himself of the two great Sources for the Biography of Wordsworth, viz. the *Memoirs* of the poet, published in 1851 by his nephew Christopher, late Bishop of Lincoln, and the *Life* in three volumes by Professor Knight of St. Andrews, published in 1889.

¹ In this matter of chronology, be it observed, the poet himself is little better than a blind guide. Whenever he attempts to assign dates to his several compositions, he frequently errs, and not seldom contradicts himself. Nevertheless, in many instances, Wordsworth's testimony is all we at present have to go upon; and, wherever the date he gives is not discredited by evidence from another source, it has been thought best to adopt it in this Edition, as at least provisionally correct

Though not very inviting to look at, this Life-Table will, the Editor trusts, be found useful by sundry persons in divers ways. To the old Wordsworthian it will prove convenient for occasional reference; the young reader may pick out thence the leading dates and events of the poet's life; while the more advanced student may, it is hoped, learn by its aid something at least concerning the affinities—moral, poetical and intellectual—which connect Wordsworth with the preceding generation, and with the men of his own troubled and disjointed times.

It may be well to point out that in the *OXFORD WORDSWORTH* no attempt has been made to annotate the poems systematically; nor has the Editor thought it fair to cumber the pages with such information as the student can, without any difficulty, obtain for himself from Biographies, &c., now-a-days within the reach of all. Here and there, in order to facilitate the continuous reading of the poet, the Editor has thrown in a brief footnote, for the most part giving a name or a date referred to in the text; and to these footnotes he has added a very few notes (printed along with the Author's Notes at the end of the volume), to convey some novel suggestion, or else to supply some necessary or interesting fact regarding the text. Beyond this he has not attempted to go. The main object of the Series to which this Edition belongs is to provide the public, not with notes or commentary, but with a thoroughly sound, complete and legible text; and in the volume now before the reader this object, the Editor ventures to believe, has been realised to the fullest extent possible.

In view of the vague and unsettled character of the chronology of much of Wordsworth's poetry, the Editor has deemed it inexpedient to print a formal Chronological Table or List of the Author's Works, such as that given in Vol. VII. of the Aldine Edition. He has, however, used all diligence in testing the accuracy of the dates here prefixed to the individual poems. In the interest of the student and for purposes of reference, the lines have been numbered throughout the entire volume.

In conclusion, the Editor's best thanks are due to Professor William Knight, LL.D., of St. Andrews, for permission, granted in the readiest and most cordial fashion, to make use of certain particulars regarding the chronology of the Sonnets of 1802-3, which he himself had, at considerable pains, hunted up for use in his forthcoming Edition of the Poems. To Professor Dowden the Editor stands indebted for good counsel, assistance, and encouragement during the continuance of his task, as at many other times. Here, too, what has he to offer in return but grateful thanks?—

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor."

Lastly, his warmest acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Thomas Hutchinson of Kimbolton, Leominster, the poet's nephew by marriage, who, at considerable inconvenience to himself, in the kindest manner undertook to read a proof of the Chronological Life-Table, marked several errors therein for correction, and suggested certain improvements, which, so far as was found practicable, have been carried into effect.

T. H.

NOTE.

I have taken four verbal and six punctual corrections from Mr. Nowell Smith's three-volume edition (London, 1908).

March, 1910.

T. H.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE following Table is intended to show (1) the chief events of the poet's life, (2) the dates of the publication of his principal works, and (3) his chronological relations to certain of his predecessors and contemporaries.

W. = William Wordsworth, the Poet.
 John, &c. W. = John, &c. Wordsworth.
 H. = Hutchinson.
 S. T. C. = Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A.D. : ÆT.		
1725	-	About this year Richard Wordsworth migrates from Yorkshire to Westmoreland, is made Superintendent of the Lowther estates, marries, and purchases the property of Sockbridge, in the parish of Barton, near Penrith.
1745	-	Richard W. Receiver-General of the County of Westmoreland.
1754	-	[George Crabbe born.]
1762	-	[Wm. Lisle Bowles born. Joanna Baillie born.]
1763	-	[Samuel Rogers born.]
1764	-	[<i>The Traveller</i> (O. Goldsmith).]
1765	-	[Bp. Percy's <i>Reliques of Ancient English Poetry</i> .]
1766	-	John Wordsworth, attorney, of Cockermouth, chief law-agent to Sir Jas. Lowther, and Steward of the Manor and Forest of Ennerdale (born 1741, second son of Richard W.), marries Anne, daughter of Wm. Cookson, mercer, of Penrith, by Dorothy Crackanthorp, his wife (of the Newbiggin Hall family). To him are born:
1768	-	(1) Richard W. (May 19th; died May 19th, 1816).
1769	-	[<i>The Beggar's Petition</i> (Rev. Thos. Moss).]
1770	-	(2) WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, BORN APRIL 7th. [Mary Hutchinson born Aug. 16th (died Jan. 17th, 1855). James Hogg born. Chatterton died. <i>The Deserted Village</i> (Goldsmith).]
1771	1	(3) Dorothy W. (Dec. 25th; died Jan. 25th, 1855). [Gray died. Scott born. <i>The Minstrel</i> (Beattie)].
1772	2	(4) John W. (Dec. 4th; drowned Feb. 5th, 1805. [S. T. Coleridge born.]
1774	4	(5) Christopher W. (June 9th; died Feb. 2nd, 1846). [Goldsmith died. Southey born. <i>The Country Justice</i> (Langhorne, 1774-5).]
1775	5	[Chas. Lamb born. W. Savage Landor born.]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1777	7	During 1776-7 W. W. and Mary H. attend Anne Birkett's infant school at Penrith. [H. Hallam born. Thos. Campbell born.]
1778	8	Mother dies. W. lodges at Anne Tyson's cottage and attends Hawkshead Grammar-school. [Wm. Hazlitt born.]
1779	9	[Thos. Moore born.]
1781	11	[Ebenezer Elliott born. <i>The Library</i> (Crabbe). <i>Triumphs of Temper</i> (Hayley).]
1782	12	[<i>Poems</i> (Wm. Cowper). <i>Edwin and Elfrida</i> (Helen M. Williams).]
1783	13	John W. (father) dies, leaving his five children in the guardianship of their uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christ. Crackanthorp. [<i>The Village</i> (Crabbe).]
1784	14	[Dr. Johnson died. Leigh Hunt born. <i>Elegiac Sonnets</i> (Charlotte Smith).]
1785	15	"And has the sun his flaming chariot driven," &c. written (W.'s earliest extant verses). [De Quincey born. Thos. Love Peacock born. <i>The Newspaper</i> (Crabbe). <i>The Task</i> (Cowper).]
1786	16	"Dear Native Regions," &c.; "Calm is all Nature," &c. written. [<i>Poems</i> (Robt. Burns: Kilmarnock Ed.).]
1787	17	Enters at S. John's College, Cambridge. Studies Italian under Agostino Isola. <i>Evening Walk</i> begun. [B. W. Proctor born.]
1788	18	Long Vacation ¹ at Hawkshead. First visit to London (autumn). [Byron born. <i>Lewesdon Hill</i> (Wm. Crowe).]
1789	19	Long Vac. with Dorothy W. and Mary H. at Penrith. <i>Evening Walk</i> finished. [<i>The Loves of the Plants</i> (Darwin). <i>Sonnets</i> (W. L. Bowles). <i>Songs of Innocence</i> (Wm. Blake).]
1790	20	Walking tour in Long Vac. with Robt. Jones through France and Switzerland. [<i>Julia: a Novel</i> (with <i>Sonnet to Hope</i> : Helen M. Williams).]
1791	21	B.A. Camb. (Jan.). Forncett Rectory, Norfolk; London; Plas-yn-llan, N. Wales (with Robt. Jones); Paris (Nov.); Orleans. <i>Descriptive Sketches</i> begun. <i>Guilt and Sorrow</i> begun.
1792	22	Orleans; Blois (friendship with Michel Beaupuy: Nature now yields the first place to Man in W.'s affections and imagination); Paris (Oct.): W., on the point of offering himself as a leader of the Girondins, is recalled to England; London; <i>Descriptive Sketches</i> finished. [Shelley born. Keble born. <i>Pleasures of Memory</i> (Rogers). <i>The Economy of Vegetation</i> (Darwin).]
1793	23	<i>Evening Walk</i> publ. (Feb.); <i>Descriptive Sketches</i> publ. London; Isle of Wight, with Wm. Calvert (July); walking tour by Salisbury—Stonehenge—Bath—Bristol—Tintern Abbey—Goodrich Castle—to Plas-yn-llan. Wanderings through N. Wales (autumn). Shocked by England's declaration of war against France (Feb.). Indites a " <i>Letter to the Bishop of Llandoff, &c. By a Republican</i> ." [Felicia Hemans born. <i>Tam o' Shanter</i> , &c. (Burns).]
1794	24	At Armathwaite near Keswick; Halifax; at Windybrow under Skiddaw with Wm. Calvert; Whitehaven; wanderings through Lancashire

¹ It was during either this vacation or that of 1794, that W. spent four weeks with his cousin Mrs. Barker in Ranpside, a village of Low Furness, Lancashire, right opposite Peel Castle, which lies between Walney Isle and the mainland. Cf. the *Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle*.

A.D.	ÆT.	
		and the Lake Country. Proposes to start "The Philanthropist, a monthly Miscellany;" searches in vain for congenial employment; anxious and perplexed. <i>Guilt and Sorrow</i> finished. [<i>Fall of Robespierre</i> (S. T. C.). <i>Songs of Experience</i> (Blake). Robespierre executed (July 28th): see <i>Prelude</i> X., ll. 570-603.]
1795	25	At Penrith with Raisley Calvert, who dies, leaving W. £900 (Spring). Halifax (?); London; settles with Dorothy W. at Racedown, Dorset (Oct.). Meets S. T. C. at the house of Mr. Pinney, Bristol (prob. late in Sept.). <i>The Borderers</i> begun. <i>Margaret</i> ; or, <i>The Ruined Cottage</i> begun. [Keats born. Carlyle born.]
1796	26	Racedown. <i>The Borderers</i> finished. [Burns died. Hartley Coleridge born. <i>Poems</i> , 1st issue (S. T. C.). <i>Joan of Arc</i> (Southey).]
1797	27	Racedown. Intimacy with S. T. C. leads to outburst of poetic activity. W. and sister visit S. T. C. at Nether Stowey cottage (July 2-16), whence they move to Alfoxden, some three miles distant. Charles Lamb visits S. T. C. (July 9-16). <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> planned with S. T. C. <i>Margaret</i> finished (aft. merged in <i>Excursion</i> , Bk. I.). W. in London (Dec.). [<i>Poems</i> (S. T. C.; Lamb and Lloyd). <i>Poems</i> (Southey).]
1798	28	Alfoxden (Jan.-June). 700 lines of "The Recluse" written; also many <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , and <i>Peter Bell</i> . [Wm. Hazlitt visits Nether Stowey and Alfoxden (May?).] Bristol (July); London (Aug. 27th). <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> publ. (Sept.). Viâ Yarmouth to Hamburg with Dorothy W. and S. T. C. (Sept. 16th); arrives at Goslar (Oct. 6th) ¹ . [<i>Epistle to a Friend</i> (Rogers). <i>Plays on the Passions</i> , Vol. I. (Joanna Baillie: Vol. II., 1802; Vol. III., 1812). <i>Gebir</i> (W. S. Landor).]
1799	29	Goslar; Göttingen; whence (April 21st) viâ Hamburg to Yarmouth; with Thos. and Mary Hutchinson at Sockburn-on-Tees (May 1st?). <i>The Prelude</i> begun in Germany, where W.'s poetic activity persists in full force. Walking tour through Lake Country with S. T. C., John W., and Cottle, the Bristol publisher of the <i>L. B.</i> (Oct.). Settles, with Dorothy W., in Dove Cottage, Townend, Grasmere (prob. Friday, Dec. 20th). [T. Hood born. <i>Pleasures of Hope</i> (Campbell).]
1800	30	Dove Cottage. John W. sojourns (Jan.-Sept. 29th). S. T. C. visits Grasmere (Apr., May), and, with wife and Hartley, sojourns at Dove Cottage (June 29th-July 24th). Mary H. visits Dove Cottage twice in 1800. S. T. C. settles at Greta Hall, Keswick (Aug.). Frequent intercourse between W. and S. T. C. <i>The Recluse</i> , Bk. I., written (publ. 1888); also many <i>Pastorals</i> and other poems. Bks. I. and II. of <i>The Prelude</i> were probably finished before the close of 1800. The poem was then laid aside until the spring of 1804. W.'s poetic activity fully maintained in 1800. [Cowper died. Macaulay born.]
1801	31	Dove Cottage. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , 2nd ed., two vols. pub. (Jan.). Unproductive interval, Jan.-Dec. 1801. [<i>Thalaba</i> (Southey). <i>John Woodvil</i> (Lamb). <i>Poems</i> ("Thos. Little").]

¹ During this six months' sojourn abroad, W.'s republican ardour evanesced, and with it his resentment towards England as the foe of France. "We are right glad to find ourselves in England," he writes on his return to Cottle, "*for we have learned to know its value.*" Cf. the lines beginning: "I travelled among unknown men."

A.D.	ÆT.	
1802	32	Dove Cottage. Second period of productive energy (Dec. 1801—Dec. 1803: declining somewhat in 1803). Thirty-nine of the poems publ. in 1807 now written; also much of Bks. I. and II. of <i>The Excursion</i> . The Sonnet now (May 21st onwards) regularly and frequently cultivated. Four weeks' visit to Calais (Aug.). W. marries Mary H. at Brompton near Scarborough (Oct. 4th); returns to Grasmere (Oct. 6th). <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , 3rd. ed. [Darwin died.]
1803	33	Dove Cottage. Birth of W.'s firstborn, John (June 18th). W. and Dorothy start with S. T. C. on a tour in Scotland (Aug. 16th.). They meet Walter Scott, and return to Grasmere (Oct. 14th). Sir Geo. Beaumont buys and presents to W. the little estate of Applethwaite, three miles from Greta Hall. <i>Yarrow Unvisited</i> written (Nov.) [<i>Temple of Nature</i> (Darwin).]
1804	34	Dove Cottage. <i>The Prelude</i> continued, Bks. III.—VII. (Feb.—Apr.); Bks. VIII.—XI. (Oct.—Dec.). Dora W. born (Aug. 16th). S. T. C. starts for Malta, Apr. 2nd. [<i>Triumphs of Music</i> (Hayley).]
1805	35	Dove Cottage. <i>The Prelude</i> finished, Bks. XII.—XIV. (Apr., May). Feb. 1804—May 1805 may be regarded as W.'s third period of productive activity. John W. (brother) drowned in the wreck of the <i>Abergavenny</i> (Feb. 5th). W. ascends Helvellyn along with Walter Scott and Humphrey Davy (Oct.). <i>The Waggoner</i> written. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , 4th. ed. [<i>Madoc</i> (Southey). <i>Lay of the Last Minstrel</i> (Scott).]
1806	36	Dove Cottage. Thomas W. born (June 16th). S. T. C. returns to England (Aug.). W. moves into the farm-house at Coleorton (lent by Sir G. Beaumont) in October. S. T. C. at Coleorton (Dec. 1806—Feb. 1807). Fourth period of poetic productiveness (Nov. 1806—Feb. 1808). [<i>Simonidea</i> (Landor). <i>Odes and Epistles</i> (T. Moore).]
1807	37	Coleorton farm-house. <i>Poems in Two Volumes</i> publ. (prob. early in May). W. visits London (April), returning to Coleorton with W. Scott. Home to Grasmere (Aug.). De Quincey calls at Dove Cottage (Oct.). <i>Poems in Two Volumes</i> savagely attacked in <i>Edinburgh Review</i> . W. visits John H. (wife's brother) at Stockton-on-Tees, where part of <i>The White Doe of Rylstone</i> is written (Dec.). [<i>Parish Register</i> (Crabbe). <i>Hours of Idleness</i> (Byron).]
1808	38	Dove Cottage. <i>The White Doe</i> (first draft) finished (Feb.). Visit to London (March). Moves from Dove Cottage into Allan Bank (June). Catherine W. born (Sept. 6th). S. T. C. and De Quincey domesticated at Allan Bank (Sept.). [<i>Marmion</i> (Scott). Lord Houghton born.]
1809	39	Allan Bank. <i>The Excursion</i> continued and completed during this and the four following years. Tract on the <i>Convention of Cintra</i> (written Nov., Dec., 1808) publ. (end of May). <i>The Friend</i> publ. by S. T. C. (No. 1 on June 1st) at Penrith. De Quincey settles at Dove Cottage (Nov.). <i>Reply to the Letter of Mathetes</i> (in <i>The Friend</i>) publ. (Dec.). [<i>English Bards and Scotch Reviewers</i> (Byron). <i>Gertrude of Wyoming</i> (Campbell). A. Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett, W. E. Gladstone, Chas. Darwin born.]
1810	40	Allan Bank. <i>Essay on Epitaphs</i> (in <i>The Friend</i>) publ. (Feb). <i>Description of the Scenery of the English Lakes</i> , publ. as Intro. to Wilkinson's <i>Select Views</i> (Apr.). William W. born (May 12th). S. T. C. quits

A.D.	ÆT.	
		Allan Bank for London along with Basil Montagu; estrangement between W. and S. T. C. (Oct.). About this time W.'s poetic ill-repute is at its height (De Quincey). [<i>The Borough</i> (Crabbe). <i>Lady of the Lake</i> (Scott). <i>Curse of Kehama</i> (Southey).]
1811	41	Allan Bank. W. moves into the Rectory (May?). Sojourns at Bootle (Aug.: see <i>Poetical Epistle to Sir Geo. Beaumont</i>). [Thackeray born. Bp. Percy died. <i>Don Roderick</i> (Scott).]
1812	42	The Rectory. W. seeks through Lord Lonsdale for some office of emolument (Feb.). Visits London and is reconciled to S. T. C. (May). Catherine (June 4th) and Thomas (Dec. 1st) W. died. [Chas. Dickens born. Robert Browning born. <i>Tales in Verse</i> (Crabbe). <i>Count Julian</i> (Landor). <i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos I., II. (Byron). <i>The Isle of Palms</i> (Wilson).]
1813	43	The Rectory. Moves into Rydal Mount (March?) Appointed Stamp-Distributor for Westmoreland Co. (March). [<i>Rokeby</i> ; <i>The Bridal of Triermain</i> (Scott). <i>Remorse</i> (S. T. C.), performed at Drury Lane (Jan.).]
1814	44	Rydal Mount. Second tour in Scotland (July): <i>Yarrow Visited</i> . <i>The Excursion</i> publ. (Aug.). [<i>Roderick</i> (Southey). <i>The Feast of the Poets</i> (Leigh Hunt).]
1815	45	Rydal Mount. <i>The first collective ed. of the poems</i> publ. (March). Visit to London (Apr.). <i>The White Doe of Rylstone</i> publ. (May). [<i>The Lord of the Isles</i> (Scott).]
1816	46	Rydal Mount. <i>A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns</i> publ. <i>Thanksgiving Ode</i> , Jan. 18, 1816, &c., publ. [<i>Alastor</i> (Shelley). <i>Christabel</i> , &c. (S. T. C.). <i>The Story of Rimini</i> (Leigh Hunt).]
1817	47	Rydal Mount. W. visits Dr. Christopher W. (brother) at Lambeth Rectory (Dec.). W. and Keats meet at Haydon's "immortal dinner" (Dec). W.'s poetry cordially praised in <i>Blackwood</i> . [<i>Sibylline Leaves</i> ; <i>Biographia Literaria</i> (S.T.C.). <i>Poems</i> , 1st issue (Keats). <i>Lalla Rookh</i> (Moore). <i>Harold the Dauntless</i> (Scott). <i>The Whistlecraft Poem</i> (J. H. Frere).]
1818	48	Rydal Mount. Correspondence with Lord Lonsdale on public affairs. <i>Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland</i> , publ. at Kendal. [<i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos III., IV. <i>Revolt of Islam</i> (Shelley). <i>Poems</i> (Chas. Lamb, in his collected <i>Works</i>). <i>Foliage</i> (Leigh Hunt). <i>Endymion</i> (Keats). <i>Rhododaphne</i> (T. L. Peacock).]
1819	49	Rydal Mount. J.P. for Westmoreland. <i>Peter Bell</i> publ. (Apr.). <i>The Waggoner</i> publ. (May). [<i>Don Juan</i> , Canto I., &c. (Byron). <i>Tales of the Hall</i> (Crabbe). <i>Dramatic Scenes</i> (Proctor). <i>Poems—Rosalind and Helen—The Eugeanean Hills—Hymn to Intellectual Beauty</i> (Shelley). Arthur H. Clough born. Chas. Kingsley born.]
1820	50	Rydal Mount. W., wife and sister start on tour (May). Oxford (May 30th); Lambeth Rectory (June—July). Tour through Switzerland to Italian Lakes and home through Paris (July 11th—Nov. 9th). Fortnight in London; do. at the Lodge, Trinity Coll., Cambr. (where Dr. Christ. W. is now Master); do. at Coleorton Hall. Home at Rydal (Dec. 24). <i>The River Duddon: a Series of Sonnets</i> , &c., publ. (May). Also, <i>The Miscellaneous Poems of W. W.</i> in four vols. (July), and <i>The Excursion</i> , 2nd ed. [<i>Lamia</i> , <i>Isabella</i> , <i>Hyperion</i> ,

A. D.	ÆT.	
		&c. (Keats). <i>Idyllia Heroica Decem</i> (Landor). <i>Prometheus Bound</i> ; <i>The Cenci</i> (Shelley). <i>Marcian Colonna</i> (Proctor).]
1821	51	Rydal Mount. W. busy with the <i>Ecclesiastical Sketches</i> . [Keats died. <i>Adonais</i> (Shelley). <i>Cain</i> , &c. (Byron). <i>Mirandola</i> ; <i>A Sicilian Story</i> (Proctor).]
1822	52	Rydal Mount. <i>Memorials of a Tour on the Continent</i> , 1820, and <i>Ecclesiastical Sketches</i> publ. (Feb. or March). Also, <i>Description of the Scenery of the Lakes</i> , now first publ. separately (publ. as appendix to <i>Duddon</i> vol. in 1820; see also under 1810). [Shelley drowned. <i>Hellas</i> (Shelley).]
1823	53	Rydal Mount. Coleorton Hall (Feb.); London (Mar., Apr.); Lee Priory near Canterbury (May). Tour through the Netherlands (May 16th—June 30th). "Every year shows more and more how strongly W.'s poetry has leavened the rising generation" (Southey). "Up to 1820 the name of W. was trampled under foot; from 1820 to 1830 it was militant; from 1830 to 1835 it has been triumphant" (De Quincey, 1835). [<i>The Loves of the Angels</i> (T. Moore).]
1824	54	Rydal Mount. London; Cambridge; Coleorton Hall (Apr., May). Tour in N. Wales, and visits to Robt. Jones, now Curate of Glyn Mavyr, and to Thos. H. at Hindwell, Radnorshire (Aug., Sept., Oct.). [Byron died.]
1825	55	Rydal Mount. Coleorton Hall (July). Lowther Castle (Aug.). Alaric Watts tries in vain to get a London publisher for an ed. of W.'s collected poems.
1826	56	Rydal Mount. <i>The Excursion</i> , and the shorter poems, carefully revised and corrected, and the <i>Miscellaneous Sonnets</i> re-arranged in groups on the principle of mutual illustration, for the projected five-vol. ed.
1827	57	Rydal Mount. Sir Geo. Beaumont died (Feb.) <i>An ed. in five vols. (the third collective ed.) of the poems</i> publ., including (for the first time) <i>The Excursion</i> . [<i>Poems</i> (T. Hood). <i>The Christian Year</i> (Keble).]
1828	58	Rydal Mount. W., Dora W., and S. T. C. go on a fortnight's tour up the Rhine (June). John W. takes holy orders, and after a time obtains from Lord Lonsdale the living of Moresby, Cumberland.
1829	59	Rydal Mount. Carriage tour through Ireland with J. Marshall, M.P. for Leeds (Aug., Sept.) Dorothy W.'s health begins to fail.
1830	60	Rydal Mount. Felicia Hemans (July) and W. Rowan Hamilton (Aug.) visit W. Rev. John W. marries dau. of H. Curwen, Workington Hall, Cumberland (Oct.). W. rides from Lancaster to Cambridge (Nov.); London (Dec.). [Hazlitt died. <i>Poems, chiefly Lyrical</i> (A. Tennyson).]
1831	61	Buxted Rectory, Sussex (the home of Dr. Christ. W.); home at Rydal (June). W., Dora W., and Charles W. (nephew), aft. Bishop of S. Andrews, visit Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford (Sept. 21st), and travel through the Highlands. <i>Yarrow Revisited</i> . [<i>Corn Law Rhymes</i> (Eb. Elliott).]
1832	62	Rydal Mount. Moresby Rectory (June), where W. is visited by W. Savage Landor. Correspondence on Reform with Lord Lonsdale, Henry Taylor, and H. Crabb Robinson (Sept., Oct.). <i>Edition in four vols. (the fourth collective ed.) of the poems</i> publ. [Sir W. Scott died (Sept. 21st). Rev. Geo. Crabbe died. Dr. Arnold purchases Fox How. <i>English Songs</i> (B. W. Proctor).]

A. D.	ÆT.	
1833	63	Rydal Mount. Moresby Rectory (Apr.), where several of the <i>Evening Voluntaries</i> were written. Tour in the Isle of Man and in Scotland with John W. and H. Crabb Robinson (Sept., Oct.). [<i>Pauline</i> (R. Browning). <i>Poems</i> (Hartley Coleridge).]
1834	64	Rydal Mount. [S. T. C. died (July 25th). Chas. Lamb died (Dec. 27th). <i>Italy</i> completed (first draft publ. 1822): Rogers.]
1835	65	Rydal Mount. London (Feb., Mar.), Cambridge (Apr.). Sarah Hutchinson (sister-in-law) died (June 23rd). W. visits Thos. H. at Brinsop Court, Herefordshire (Aug.—Nov.) <i>Yarrow Revisited and other Poems</i> publ. (prob. Jan.), containing the <i>Itinerary Sonnets</i> of 1831, and those of 1833; <i>Evening Voluntaries</i> ; <i>The Egyptian Maid</i> , &c. [Mrs. Hemans died. Jas. Hogg died. Rev. Robt. Jones died. <i>Prometheus Bound</i> , &c. (Eliz. Barrett).]
1836	66	Rydal Mount. London (May), where W. attends first night of <i>Ion</i> (Talfourd). Back at Rydal in June; and from June—Dec. engaged in revising poems for the projected stereotyped ed. [<i>Pericles and Aspasia</i> (Landor).]
1837	67	Rydal Mount. <i>New ed. in six vols. (the fifth collective ed.) of the poems</i> (Vols. I., II., 1836; Vols. III.—VI., 1837). Poems reprinted in the United States, ed. Henry Reed. Tour with H. Crabb Robinson through France and Italy to Rome (March—Aug.). Brinsop Court (Sept.). [Strafford (R. Browning). W. S. Landor, in requital of W.'s fancied depreciation of Southey, parodies <i>We are Seven</i> , and prints the <i>Satire on Satirists</i> , and <i>Admonition to Detractors</i> .]
1838	68	Rydal Mount. D. C. L. Univ. Durham (summer.) <i>The Sonnets of W. W. collected in one vol.</i> , publ. (June). Lengthy correspondence with Talfourd, H. C. Robinson, W. E. Gladstone and others on the copyright question. Julius Hare dedicates the 2nd edition of <i>Guesses at Truth</i> to W. [<i>The Seraphim</i> , &c. (Eliz. Barrett).]
1839	69	Rydal Mount. W. petitions the House of Commons in support of Talfourd's Copyright Bill (May). D. C. L. Oxford (July). Presented by Keble, and greeted with acclamation. [<i>Romaunt of the Page</i> (Eliz. Barrett).]
1840	70	Rydal Mount. Pickersgill paints a portrait of W. for the Drayton Manor Gallery (summer). Miss Fenwick settles at Rydal Mount (Oct.). [Francis Hare died. <i>Sordello</i> (R. Browning). <i>Fugitive Verses</i> (Joanna Baillie).]
1841	71	Rydal Mount. W. and his family visit Taunton and Brinsop (Apr.). Dora W. married to Edw. Quillinan (May 11th) at Bath. W. revisits old haunts—Alfoxden, Tintern, Goodrich Castle, &c.; then to London (Aug.), and home to Rydal (Sept.). [<i>Bells and Pomegranates</i> (R. Browning), Nos. i—viii. (1841—1846).]
1842	72	Rydal Mount. London (May, June). <i>Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years</i> , publ. (Apr.). Resigns the Stamp-Distributorship (July). Pension of £300 per annum from Civil List conferred on W. by Sir Robt. Peel (Oct.). [<i>Poems in two Volumes</i> (A. Tennyson).]
1843	73	Rydal Mount. At home (spring and summer). The Quillinans at Windermere. Accepts the Laureateship (Apr.). [Robt. Southey died (March 21st). <i>Song of the Shirt</i> (T. Hood). <i>Lays of Ancient Rome</i> (Macaulay).]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1844	74	Rydal Mount. Keble dedicates his <i>Prælectiones Academicæ</i> to W. (March). Tour through the Duddon Valley with the Quillinans and Lady Richardson (Sept.). [Thos. Campbell died. <i>Poems</i> , 2 vols. (Eliz. Barrett). <i>The Bridge of Sighs</i> (T. Hood).]
1845	75	Rydal Mount. The Quillinans go to Oporto (spring). W. attends Levée and State Ball in London (May). At Brinsop Court (Sept., Oct.). <i>New ed. of the poems in one vol.</i> , royal 8vo. <i>Kendal and Windermere Railway: Two Letters Reprinted from the Morning Post</i> , publ. at Kendal (Jan.; or, possibly, Dec., 1844. [Thos. Hood died.]
1846	76	Rydal Mount. Elected hon. mem. Royal Irish Academy (March). Nominated for Lord Rectorship of Glasgow Univ., and obtained a majority of twenty-one votes over Lord John Russell, who however was seated by means of the Sub-Rector's vote. The Quillinans return and settle at Loughrigg Holm (July). [<i>Hellenics</i> (W. S. Landor).]
1847	77	Rydal Mount. William W. marries Miss Fanny E. Graham of Brighton (Jan.). Dora Quillinan died (July 9th). The <i>Installation Ode</i> performed in the Senate-House, Cambr. (July). [<i>The Princess</i> (A. Tennyson).]
1848	78	Rydal Mount. H. Crabb Robinson comes down to Rydal, as in 1835 and 1838, for the Christmas season. [<i>The Saint's Tragedy</i> (C. Kingsley). <i>The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich</i> (A. H. Clough). <i>Casa Guidi Windows</i> (Eliz. Barrett Browning).]
1849	79	Rydal Mount. Hartley Coleridge died, Jan. 6th. W. and wife visit Thos. Hutchinson at West Malvern (June). <i>An ed. of the poems, in six vols.</i> , giving the results of W.'s final revision of the text, publ. 1849-50. [<i>The Strayed Reveller</i> , &c. (M. Arnold). <i>Ambarvalia</i> (A. H. Clough).]
1850	80	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH DIED, April 23rd. Buried in Grasmere Churchyard (April 27th). <i>The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind</i> publ. [Rev. W. L. Bowles died.]

The stereotyped edition of the poems in six volumes, published in 1836-7, was re-issued, with a revised and slightly altered text, in 1840; and this edition of 1840 again was also reprinted in 1841, 1842, 1843, 1846, and 1849. To the six-vol. ed. of 1842 the volume, originally published under the title of *Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years*, was added in the course of that same year, with the title: *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Volume VII.* London: Edward Moxon. 1842.

The one-vol. edition of 1845 has also been frequently reprinted. After 1850 the contents were enlarged by the addition of *The Prelude*, and of the nine poems first published in 1849-50. Moxon's familiar one-vol. edition,—that which has a prefatory notice from the pen of Mr. W. M. Rossetti,—is in fact but a re-issue of this ed. of 1845, with *The Prelude*, but without the poems of 1849-50.

In 1857 a six-volume edition of the poems appeared, in which the notes dictated in 1843 by the poet to Miss Fenwick were first published, being prefixed to the individual pieces to which they severally refer.

The *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff*, mentioned under 1793 in the foregoing Table, remained unpublished until 1876, when it was included in the collective edition of *Wordsworth's Prose Works* put forth by Dr. A. B. Grosart.

Besides the prose writings already noticed, Wordsworth wrote (1) the famous *Preface* to the second edition (1800) of the *Lyrical Ballads*; (2) the *Appendix on Poetic Diction* to the third edition (1802); (3) the *Preface to The Excursion*; (4) the *Preface* and the *Essay Supplementary to the Preface* of the edition of 1815; and (5) the *Postscript to the Yarrow Revisited* volume¹. Many notes also from Wordsworth's pen appeared in the several successive issues of his poems between 1793 and 1845; of which notes the poet subsequently saw fit to cancel not a few. One or two of these, which seemed well worth restoring, will be found in this volume amongst the notes of ed. 1849-50, from which they are distinguished by the addition of their proper date after the signature (W.).

T. H.

¹ All of these will be found in the present edition.

BY
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication.

I.
EXTRACT.

[Composed 1786.—Published 1815.]

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy
grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to
steal 5
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless
sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a har-
mony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to
heal
That grief for which the senses still
supply
Fresh food; for only then, when me-
mory 10

¹ See APPENDIX: *Poems of 1793*, pp. 591-617.

Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends!
 restrain
 Those busy cares that would allay my
 pain;
 Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
 The officious touch that makes me droop
 again.

III.

AN EVENING WALK¹.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[Composed 1787-89.—Published 1793.]

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret of
 his Youth which was passed amongst them—
 Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noon-
 tide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—
 Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Moun-
 tain-farm, and the Cock—Slate-quarry—Sun-
 set—Superstition of the Country connected
 with that moment—Swans—Female Beggar—
 Twilight-sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—
 Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night-sounds—
 Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to
 rove
 Through bare grey dell, high wood, and
 pastoral cove;
 Where Derwent rests, and listens to the
 roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high
 Lodore;
 Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island
 leads,
 To willow hedge-rows, and to emerald
 meads;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and
 cottaged grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland
 bounds;
 Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander²
 sleeps;
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled
 steeps;

10

Where twilight glens endear my Esth-
 waite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a happy
 child,
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:
 The spirit sought not then, in cherished
 sadness,
 A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.
 In youth's keen eye the livelong day was
 bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
 Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
 Was heard, or woodcocks³ roamed the
 moonlight hill.

20

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the
 plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
 For then the inexperienced heart would
 beat
 At times, while young Content forsook
 her seat,
 And wild Impatience, pointing upward,
 showed,
 Through passes yet unreached, a brighter
 road.
 Alas! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round;
 Hope with reflection blends her social
 rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days;
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant
 power,
 He knows but from its shade the present
 hour.

25

30

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
 To show what pleasures yet to me remain,
 Say, will my Friend, with unreluctant
 ear,
 The history of a poet's evening hear?

35

When, in the south, the wan noon,
 brooding still,
 Breathed a pale steam around the glar-
 ing hill,

¹ So many and so important changes have been made in this Poem since its first appearance, that it has been thought well to reprint the original text of 1793. See Appendix, page 592.—Ed.

² These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

³ In the beginning of winter these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

And shades of deep-embattled clouds were
seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights
between; 40
When crowding cattle, checked by rails
that make
A fence far stretched into the shallow
lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless
tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out
for fanning gales;
When school-boys stretched their length
upon the green; 45
And round the broad-spread oak, a glim-
mering scene,
In the rough fern-clad park, the herded
deer
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glanc-
ing ear;
When horses in the sunburnt intake¹
stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting
floor, 50
Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,
With forward neck the closing gate to
press—
Then, while I wandered where the hud-
dling rill
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow
ghyll²
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
Opened at once, and stayed my devious
feet. 56
While thick above the rill the branches
close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy
green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-
weeds between; 60
And its own twilight softens the whole
scene,
Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams
shine

On withered briars that o'er the crags
recline;
Save where, with sparkling foam, a small
cascade
Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;
Beyond, along the vista of the brook, 66
Where antique roots its bustling course
o'erlook,
The eye reposes on a secret bridge,³
Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its
ridge;
There, bending o'er the stream, the listless
swain 70
Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
—Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Bandusia's praise, wild stream, should
yield to thine!
Never shall ruthless minister of death
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel
unsheath; 75
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned
with flowers,
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy
bowers;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve—
A mind that, in a calm angelic mood 80
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Beholds, of all from her high powers
required,
Much done, and much designed, and more
desired,—
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth
refined,
Entire affection for all human kind. 85

Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's
noon again
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood
strain;
But now the sun has gained his western
road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps
abroad.

While, near the midway cliff, the sil-
vered kite 90

¹ The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

² Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll and dingle have the same meaning.

³ The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

In many a whistling circle wheels her
 flight;
 Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,
 apace
 Travel along the precipice's base;
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered
 stone,
 By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'er-
 grown; 95
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or
 thistle's beard;
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is
 heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to
 view
 The spacious landscape change in form
 and hue!
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood too
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and
 wood;
 There, objects, by the searching beams
 betrayed,
 Come forth, and here retire in purple
 shade;
 Even the white stems of birch, the cottage
 white,
 Soften their glare before the mellow
 light; 105
 The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage
 wide
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house
 hide,
 Shed from their sides, that face the sun's
 slant beam,
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous
 stream:
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty
 cloud 110
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its
 moving shroud;
 The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of
 fire,
 Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is
 lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still
 brink; 115
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage
 sleep,

And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy
 deep:
 And now, on every side, the surface
 breaks
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening
 streaks;
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble
 bright 120
 With thousand thousand twinkling points
 of light;
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die
 away,
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;
 And now the whole wide lake in deep
 repose
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror
 glows, 125
 Save where, along the shady western
 marge,
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal
 barge.

Their panniered train a group of potters
 goad,
 Winding from side to side up the steep
 road;
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge
 Shot, down the headlong path darts with
 his sledge; 131
 Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse
 illumine
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green
 rings,"¹ and broom;
 While the sharp slope the slackened team
 confounds,
 Downward the ponderous timber-wain re-
 sounds; 135
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
 Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps
 along;
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's
 feet
 Three humble bells their rustic chime re-
 peat;
 Sounds from the water-side the hammer-
 ed boat; 140
 And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard re-
 mote!

¹ "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S *Poem on Shooting*.

Even here, amid the sweep of endless
woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs and falling
floods,
Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-
farms. 145

Sweetly ferocious,¹ round his native
walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch
stalks;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his
tread;
A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-
ball hurls 150
Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion
throat,
Threatened by faintly-answering farms
remote:
Again with his shrill voice the mountain
rings,
While, flapped with conscious pride, re-
sound his wings! 155

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the
sombrous pine
And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline,
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and
numerous wains: 159
How busy all the enormous hive within,
While Echo dallies with its various din!
Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking
sound?)
Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf pro-
found;
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs de-
scribed,
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to
side; 165
These, by the pale-blue rocks that cease-
less ring,
In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

¹ "Dolcemente feroce."—Tasso.—In this de-
scription of the cock, I remembered a spirited one
of the same animal in *L'Agriculture, ou Les Gé-
orgiques Françaises*, of M. Rossuet.

Just where a cloud above the mountain
rears
An edge all flame, the broadening sun
appears;
A long blue bar its ægis orb divides, 170
And breaks the spreading of its golden
tides;
And now that orb has touched the purple
steep,
Whose softened image penetrates the deep.
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the
cliffs aspire,
With towers and woods, a "prospect all
on fire;" 175
While coves and secret hollows, through
a ray
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks
between
Shines in the light with more than earthly
green:
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illuminate, 180
Far in the level forest's central gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the
vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to
scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering
rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks. 185
Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance
shoots
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;
The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens
still, 190
Gives one bright glance, and drops behind
the hill.²

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may
claim;
When up the hills, as now, retired the
light,

² From Thomson.

Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's sight. 195

The form appears of one that spurs his steed
Midway along the hill with desperate speed;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam;
The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam.

While silent stands the admiring crowd below, 205
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way,¹

Till the last banner of their long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head 210
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves in stronger lines; 215
'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees 220
How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic, ease.

While tender cares and mild domestic loves

With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,

The female with a meeker charm succeeds,

And her brown little-ones around her leads, 225

Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest 230

Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may they float upon this flood serene;

Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and green,

Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,

And breathes in peace the lily of the vale! 235

Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,

Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet,"

Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like bower;

Green water-rushes overspread the floor;

Long grass and willows form the woven wall, 240

And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,

They crush with broad black feet their flowery walk;

Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn

The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn; 245

Involve their serpent-necks in changeful rings,

Rolled wantonly between their slippery wings,

Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,

Force half upon the wave their cumbrous flight.

¹ See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys
caressed, 250
Haply some wretch has eyed, and called
thee blessed;
When with her infants, from some shady
seat
By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the
noontide heat;
Or taught their limbs along the dusty
road
A few short steps to totter with their
load. 255

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built
shed,
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
By pointing to the gliding moon on high.
—When low-hung clouds each star of
summer hide, 260
And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
Where the brook brawls along the public
road
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching
broad,
Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless
play, 265
Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;
While others, not unseen, are free to shed
Green unmolested light upon their mossy
bed.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path
assail,
And like a torrent roars the headstrong
gale; 270
No more her breath can thaw their fingers
cold,
Their frozen arms her neck no more can
fold;
Weak roof a cowering form two babes to
shield,
And faint the fire a dying heart can
yield!
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly
fears 275
Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its
tears;
No tears can chill them, and no bosom
warms,

Thy breast their death-bed, confined in
thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from
afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding
star, 280
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling
sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's
edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and
bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
And heron, as resounds the trodden
shore, 285
Shoots upward, darting his long neck
before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell
light
Blends with the solemn colouring of
night;
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the moun-
tain's brow,
And round the west's proud lodge their
shadows throw, 290
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams
astray;
Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild
and small,
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom
fall;
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres
pale 295
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
With restless interchange at once the
bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the
light.
No favoured eye was e'er allowed to
gaze
On lovelier spectacle in faery days; 300
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive
chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face:
While music, stealing round the glimmer-
ing deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted
steps.

—The lights are vanished from the watery
plains : 305

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcome the vales :
On the dark earth the wearied vision
fails ;

The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded
plain ; 310

Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no
more,

Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers
hoar ;

And, towering from the sullen dark-brown
mere,

Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps
appear.

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart
we feel 315

A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil
mind.

Stay ! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions,
stay !

Ah no ! as fades the vale, they fade
away : 320

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom re-
mains ;

Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear
retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light,
to thread

Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall
soon 325

Salute with gladsome note the rising
moon,

While with a hoary light she frosts the
ground,

And pours a deeper blue to Æther's
bound ;

Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds
to fold

In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness
broods 331

O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and
woods ;

Where but a mass of shade the sight can
trace,

Even now she shows, half-veiled, her love-
ly face :

Across the gloomy valley flings her
light, 335

Far to the western slopes with hamlets
white ;

And gives, where woods the chequered
upland strew,

To the green corn of summer, autumn's
hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her bless-
ed horn

Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's
own morn, 340

Till higher mounted, strives in vain to
cheer

The weary hills, impervious, blackening
near ;

Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the
while

On darling spots remote her tempting
smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant
scene, 345

(For dark and broad the gulf of time be-
tween)

Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my
way ;

How fair its lawns and sheltering woods
appear !

How sweet its streamlet murmurs in
mine ear !) 350

Where we, my Friend, to happy days
shall rise,

Till our small share of hardly-paining
sighs

(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of
death.

But now the clear bright Moon her
zenith gains, 355

And, rimy without speck, extend the
plains :

The deepest cleft the mountain's front
displays

Scarce hides a shadow from her searching
 rays;
 From the dark-blue faint silvery threads
 divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure
 tide; 360
 Time softly treads; throughout the land-
 scape breathes
 A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by
 wreaths
 Of charcoal-smoke, that, o'er the fallen
 wood,
 Steal down the hill, and spread along the
 flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard
 by day, 365
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my home-
 ward way.
 Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from
 sleep, 370
 The echoed hoof nearing the distant
 shore,
 The boat's first motion—made with dash-
 ing oar;
 Sound of closed gate, across the water
 borne,
 Hurrying the timid hare through rustling
 corn; 374
 The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
 The distant forge's swinging thump pro-
 found;
 Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely
 hound.

IV.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT
 EVENING.

[Composed 1789.—Published 1798.]

How richly glows the water's breast
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent course pursues!
 And see how dark the backward stream!
 A little moment past so smiling! 6

And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
 But, heedless of the following gloom, 10
 He deems their colours shall endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.
 —And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though grief and pain may come to-
 morrow? 16

V.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR
 RICHMOND.

[Composed 1789.—Published 1798.]

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
 O Thames! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river! come to me.
 O glide, fair stream! for ever so, 5
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds for ever flow
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.
 Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen 10
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene!
 Such as did once the Poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later¹ ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress 15
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that Poet's sorrows more. 20
 How calm! how still! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended!
 —The evening darkness gathers round
 By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

¹ Collins' Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

VI.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES¹TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG
THE ALPS.

[Composed 1791-92.—Published 1793.]

TO

THE REV. ROBERT JONES,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessities upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of

Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steepes of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem,

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

London, 1793.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; its voluptuous Character;—Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gipsy—Skellenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of slavery—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
Where from distress a refuge might be
found,

And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had
given

Where falls the purple morning far and
wide

In flakes of light upon the mountain-side;
Where with loud voice the power of water
shakes

The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall
roam,

Who at the call of summer quits his
home,

And plods through some wide realm o'er
vale and height,

Though seeking only holiday delight;
At least, not owing to himself an aim
To which the sage would give a prouder
name.

¹ The original (1793) text of this Poem will be found in the Appendix, pp. 601-617. It differs in many important particulars from the finally revised text here given.—Ed.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy
 cloy, 15
 Though every passing zephyr whispers joy;
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
 Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn;
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening
 bourn! 20
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his
 tread:
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flam-
 ing eye?
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury:"
 Kind Nature's charities his steps at-
 tend; 25
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend;
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest
 use, bestowed
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide
 bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing
 poor; 30
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's
 lyre;¹
 Blesses the moon that comes with kindly
 ray,
 To light him shaken by his rugged way.
 Back from his sight no bashful children
 steal; 35
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal;
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart;
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspended wheels the village
 dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring
 glance, 40
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing
 care,
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came
 there.

A hope, that prudence could not then
 approve,
 That clung to Nature with a truant's love,

O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps
 led; 45
 Her files of road-elm, high above my head
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the
 breeze;
 Or where her pathways straggle as they
 please
 By lonely farms and secret villages.
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white in
 air, 50
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's
 gloom,
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn
 thy doom.
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown
 severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in
 fear? 55
 That Silence, once in deathlike fetters
 bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the
 sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured round?
 —The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
 The cloister startles at the gleam of
 arms. 60
 The thundering tube the aged angler
 hears,
 Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps
 away his tears.
 Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their trou-
 bled heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night
 o'erspreads;
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's
 sighs, 65
 And start the astonished shades at female
 eyes.
 From Bruno's forest screams the affright-
 ed jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demon's
 mock
 The Cross, by angels planted² on the
 aerial rock. 70

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

² Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and
Death.¹
Swelling the outcry dull, that long re-
sounds
Portentous through her old woods' track-
less bounds,
Vallombre,² 'mid her falling fanes, de-
plores, 75
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden mar-
gin roves
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut
groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy
steeps
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow
deeps. 80
—To towns, whose shades of no rude
noise complain,
From ringing team apart and grating
wain—
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the wa-
ter's bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive
cling, 85
And o'er the whitened wave their sha-
dows fling—
The pathway leads, as round the steeps
it twines;
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The loitering traveller hence, at evening,
sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between
the trees; 90
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden
glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to
view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad
and blue,
And track the yellow lights from steep
to steep, 95

As up the opposing hills they slowly
creep.
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in
shade:
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the
spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like
fire: 100
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined
shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
sighs, 105
And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that
greeted
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood
that scales
Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy
vales; 110
Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
Each with its household boat beside the
door;
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue
sky;
Thy towns that cleave, like swallows'
nests, on high;
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,
descried 115
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the en-
chanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten
floods;
—Thy lake that, streaked or dappled,
blue or grey,
'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from
morning's ray 120
Slow-travelling down the western hills,
to enfold
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of
gold;
Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin
bell
Calls forth the woodman from his desert
cell,

¹ Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

² Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.

And quickens the blithe sound of oars
that pass 125
Along the steaming lake, to early mass.
But now farewell to each and all—adieu
To every charm, and last and chief to
you,
Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
Rest near your little plots of wheaten
glade; 130
To all that binds the soul in powerless
trance,
Lip-dewy song, and ringlet-tossing
dance;
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles
illumine
The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
—Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous
dreams, 136
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to
dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's
cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's
marge,
And lures from bay to bay the vocal
barge. 140

Yet are thy softer arts with power in-
duced
To soothe and cheer the poor man's soli-
tude.
By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's
home
Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.
But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
In which a cabin undeserted stood; 146
There an old man an olden measure
scanned
On a rude viol touched with withered
hand.
As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy, 150
Stretched at his feet, with steadfast up-
ward eye,
His children's children listened to the
sound;
—A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno
smiles

Embowered in walnut slopes and citron
isles: 155
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her¹
waters gleam.
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,
retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still,
aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks,
and snow: 161
Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss, whose else imper-
vious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light il-
lume. 165

The mind condemned, without reprieve,
to go
O'er life's long deserts with its charge of
woe,
With sad congratulation joins the train
Where beasts and men together o'er the
plain
Move on—a mighty caravan of pain: 170
Hope, strength, and courage, social suf-
fering brings,
Freshening the wilderness with shades
and springs.
—There be whose lot far otherwise is
cast:
Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,
A nursing babe her only comforter; 176
Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy
rock,
A cowering shape half hid in curling
smoke!

When lightning among clouds and
mountain-snows
Predominates, and darkness comes and
goes, 180
And the fierce torrent at the flashes broad
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring
road—

¹ The river along whose banks you descend in
crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

She seeks a covert from the battering
shower
In the roofed bridge;¹ the bridge, in that
dread hour,
Itself all trembling at the torrent's power.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*
night, 186
When not a star supplies the comfort of
its light;
Only the waning moon hangs dull and red
Above a melancholy mountain's head,
Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant
sighs, 190
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary
eyes;
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or to the drowsy crow of midnight cock
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's
gulf
Howls near and nearer yet the famished
wolf. 195

From the green vale of Urseren smooth
and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss
our guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed
day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as
they;
By cells² upon whose image, while he
prays, 200
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
gaze;
By many a votive death-cross³ planted
near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye
Unmoved with each rude form of peril
nigh; 205

¹ Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

² The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

³ Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers, by the fall of snow and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring
waves.

But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens—a little world of calm delight;
Where mists, suspended on the expiring
gale, 210
Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded vale,
And beams of evening, slipping in be-
tween,
Gently illuminate a sober scene:—
Here, on the brown wood-cottages⁴ they
sleep, 214
There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.
On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
The still vale lengthens underneath its
shade
Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened
mead
The green light sparkles;—the dim bowers
recede.
While pastoral pipes and streams the
landscape lull, 220
And bells of passing mules that tinkle
dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and
towers,
And antique castles seen through gleamy
showers. 225

From such romantic dreams, my soul,
awake
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake,
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to
tread:
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of
beech; 231
Aerial pines from loftier steepes ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage
scene 234
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep

⁴ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly
on the steep.

—Before those thresholds (never can they
know

The face of traveller passing to and fro,)

No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell 240

For whom at morning tolled the funeral
bell;

Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark for-
goes,

Touched by the beggar's moan of human
woes;

The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat

To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.

Yet thither the world's business finds its
way 246

At times, and tales unsought beguile the
day,

And *there* are those fond thoughts which
Solitude,

However stern, is powerless to exclude.

There doth the maiden watch her lover's
sail 250

Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;

At midnight listens till his parting oar,

And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons
cry, 254

Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,

Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear

That common growth of earth, the food-
ful ear;

Where the green apple shrivels on the
spray,

And pines the unripened pear in sum-
mer's kindest ray;

Contentment shares the desolate domain

With Independence, child of high Dis-
dain. 261

Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,

Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,

And grasps by fits her sword, and often
eyes;

And sometimes, as from rock to rock she
bounds, 265

The Patriot nymph starts at imagined
sounds,

And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,

Whether some old Swiss air hath checked
her haste,

Or thrill of Spartan life is caught between
the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour
to hour, 270

All day the floods a deepening murmur
pour:

The sky is veiled, and every cheerful
sight:

Dark is the region as with coming night;

But what a sudden burst of overpowering
light!

Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,

Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious
form! 276

Eastward, in long perspective glittering,
shine

The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake
recline;

Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams un-
fold,

At once to pillars turned that flame with
gold: 280

Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to
shun

The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,

A crucible of mighty compass, felt

By mountains, glowing till they seem to
melt. 284

But, lo! the boatman, overawed, before

The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar;

Confused the Marathonian tale appears,

While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.

And who, that walks where men of an-
cient days

Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds
of praise, 290

Feels not the spirit of the place control,

Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul?

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,

Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain, or on that highland
dell, 295

Through which rough Garry cleaves his
way, can tell

What high resolves exalt the tenderest
thought

Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,

Where breathed the gale that caught
Wolfe's happiest sigh,

And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's
eye ; 300
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup re-
tired,
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" ex-
pired?

But now with other mind I stand alone
Upon the summit of this naked cone,
And watch the fearless chamois-hunter
chase 305

His prey, through tracts abrupt of deso-
late space,

¹Through vacant worlds where Nature
never gave

A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred
keep ;

Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and
Motion sleep ; 310

Where silent Hours their death-like sway
extend,

Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to
rend

Its way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
In some dense wood or gulf of snow pro-
found,

Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf
abortive sound. 315

—'Tis his, while wandering on from
height to height,

To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing night ;

While the pale moon moves near him, on
the bound 319

Of ether, shining with diminished round,
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays :

To him the day-star glitters small and
bright, 323

Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
And he can look beyond the sun, and view
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue

Flying till vision can no more pursue !
—At once bewildering mists around him
close, 328

And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;

¹ For most of the images in the next sixteen
verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting
observations, annexed to his translation of Coxe's
Tour in Switzerland.

The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Soon with despair's whole weight his spi-
rits sink ; 332

Bread has he none, the snow must be his
drink ;

And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Now couch thyself where, heard with
fear afar, 336

Thunders through echoing pines the head-
long Aar ;

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Underwalden's ² pastoral
heights.

—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds
has seen 340

The native Genii walk the mountain
green ?

Or heard, while other worlds their charms
reveal,

Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal ?

While o'er the desert, answering every
close,

Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes
and goes. 345

—And sure there is a secret Power that
reigns

Here, where no trace of man the spot
profanes,

Nought but the *chalets*,³ flat and bare, on
high

Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky ;

Or distant herds that pasturing upward
creep, 350

And, not untended, climb the dangerous
steep.

How still ! no irreligious sound or sight

Rouses the soul from her severe delight.

An idle voice the sabbath region fills

Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,

And with that voice accords the soothing
sound 356

² The people of this Canton are supposed to be
of a more melancholy disposition than the other
inhabitants of the Alps ; this, if true, may pro-
ceed from their living more secluded.

³ This picture is from the middle region of the
Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the Swiss
herdsmen.

Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round ;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady
sugh ;¹

The solitary heifer's deepened low ; 360
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling
snow.

All motions, sounds, and voices, far and
nigh,

Blend in a music of tranquillity ;
Save when, a stranger seen below, the
boy

Shouts from the echoing hills with savage
joy. 365

When, from the sunny breast of open
seas,

And bays with myrtle fringed, the
southern breeze

Comes on to gladden April with the
sight

Of green isles widening on each snow-
clad height ;

When shouts and lowing herds the valley
fill, 370

And louder torrents stun the noon-tide
hill,

The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to
scale,

Leaving to silence the deserted vale ;

And, like the Patriarchs in their simple
age,

Move, as the verdure leads, from stage
to stage ; 375

High and more high in summer's heat
they go,

And hear the rattling thunder far below ;
Or steal beneath the mountains, half-
deterred,

Where huge rocks tremble to the bellow-
ing herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming
flood, 380

Leaps with a bound of graceful hardi-
hood ;

Another high on that green ledge ;—he
gained

The tempting spot with every sinew
strained ;

And downward thence a knot of grass
he throws,

Food for his beasts in time of winter
snows. 385

—Far different life from what Tradition
hoar

Transmits of happier lot in times of yore !

Then Summer lingered long ; and honey
flowed

From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe
abode :

Continual waters welling cheered the
waste, 390

And plants were wholesome, now of
deadly taste :

Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had
piled,

Usurping where the fairest herbage
smiled :

Nor Hunger driven the herds from pas-
tures bare,

To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty
fare. 395

Then the milk-thistle flourished through
the land,

And forced the full-swoln udder to de-
mand,

Thrice every day, the pail and welcome
hand.

Thus does the father to his children tell
Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too
well. 400

Alas ! that human guilt provoked the rod
Of angry Nature to avenge her God.

Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant moun-
tain glows ; 405

More high, the snowy peaks with hues
of rose.

Far stretched beneath the many-tinted
hills,

A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea ! whose billows wide around

Stand motionless, to awful silence
bound : 410

Pines, on the coast, through mist their
tops uprear,

¹ Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound
of the wind through the trees.

That like to leaning masts of stranded
ships appear.
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the centre of the sea—and,
through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending,
sound 415
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapours notes
of birds,
And merry flageolet; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-
tower knell: 420
Think not the peasant from aloft has
gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul
unraised:
Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
Alive to independent happiness,
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at
even-tide 425
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple
side:
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can
he find
But brings some past enjoyment to his
mind; 430
While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's
urn,
Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his
return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free—for he was Nature's
child.
He, all superior but his God disdain-
ed, 435
Walked none restraining, and by none
restrained:
Confessed no law but what his reason
taught,
Did all he wished, and wished but what
he ought.
As man in his primeval dower arrayed
The image of his glorious Sire dis-
played, 440
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded,
here

The traces of primeval Man appear;
The simple dignity no forms debase;
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace:
The slave of none, of beasts alone the
lord, 445
His book he prizes, nor neglects his
sword;
—Well taught by that to feel his rights,
prepared
With this "the blessings he enjoys to
guard."

And as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renown-
ed, 450
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms,¹ innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are
led,
An unknown power connects him with
the dead:
For images of other worlds are there; 455
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-
ports roll;
His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers a-
main,
Beyond the senses and their little
reign. 460

And oft, when that dread vision hath
past by,
He holds with God himself communion
high,
There where the peal of swelling torrents
fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;
Or, when upon the mountain's silent
brow 465

¹ Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the House of Austria; and, in particular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed anew.

Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of
snow;

While needle peaks of granite shooting
bare

Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

And when a gathering weight of shadows
brown 470

Falls on the valleys as the sun goes
down;

And Pikes, of darkness named and fear
and storms,¹—

Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,

In sea-like reach of prospect round him
spread,

Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy
red— 475

Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own
delights.

When downward to his winter hut he
goes,

Dear and more dear the lessening circle
grows;

That hut which on the hills so oft em-
ploys 480

His thoughts, the central point of all his
joys.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,

So to the homestead, where the grandsire
tends

A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched
pair; 486

Till storm and driving ice blockade him
there.

There, safely guarded by the woods be-
hind,

He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter calling all his terrors
round, 490

And, blest within himself, he shrinks not
from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely plea-
sures glide,

Unstained by envy, discontent, and
pride;

The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell a favourite heifer's
neck; 495

Well pleased upon some simple annual
feast,

Remembered half the year and hoped the
rest,

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.

—Alas! in every clime a flying ray 500
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;

And here the unwilling mind may more
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race:
The churlish gales of penury, that blow

Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of
snow, 505

To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.

Yet more;—compelled by Powers which
only deign

That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife

With all the tender charities of life, 511
Full oft the father, when his sons have

grown

To manhood, seems their title to disown;
And from his nest amid the storms of
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was
driven; 515

With stern composure watches to the
plain—

And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When long familiar joys are all re-
signed,

Why does their sad remembrance haunt
the mind?

Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy
groves, 520

Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures
swell,

And search the affections to their inmost
cell;

Sweet poison spreads along the listener's
veins,

Turning past pleasures into mortal pains;

¹ As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-
Horn, the pike of storms, &c., &c.

Poison, which not a frame of steel can
brave, 526
Bows his young head with sorrow to the
grave.¹

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song re-
sume!
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more
the hills illumine!
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious
morn, 530
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart,
return!
Alas! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud;
Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be re-
called. 535
Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or
care,
And taught that pain is pleasure's natural
heir,
We still confide in more than we can
know;
Death would be else the favourite friend
of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow
that shine, 540
Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute Image and the troubled
walls.
Oh! give not me that eye of hard dis-
dain 545
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's²
wretched fane.
While ghastly faces through the gloom
appear,
Abortive joy, and hope that works in
fear;
While prayer contends with silenced
agony.

¹ The well-known effect of the famous air,
called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the
Swiss troops.

² This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of
relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the
Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily
afflictions.

Surely in other thoughts contempt may
die. 550
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it
there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine
spire,
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the
day 555
Close on the remnant of their weary way;
While they are drawing toward the sacred
floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm
shall gnaw no more.
How gaily murmur and how sweetly
taste
The fountains³ reared for them amid the
waste! 560
Their thirst they slake:—they wash their
toil-worn feet,
And some with tears of joy each other
greet.
Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening
gold,
In that glad moment will for you a
sigh 565
Be heaved of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands
are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that
shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile
fields: 570
Five streams of ice amid her cots de-
scend,
And with wild flowers and blooming
orchards blend;—
A scene more fair than what the Grecian
feigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in
hand: 575

³ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds
for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their
ascent of the mountain.

'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets
fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain's
matchless height
That holds no commerce with the sum-
mer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely
bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds; 580
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual
snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black
below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer
sigh, 584
While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unrivall'd Vale!
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal
gale;
That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed
to pine
And droop, while no Italian arts are
thine,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine. 590

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to
stray,
With shrill winds whistling round my
lonely way,
On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-
clad moors,
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's
shores;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breath-
ing rose, 595
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
Still have I found, where Tyranny pre-
vails,
That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
While the remotest hamlets blessings share
In thy loved presence known, and only
there; 600
Heart-blessings—outward treasures too
which the eye
Of the sun peeping through the clouds
can spy,
And every passing breeze will testify.
There, to the porch, belike with jasmine
bound

Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is
wound; 605
The housewife there a brighter garden
sees,
Where hum on busier wing her happy
bees;
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
And grey-haired men look up with livelier
brow,—
To greet the traveller needing food and
rest; 610
Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's
guest.

And oh, fair France! though now the
traveller sees
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the
breeze;
Though martial songs have banished songs
of love,
And nightingales desert the village grove,
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's
alarms, 616
And the short thunder, and the flash of
arms;
That cease not till night falls, when far
and nigh,
Sole sound, the Sourd¹ prolongs his
mournful cry;
—Yet hast thou found that Freedom
spreads her power 620
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage-
door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her
eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters
glide
Through rustling aspens heard from side
to side, 625
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into
white;
Methought from every cot the watchful
bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then
unheard;

¹ An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams, 630
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;
 Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf
 Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
 The measured echo of the distant flail
 Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale; 635
 With more majestic course¹ the water rolled,
 And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.
 —But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
 Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;
 Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!— 640
 Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
 Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
 Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire:
 Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth;
 As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new earth! 645
 —All cannot be: the promise is too fair
 For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air:
 Yet not for this will sober reason frown
 Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;
 She knows that only from high aims ensue 650
 Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
 In an impartial balance, give thine aid
 To the just cause; and, oh! do thou pre-
 side
 Over the mighty stream now spreading wide: 655

¹ The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
 In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
 Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-like wings!
 And grant that every sceptred child of clay
 Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay," 660
 May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
 And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
 Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
 Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!

To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot 665
 Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
 In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
 On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
 With a light heart our course we may renew,
 The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew. 670

VII.

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

[Begun 1787.—Completed 1795.—Published 1798.]

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
 Far from all human dwelling: what if here
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
 What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
 Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves, 5
 That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
 By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.
 —Who he was

That piled these stones and with the
mossy sod
First covered, and here taught this aged
Tree 10
With its dark arms to form a circling
bower,
I well remember.—He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science
nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went
forth 15
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the
taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and
hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it
thought, 20
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his
soul
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy
boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved
to sit, 25
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-
piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and
heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an
hour 30
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
And, lifting up his head, he then would
gaze
On the more distant scene,—how lovely
'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it
became 35
Far lovelier, and his heart could not
sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor,
that time,
When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose
minds

Warm from the labours of benevolence 40
The world, and human life, appeared a
scene
Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel: and so, lost
Man!
On visionary views would fancy feed, 45
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this
deep vale
He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy
forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and
know that pride, 50
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought
with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye 55.
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who
might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to
love; 60.
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself.,
In lowliness of heart.

VIII.

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

[Begun 1791-92.—Completed 1793-94.—Pub-
lished 1842.]

ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS
POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Nor less than one-third of the following poem,
though it has from time to time been altered in
the expression, was published so far back as the

year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;

Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for mien
and air

Were hardy, though his cheek seemed
worn with care 5
Both of the time to come, and time long
fled:
Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey
hair;
A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a
patch and shred.

II.

While thus he journeyed, step by step
led on, 10
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such house for him was
none.
No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old
and poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a
friend!" 15
The pendent grapes glittered above the
door;—
On he must pace, perchance till night
descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare
white lines extend.

III.

The gathering clouds grew red with
stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting
high; 20
That inn he long had passed; the distant
spire,
Which oft as he looked back had fixed his
eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the
blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed
around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save cornfields stretched and stretching
without bound; 26
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere
to be found.

IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant
green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;

Long files of corn-stacks here and there
 were seen, 30
 But not one dwelling-place his heart to
 cheer.
 Some labourer, thought he, may per-
 chance be near;
 And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
 No voice made answer, he could only hear
 Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
 Or whistling thro' thin grass along the
 unfurrowed plain. 36

V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
 Concealed some cottage, whither he might
 turn
 And rest; but now along heaven's dark-
 ening cope
 The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward
 borne. 40
 Thus warned he sought some shepherd's
 spreading thorn
 Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
 But sought in vain; for now, all wild,
 forlorn,
 And vacant, a huge waste around him
 spread;
 The wet cold ground, he feared, must be
 his only bed. 45

VI.

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
 And the sharp wind his head he oft hath
 bared;
 A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
 Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,
 Full long endured in hope of just reward,
 He to an armèd fleet was forced away 51
 By seamen, who perhaps themselves had
 shared
 Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
 'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs
 perhaps, said nay.

VII.

For years the work of carnage did not
 cease, 55
 And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
 Death's minister; then came his glad re-
 lease,
 And hope returned, and pleasure fondly
 made

Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's
 aid
 The happy husband flies, his arms to
 throw 60
 Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory
 laid
 In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears
 flow
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she
 could know.

VIII.

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had
 earned.
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
 Even in the desert's heart; but he, re-
 turned, 66
 Bears not to those he loves their needful
 food.
 His home approaching, but in such a mood
 That from his sight his children might
 have run,
 He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
 blood; 70
 And when the miserable work was done
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's
 fate to shun.

IX.

From that day forth no place to him
 could be
 So lonely, but that thence might come a
 pang 74
 Brought from without to inward misery.
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
 A sound of chains along the desert rang;
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
 A human body that in irons swang,
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by; 80
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven
 fly.

X.

It was a spectacle which none might view,
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering
 pain;
 Nor only did for him at once renew
 All he had feared from man, but roused
 a train 85
 Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
 The stones, as if to cover him from day,
 Rolled at his back along the living plain;

He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly
pursued his way. 90

XI.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath
tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had
crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening
stream. 96
Nor, if accosted now, in thought en-
grossed,
Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual
theme.

XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness
piled, 100
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might
wreak ;
Save that the bustard, of those regions
bleak
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful
shriek, 106
And half upon the ground, with strange
affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick
unwieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's
bound ;
The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it
strays, 110
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting
round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former
days
Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading
wide ;
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to
bide 116

He turned, while rain poured down
smoking on every side.

XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge ! so proud to hint yet
keep
Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and
hear
The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's
sweep, 120
Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year ;
Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
For sacrifice its throngs of living men,
Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
Who in his heart had groaned with dead-
lier pain 125
Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter
now would gain ?

XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious form
Winds met in conflict, each by turns
supreme ;
And, from the perilous ground dislodged,
through storm
And rain he wildered on, no moon to
stream 130
From gulf of parting clouds one friendly
beam,
Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led ;
Once did the lightning's faint disastrous
gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
Sight which, tho' lost at once, a gleam of
pleasure shed. 135

XVI.

No swinging sign-board creaked from cot-
tage elm
To stay his steps with faintness over-
come ;
'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery
realm
Roaring with storms beneath night's star-
less gloom ;
No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or
broom ; 140
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring
bright,
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's
room ;

Along the waste no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed
athwart the night.

XVII.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon
arose; 145

The downs were visible—and now re-
vealed

A structure stands, which two bare slopes
enclose.

It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfilled,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
A lonely Spital, the belated swain 150
From the night terrors of that waste to
shield :

But there no human being could remain,
And now the walls are named the "Dead
House" of the plain.

XVIII.

Though he had little cause to love the
abode

Of man, or covet sight of mortal face, 155
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin
showed,

How glad he was at length to find some
trace

Of human shelter in that dreary place.
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame
embrace. 160

In a dry nook where fern the floor be-
strows

He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes be-
gin to close ;

XIX.

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed
to come

From one who mourned in sleep, he raised
his head,

And saw a woman in the naked room 165
Outstretched, and turning on a restless
bed :

The moon a wan dead light around her
shed.

He waked her—spake in tone that would
not fail,

He hoped, to calm her mind ; but ill he
sped,

For of that ruin she had heard a tale 170
Which now with freezing thoughts did all
her powers assail ;

XX.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms
to shroud,

Felt the loose walls of this decayed
Retreat

Rock to incessant neighings shrill and
loud,

While his horse pawed the floor with
furious heat ; 175

Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the trou-
bled horse :

The man half raised the stone with pain
and sweat,

Half raised, for well his arm might lose
its force

Disclosing the grim head of a late mur-
dered corse. 180

XXI.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had
learned,

And when that shape, with eyes in sleep
half drowned,

By the moon's sullen lamp she first dis-
cerned,

Cold stony horror all her senses bound.

Her he addressed in words of cheering
sound ; 185

Recovering heart, like answer did she
make ;

And well it was that of the corse there
found

In converse that ensued she nothing
spake ;

She knew not what dire pangs in him
such tale could wake.

XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind
intent 190

Banished that dismal thought ; and now
the wind

In fainter howlings told its *rage* was
spent :

Meanwhile discourse ensued of various
kind,

Which by degrees a confidence of mind
 And mutual interest failed not to create.
 And, to a natural sympathy resigned, 196
 In that forsaken building where they sate
 The Woman thus retraced her own un-
 toward fate.

XXIII.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a
 man

Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;
 And I believe that, soon as I began 201
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
 And in his hearing there my prayers I
 said:

And afterwards, by my good father
 taught,

I read, and loved the books in which I
 read; 205

For books in every neighbouring house
 I sought,

And nothing to my mind a sweeter plea-
 sure brought.

XXIV.

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
 A garden stored with peas, and mint, and
 thyme,

And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday
 morn 210

Plucked while the church bells rang their
 earliest chime.

Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!
 My hen's rich nest through long grass
 scarce espied;

The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy
 prime;

The swans that with white chests up-
 reared in pride 215

Rushing and racing came to meet me at
 the waterside!

XXV.

"The staff I well remember which upbore
 The bending body of my active sire;
 His seat beneath the honied sycamore
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by
 winter fire; 220

When market-morning came, the neat
 attire

With which, though bent on haste, myself
 I decked;

Our watchful house-dog, that would tease
 and tire

The stranger till its barking-fit I checked;
 The red-breast, known for years, which
 at my casement pecked. 225

XXVI.

"The suns of twenty summers danced
 along,—

Too little marked how fast they rolled
 away:

But, through severe mischance and cruel
 wrong,

My father's substance fell into decay:
 We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
 When Fortune might put on a kinder
 look; 231

But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;
 He from his old hereditary nook

Must part; the summons came;—our final
 leave we took.

XXVII.

"It was indeed a miserable hour 235
 When, from the last hill-top, my sire sur-
 veyed,

Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
 That on his marriage day sweet music
 made!

Till then he hoped his bones might there
 be laid

Close by my mother in their native
 bowers: 240

Bidding me trust in God, he stood and
 prayed;—

I could not pray:—through tears that fell
 in showers

Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no
 longer ours!

XXVIII.

"There was a Youth whom I had loved
 so long,

That when I loved him not I cannot say:
 'Mid the green mountains many a thought-
 less song 246

We two had sung, like gladsome birds in
 May;

When we began to tire of childish play,
 We seemed still more and more to prize
 each other;

We talked of marriage and our marriage
day ; 250
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such
another.

XXIX.

"Two years were passed since to a distant
town
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade :
What tears of bitter grief, till then un-
known, 255
What tender vows our last sad kiss de-
layed !
To him we turned :—we had no other aid :
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept ;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he
said,
He well could love in grief ; his faith he
kept ; 260
And in a quiet home once more my father
slept.

XXX.

"We lived in peace and comfort ; and
were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil sup-
plied.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my
breast ;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I
sighed, 265
And knew not why. My happy father
died,
When threatened war reduced the chil-
dren's meal :
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave
could hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent
wheel,
And tears which flowed for ills which
patience might not heal. 270

XXXI.

"'Twas a hard change ; an evil time was
come ;
We had no hope, and no relief could gain :
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy
drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want
and pain.

My husband's arms now only served to
strain 275
Me and his children hungering in his view ;
In such dismay my prayers and tears
were vain :
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers
more, we drew.

XXXII.

"There were we long neglected, and we
bore 280
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor
weighed ;
Green fields before us, and our native
shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard.
We prayed
For our departure ; wished and wished—
nor knew, 285
'Mid that long sickness and those hopes
delayed,
That happier days we never more must
view.
The parting signal streamed—at last the
land withdrew.

XXXIII.

"But the calm summer season now was
past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep 290
Ran mountains high before the howling
blast,
And many perished in the whirlwind's
sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy
sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must
ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should
rue : 296
We reached the western world, a poor
devoted crew.

XXXIV.

"The pains and plagues that on our heads
came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear, 299
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,

It would unman the firmest heart to
hear.

All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children ! one by one, by
sword

And ravenous plague, all perished : every
tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance
restored." 306

XXXV.

Here paused she, of all present thought
forlorn,

Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain
expressed,

Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'er-
borne,

From her full eyes their watery load re-
leased. 310

He too was mute : and, ere her weeping
ceased,

He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery
east

With rays of promise, north and south-
ward sent ;

And soon with crimson fire kindled the
firmament. 315

XXXVI.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary
night

Of such rough storm, this happy change
to view."

So forth she came, and eastward looked ;
the sight

Over her brow like dawn of gladness
threw ;

Upon her cheek, to which its youthful
hue 320

Seemed to return, dried the last lingering
tear,

And from her grateful heart a fresh one
drew :

The whilst her comrade to her pensive
cheer

Tempered fit words of hope ; and the lark
warbled near.

XXXVII.

They looked and saw a lengthening road,
and wain 325

That rang down a bare slope not far re-
mote :

The barrows glistened bright with drops
of rain,

Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion
throat ;

But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they
viewed, 330

Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they
pursued

Their way, the Woman thus her mournful
tale renewed.

XXXVIII.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light im-
prest, 335

In the calm sunshine slept the glittering
main ;

The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.

How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were !
As quiet all within me. I was blest, 340

And looked, and fed upon the silent air
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my de-
spair.

XXXIX.

"Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans that rage of racking famine
spoke ;

The unburied dead that lay in festering
heaps, 345

The breathing pestilence that rose like
smoke,

The shriek that from the distant battle
broke,

The mine's dire earthquake, and the
pallid host

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-
stroke

To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick an-
guish tossed, 350

Hope died, and fear itself in agony was
lost !

XL.

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed,
I seemed transported to another world;
A thought resigned with pain, when from
the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that
hardly curled 356
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts
of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me—farthest from earthly port to
roam
Was best, might I but shun the spot where
man might come. 360

XLI.

"And oft I thought (my fancy was so
strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life
long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round;
Here will I live, of all but heaven dis-
owned, 365
And end my days upon the peaceful
flood.'—
To break my dream the vessel reached its
bound;
And homeless near a thousand homes I
stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and
wanted food.

XLII.

"No help I sought; in sorrow turned
adrift, 370
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare
rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the
cock
From the cross-timber of an outhouse
hung: 375
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely
stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit
my tongue.

XLIII.

"So passed a second day; and, when the
third
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's
resort. 380
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes
stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
There, pains which nature could no more
support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals
fall;
And, after many interruptions short 385
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could
crawl:
Unsought for was the help that did my
life recall.

XLIV.

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbours in their beds com-
plain 390
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy
glee,
Of looks where common kindness had no
part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid
heart, 395
And groans which, as they said, might
make a dead man start.

XLV.

"These things just served to stir the slum-
bering sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and,
thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed, 400
At houses, men, and common light, a-
mazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot
blazed;
The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
quired,
And gave me food—and rest, more wel-
come, more desired. 405

XLVI.

"Rough potters seemed they, trading so-
berly
With panniered asses driven from door to
door ;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight
moor 410
In barn uplighted ; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund
June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and
genial moon.

XLVII.

"But ill they suited me—those journeys
dark 415
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft
to hatch !
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful
bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue
match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle
shrill, 420
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing
ill :
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts
were brooding still.

XLVIII.

"What could I do, unaided and unblest ?
My father ! gone was every friend of
thine : 425
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help ; and, after marriage such as
mine,
With little kindness would to me in-
cline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit ;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could con-
fine ; 430
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping
sorrow knit.

XLIX.

"The roads I paced, I loitered through
the fields ;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
Trusted my life to what chance bounty
yields, 435
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used :
But what afflicts my peace with keenest
ruth,
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Forgone the home delight of constant
truth, 440
And clear and open soul, so prized in
fearless youth.

L.

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have
viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that
world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :
Three years a wanderer now my course I
bend— 445
Oh ! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned
away ;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept ; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her
spirit lay. 450

LI.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks ex-
pressed,
His looks—for pondering he was mute the
while.
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-
treasured smile, 455
'Twas not for *him* to speak—a *man* so
tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing
side by side.

LII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their
sight, 460

Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite
 Which high and higher mounts with
 silver gleam :
 Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark pre-
 vent ; 465
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice
 blaspheme,
 And female cries. Their course they
 thither bent,
 And met a man who foamed with anger
 vehement.

LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips and
 pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay 470
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous
 tale ;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
 He had provoked his father, who straight-
 way,
 As if each blow were deadlier than the
 last,
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with
 dismay 475
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood
 aghast ;
 And stern looks on the man her grey-
 haired Comrade cast.

LIV.

His voice with indignation rising high
 Such further deed in manhood's name
 forbade ;
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
 With bitter insult and revilings sad ; 481
 Asked him in scorn what business there
 he had ;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting
 now ;
 The gallows would one day of him be
 glad ;—
 Though inward anguish damped the
 Sailor's brow, 485
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so
 poignant would allow.

LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay out-
 stretched

With face to earth ; and, as the boy turn-
 ed round
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor
 fetched
 As if he saw—there and upon that ground—
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound
 He had himself inflicted. Through his
 brain 492
 At once the griding iron passage found ;
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed
 amain,
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting
 tear restrain. 495

LVI.

Within himself he said—What hearts
 have we !
 The blessing this a father gives his child !
 Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with
 me,
 Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath
 beguiled 500
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke ;
 He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble
 broke
 Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them
 bespoke.

LVII.

“Bad is the world, and hard is the world's
 law 505
 Even for the man who wears the warmest
 fleece ;
 Much need have ye that time more closely
 draw
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
 And that among so few there still be
 peace :
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous
 foes 510
 Your pains shall ever with your years
 increase ?”—
 While from his heart the appropriate
 lesson flows,
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his
 woes.

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and down
 they look

Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene 515
 Where wreaths of vapour tracked a wind-
 ing brook,
 That babbled on through groves and
 meadows green;
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees
 between;
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful
 lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene 520
 Of scattered herds, that in the meadow
 graze,
 Some amid lingering shade, some touched
 by the sun's rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and, winding with
 the road
 Down a thick wood, they dropt into the
 vale;
 Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
 Their wearied frames, she hoped, would
 soon regale. 526
 Ere long they reached that cottage in the
 dale:
 It was a rustic inn;—the board was
 spread,
 The milk-maid followed with her brimming
 pail,
 And lustily the master carved the bread,
 Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in
 comfort fed. 531

LX.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though
 loth, must part;
 Wanderers whose course no longer now
 agrees.
 She rose and bade farewell! and, while
 her heart
 Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow
 ease, 535
 She left him there; for, clustering round
 his knees,
 With his oak-staff the cottage children
 played;
 And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with
 trees
 And banks of ragged earth; beneath the
 shade
 Across the pebbly road a little runnel
 strayed. 540

LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
 Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams
 shone.
 She saw the carman bend to scoop the
 flood
 As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
 A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
 The carman wet her lips as well behaved;
 Bed under her lean body there was none,
 Though even to die near one she most had
 loved
 She could not of herself those wasted
 limbs have moved.

LXII.

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest
 pain 550
 And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
 Why thus that worn-out wretch must
 there sustain
 The jolting road and morning air severe.
 The wain pursued its way; and following
 near
 In pure compassion she her steps re-
 traced 555
 Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
 She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste
 The friends whom she had left but a few
 minutes past.

LXIII.

While to the door with eager speed they
 ran,
 From her bare straw the Woman half
 upraised 560
 Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan;
 No pity asking, on the group she gazed
 With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;
 Then sank upon her straw with feeble
 moan.
 Fervently cried the housewife—"God be
 praised, 565
 I have a house that I can call my own;
 Nor shall she perish there, untended and
 alone!"

LXIV.

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
 And chafe her temples, careful hands
 apply. 571

Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
 She strove, and not in vain, her head to
 rear;
 Then said—"I thank you all; if I must
 die,
 The God in heaven my prayers for you
 will hear; 575
 Till now I did not think my end had been
 so near.

LXV.

"Barred every comfort labour could pro-
 cure,
 Suffering what no endurance could as-
 suage,
 I was compelled to seek my father's door,
 Though loth to be a burthen on his age.
 But sickness stopped me in an early stage
 Of my sad journey; and within the wain
 They placed me—there to end life's pil-
 grimage,
 Unless beneath your roof I may remain:
 For I shall never see my father's door
 again. 585

LXVI.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been
 burthensome;
 But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
 May my end be! Soon will this voice be
 dumb:
 Should child of mine e'er wander hither,
 speak
 Of me, say that the worm is on my
 cheek.— 590
 Torn from our hut, that stood beside the
 sea
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
 creek,
 My husband served in sad captivity
 On shipboard, bound till peace or death
 should set him free.

LXVII.

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my
 daily prayers 597
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's
 bread;
 Till one was found by stroke of violence
 dead,

Whose body near our cottage chanced to
 lie; 600
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,
 Nor could we live together those poor
 boys and I;

LXVIII.

"For evil tongues made oath how on that
 day
 My husband lurked about the neighbour-
 hood; 605
 Now he had fled, and whither none could
 say,
 And *he* had done the deed in the dark
 wood—
 Near his own home!—but he was mild
 and good;
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its
 food. 610
 My husband's loving kindness stood be-
 tween
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs
 however keen."

LXIX.

Alas! the thing she told with labouring
 breath
 The Sailor knew too well. That wicked-
 ness
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the
 hour of death, 615
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to
 bless
 With her last words, unable to suppress
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
 strive;
 And, weeping loud in this extreme dis-
 tress,
 He cried—"Do pity me! That thou
 shouldst live 620
 I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but
 forgive!"

LXX.

To tell the change that Voice within her
 wrought
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.

Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay ;
Yet still, while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
"Be blest : by sight of thee from heaven
was sent

Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of
content." 630

LXXI.

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed
and stopped,

Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then
took

Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
dropped,

When on his own he cast a rueful look.

His ears were never silent ; sleep forsook

His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as
lead ; 636

All night from time to time under him
shook

The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed ;

And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that
I were dead !"

LXXII.

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot ;

And, when he rose, he thanked her pious
care 641

Through which his Wife, to that kind
shelter brought,

Died in his arms ; and with those thanks
a prayer

He breathed for her, and for that mer-
ciful pair.

The corse interred, not one hour he re-
mained 645

Beneath their roof, but to the open air
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
He bore within a breast where dreadful
quiet reigned.

LXXIII.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
For act and suffering, to the city straight
He journeyed, and forthwith his crime
declared : 651

"And from your doom," he added, "now
I wait,

Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
Not ineffectual was that piteous claim :

"O welcome sentence which will end
though late," 655

He said, "the pangs that to my conscience
came

Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour ! is
in thy name !"

LXXIV.

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not :—no one on *his* form or
face 660

Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought ;
No kindred sufferer, to his death-place
brought

By lawless curiosity or chance,
When into storm the evening sky is
wrought,

Upon his swinging corse an eye can
glance, 665

And drop, as he once dropped, in misera-
ble trance.

The Borderers.

A TRAGEDY.

[Composed 1795-96. — Published 1842.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.

OSWALD.

WALLACE.

LACY.

LENNOX.

HERBERT.

WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.

Host.

} Of the Band of
Borderers.

Forester.

ELDRED, a Peasant.

Peasant, Pilgrims, &c.

IDONEA.

Female Beggar.

ELEANOR, Wife of ELDRED.

SCENE, *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME, *The Reign of Henry III.*

READERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper however to add that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The Troop will be impatient;
let us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish
Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the
Border.
—Pity that our young Chief will have no
part
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve 5
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his
aim,

Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no
good

To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader. 10

Lacy. True; and, remembering how
the Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favour in our
sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such
power

Over our much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing
In Palestine? 17

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;
Let us be gone—the Band may else be
foiled. [Exeunt.]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive

That fear is like a cloak which old men
huddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should
part. This Stranger, 24

For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of
him?

Wil. You know that you have saved
his life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon
me, perhaps

That word was hasty.

Mar. Fy! no more of it.

Wil. Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy
burden 30
To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this
Oswald—

Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than
his experience 35

Has given him power to teach: and then
for courage

And enterprise—what perils hath he
shunned?

What obstacles hath he failed to over-
come?

Answer these questions, from our common
knowledge, 39

And be at rest.

Wil. Oh, Sir!

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred;
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them in two days at
farthest.

Wil. May He whose eye is over all
protect you! *[Exit.]*

*Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in
his hand).*

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and
curious simples. 44

Mar. *(looking at them).* The wild rose,
and the poppy, and the nightshade:

Which is your favourite, Oswald?

Osw. That which, while it is

Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—
[Looking forward.]

Not yet in sight!—We'll saunter here
awhile;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

Mar. *(a letter in his hand).* It is no com-
mon thing when one like you 50
Performs these delicate services, and
therefore

I feel myself much bounden to you,
Oswald;

'Tis a strange letter this!—You saw her
write it?

Osw. And saw the tears with which she
blotted it.

Mar. And nothing less would satisfy
him?

Osw. No less; 55

For that another in his Child's affection
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very
thought.

Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
Is rooted in his mind; this Band of ours,
Which you've collected for the noblest
ends, 61

Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent—he calls us
“Outlaws;”

And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence 65
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.

Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not
easily moved,

Yet was I grievously provoked to think 70
Of what I witnessed.

Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
Should yet be true?

Mar. Would it were possible!
Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck,
beheld 75

The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus?

Osw. Yes, even so,
And I had heard the like before: in sooth

The tale of this his quondam Barony
Is cunningly devised; and, on the back 80
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributa-
ries,

And stir the pulse of lazy charity.

The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed:
'tis much 85

The Arch-impostor——

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face,
methinks,

There cannot come a day when I shall
cease

To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath
the Elm 90

That casts its shade over our village school,
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of playmates wept to-
gether;

And that was the beginning of my love. 95
And, through all converse of our later
years,

An image of this old Man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come, 99
Two Travellers!

Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply;
ever since

We left the willow shade by the brook-
side,

Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay, 105

You are too fearful; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our
path,

I never can forgive it: but how steadily

You paced along, when the bewildering
moonlight 111

Mocked me with many a strange fantastic
shape!—

I thought the Convent never would
appear;

It seemed to move away from us: and yet
That you are thus the fault is mine; for
the air 115

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the
grass,

And midway on the waste ere night had
fallen

I spied a Covert walled and roofed with
sods—

A miniature; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing
hour 120

Heavier than work, raised it: within that
hut

We might have made a kindly bed of
heath,

And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with re-
cruited strength,

Have hailed the morning sun. But
cheerily, Father,— 125

That staff of yours, I could almost have
heard

To fling't away from you: you make no
use

Of me, or of my strength;—come, let me
feel

That you do press upon me. There—
indeed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest
awhile 130

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you are
silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me:

I pondered patiently your wish and will
When I gave way to your request; and
now,

When I behold the ruins of that face, 135
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope
of light,

And think that they were blasted for my
sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away:

Father, I would not change that sacred feeling

For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed : 140
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
My frame, and I bethought me of two things

I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my Child !

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sire !
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies, 145

And you mistake the cause : you hear the woods

Resound with music, could you see the sun,

And look upon the pleasant face of Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters bred 150

In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child ! from a far deeper source

Than bodily weariness. While here we sit

I feel my strength returning. The bequest 155

Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury ;
But when thy Father must lie down and die,

How wilt thou stand alone ?

Idon. Is he not strong ? 160
Is he not valiant ?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten ? have my warnings passed so quickly

Out of thy mind ? My dear, my only,
Child ;

Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—

This Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice : 165
Alas ! you do not know him. He is one
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)

All gentleness and love. His face be-
speaks

A deep and simple meekness : and that
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt, 171
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy Woman !

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak ; but think not I
forget— 175

Dear Father ! how *could* I forget and
live ?—

You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames,
returned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have
told me, 180

Clasping your infant Daughter to your
heart.

Her. Thy Mother too !—scarce had I
gained the door,

I caught her voice ; she threw herself
upon me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms ;
She saw my blasted face—a tide of
soldiers 185

That instant rushed between us, and I
heard

Her last death-shriek, distinct among a
thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not ; let me
hear it all,

Her. Dear Daughter ! precious relic of
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast
been told, 191

That when, on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been
usurped,

I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence 195
At length conducted us to Rossland,—
there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home—and for
myself,

Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthbert's
 Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment, 200
 And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot
 Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore
 Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
 Exacted thy return, and our reunion.
 I did not think that, during that long absence, 205
 My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
 Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
 Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
 Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries, 209
 Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice!
 I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
 But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want a Guide,
 Let me have leave to serve you!
Idon. My Companion
 Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel 215
 Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,
 You will look down into a dell, and there
 Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;
 The house is hidden by the shade. Old Man,
 You seem worn out with travel—shall I support you? 220

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,
 'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.
 [*Exit Peasant.*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—
 'Tis but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence 225

Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength
 Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him—

Osw. Be not hasty,

For sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

He tempted me to think the Story true;
 'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said 231

That savoured of aversion to thy name
 Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—
 Anxiety lest mischief should befall her
 After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love 236

Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,

Thus to torment her with *inventions*!—
 death—

There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story!

He must have felt it then, known what it was, 240

And in such wise to rack her gentle heart
 Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures

Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves!
 To see him thus provoke her tenderness
 With tales of weakness and infirmity! 245
 I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.
 —A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold sense, 250

May well deceive his Child—What! leave her thus,

A prey to a deceiver?—no—no—no—

'Tis but a word and then—

Osw. Something is here

More than we see, or whence this strong aversion?

Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales

Have reached his ear—you have had
enemies. 256

Mar. Enemies!—of his own coinage.

Osw. That may be,
But wherefore slight protection such as
you

Have power to yield? perhaps he looks
elsewhere.—

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?

Osw. No—no—the thing stands clear
of mystery; 261

(As you have said) he coins himself the
slander

With which he taints her ear;—for a
plain reason;

He dreads the presence of a virtuous
man

Like you; he knows your eye would
search his heart, 265

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds
The punishment they merit. All is plain:
It cannot be—

Mar. What cannot be?

Osw. Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,
And torture thus the heart of his own
Child— 270

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!

Osw. Heaven forbid!—

There was a circumstance, trifling in-
deed—

It struck me at the time—yet I believe
I never should have thought of it again
But for the scene which we by chance
have witnessed. 275

Mar. What is your meaning?

Osw. Two days gone I saw,
Though at a distance and he was dis-
guised,

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man
whose figure

Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and
he knows 280

Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clifford never
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage
door—

It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember

That, when your praise was warm upon
my tongue,

And the blind Man was told how you had
rescued 285

A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became im-
patient

And would not hear me.

Mar. No—it cannot be—
I dare not trust myself with such a
thought—

Yet whence this strange aversion? You
are a man 290

Not used to rash conjectures—

Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt* MARMADUKE and OSWALD.]

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, re-
member, Child!

This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!

Her. And are you going then? Come,
come, Idonea, 296

We must not part,—I have measured
many a league

When these old limbs had need of rest,—
and now

I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*

Good Host, such tendance as you would
expect 300

From your own Children, if yourself were
sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands;
poor Leader, [*Looking at the dog.*

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!

—Look,

The little fool is loth to stay behind. 305
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant
well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but
One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended, Lady!—
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad 311
Shall squire you, (would it not be better,
Sir?)

And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelve-
month.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too
long your guard 315

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.
Why, if a wolf should leap from out a
thicket,

A look of mine would send him scouring
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am 319
When you are by my side.

Her. *Idonea*, wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three
days at farthest

Will bring me back—protect him, Saints
—farewell! [*Exit IDONEA.*]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—
St. Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of
comfort: 325

Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;
She could not, Sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would
call her back.

Host. (calling). Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be
done.—

What means this riotous noise?

Host. The villagers
Are flocking in—a wedding festival— 331
That's all—God save you, Sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live,
The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare
you? 335

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits.
And you, Sir?

Osw. I do not see *Idonea*.

Her. Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither?

Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke 340
Receive that letter?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a
thousand times!—

That noise!—would I had gone with her
as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have
heard 345

That, in his milder moods, he has ex-
pressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great
With Henry, our good King;—the Baron
might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea
at Court.

No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That
noise!— 350

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the
Convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have
a boy, good *Host*,

And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky;
I have been waiting in the wood hard by

For a companion—here he comes; our
journey 356

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way; accept us as your
Guides.

Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear;
We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff
And need repose. Could you but wait
an hour? 360

Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me
lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not
of us;

We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my
arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*]

Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel).

I have prepared a most apt Instrument—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere 365

About this ground; she hath a tongue well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host (to them). Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself 370

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,

Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD entering.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves: 375

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage,
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock

By the brook-side: it is the abode of One,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford, 381

Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work: 385

She eats her food which every day the peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house and, in the neighbouring Churchyard 390

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,

And in the Churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep— 395

Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

Beg. Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you;
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe

Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread

When I had none to give him; where-upon 400

I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

When into one of those same spotted bells
A bee came darting, which the Child with joy 404

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;
Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]

Beg. The Saints reward you
For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away; 409

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting alone along the beaten road,
Came to my child as by my side he slept,
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:

But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream. 415

Osw. When next inclined to sleep,
take my advice

And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, Sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew

What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got 420

Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be

A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw

A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze, 425

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky: At which I half accused the God in

Heaven.—

You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide

Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day 430

Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both; but,

Oh Sir!

How would you like to travel on whole hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,

Expecting still, I knew not how, to find A piece of money glittering through the

dust? 435

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!

Do you tell fortunes?

Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest.

This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—Well! they might turn a beggar from

their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see the Babe 440

Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:

This they can do, and look upon my face—But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers, And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us. 445

Why now—but yesterday I overtook A blind old Greybeard and accosted him, I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass

He should have used me better!—Charity! If you can melt a rock, he is your man; But I'll be even with him—here again 451

Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly, Who is it that hath wronged you?

Beg. Mark you me; I'll point him out;—a Maiden is his guide, Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog, Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur, 457

I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live, 'Tis Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him, Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent, 461

And long beard white with age—yet evermore,

As if he were the only Saint on earth, He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent Against this venerable Man?

Beg. I'll tell you: 465 He has the very hardest heart on earth; I had as lief turn to the Friar's school And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir— Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad, 470

But yesterday was worse than all; at last

I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I, And begged a little aid for charity:

But he was snappish as a cottage cur.

Well then, says I—I'll out with it; at which 475

I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt As if my heart would burst; and so I left him.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the very person

Whom, but some few days past, I saw in
Eskdale, 479
At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay; and if truth were known
I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry! well he might;
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—
Yesterday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine. 485
But 'tis all over now. That good old
Lady

Has left a power of riches; and I say it,
If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this?—I fear, good Woman,
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
I spied him skulking in his peasant's
dress. 491

Osw. How say you? in disguise?—

Mar. But what's your business
With Herbert or his Daughter?

Beg. Daughter! truly—
But how's the day?—I fear, my little
Boy,

We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have
you seen him? [*Offers to go.*]

Mar. I must have more of this;—you
shall not stir 496

An inch, till I am answered. Know you
aught

That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, Sir!

Mar. No trifling, Woman!—

Osw. You are as safe as in a sanctuary; 500
Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all!—You know not,
Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the
Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh, Sir, I've been a wicked
Woman. 505

Osw. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both;
and so

I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl
Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Her-
bert's wife? 510

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife—not I; my
husband, Sir,

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy
winter

We've weathered out together. My poor
Gilfred!

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle—Mis-
creant!

Mar. Do you, 515
Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and
wait

For my return; be sure you shall have
justice.

Osw. A lucky woman!—go, you have
done good service. [*Aside.*]

Mar. (*to himself*). Eternal praises on the
power that saved her!— 519

Osw. (*gives her money*). Here's for your
little boy, and when you christen him
I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely
owns

A dog that does not know me.—These
good Folks,—

For love of God I must not pass their
doors;

But I'll be back with my best speed: for
you— 525

God bless and thank you both, my gentle
Masters. [*Exit Beggar.*]

Mar. (*to himself*). The cruel Viper!—
Poor devoted Maid,

Now I do love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns;*
he looks at her stedfastly.]

You are Idonea's Mother?—

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good 530
To look upon you.

Osw. (interrupting). In a peasant's dress

You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak ;
He is a man, if it should come to his ears

I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle
Sirs, 535

I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.

Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk with Herbert?

Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak

At Herbert's door—and when he stood beside

The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked 540

With such a look—it makes me tremble,
Sir,

To think of it.

Osw. Enough! you may depart.

Mar. (to himself) Father!—to God himself we cannot give 543

A lead name; and, under such a mask,
To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,
To that abhorrèd den of brutish vice!—

Oswald, the firm foundation of my life
Is going from under me; these strange discoveries—

Looked at from every point of fear or hope,

Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin. 550

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Hostel*—OSWALD alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing.

Osw. They chose him for their Chief!—
what covert part

He in the preference, modest Youth,
might take,

I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are
flown;

That either e'er existed is my shame: 555
'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed
upon it.

—These fools of feeling are mere birds of
winter

That haunt some barren island of the
north,

Where, if a famishing man stretch forth
his hand, 560

They think it is to feed them. I have left
him

To solitary meditation;—now

For a few swelling phrases, and a flash

Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,

And he is mine for ever—here he comes.

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved
her lips all day 566

And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that
ragged homestead,

Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to
madness.

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he
told me, 570

These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six
months gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Church-
yard:

The moon shone clear, the air was still,
so still 575

The trees were silent as the graves be-
neath them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing
round

Upon the self-same spot, still round and
round,

Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door
Rooted I stood; for, looking at the
woman, 580

I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father—

Mar. Earthly law

Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their
rule

From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they
spare 586

The verminous brood, and cherish what
they spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would
that Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might
hear

What she can urge in his defence; she
loves him. 590

Mar. Yes, loves him; 'tis a truth that
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing:
What must be done?

Mar. We will conduct her hither;
These walls shall witness it—from first
to last

He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we, 595
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for
himself;

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her
hither;—here

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt
proved 600

Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm: but though we
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside; re-
member,

Yours is no common life. Self-stationed
here, 605

Upon these savage confines, we have
seen you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy
seas

That oft have checked their fury at your
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a
Band 610

Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless
retire 613

For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due
praise, 621

But vigorous Spirits look for something
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products; and
to-day

You will not disappoint them; and here-
after—

Mar. You are wasting words; hear me
then once for all: 625

You are a Man—and therefore, if com-
passion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,

Be known unto you, you will love this
Woman,

Even as I do; but I should loathe the
light,

If I could think one weak or partial
feeling— 630

Osw. You will forgive me—

Mar. If I ever knew
My heart, could penetrate its inmost
core,

'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have
loved

To be the friend and father of the
oppressed

A comforter of sorrow;—there is some-
thing 635

Which looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him
hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act
of justice;

And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office? 640

The deed is done—if you will have it so—
Here where we stand—that tribe of vul-
gar wretches

(You saw them gathering for the festival)

Rush in—the villains seize us—

Mar. Seize!

Osw. Yes, they—

Men who are little given to sift and weigh— 645

Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—farewell—but stay,

Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither

To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness?

Mar. I had many hopes 650

That were most dear to me, and some will bear

To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonoured!

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond the instant.

A few leagues hence we shall have open ground, 655

And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling
rock

The shattered Castle in which Clifford
oft

Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,
And very superstition of the place, 661
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
Would there perhaps have gathered the
first fruits

Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—
(to HERBERT) Sir! 665

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just
written

A notice for your Daughter, that she may
know

What is become of you.—You'll sit down
and sign it;

'Twill glad her heart to see her father's
signature.

[Gives the letter he had written.]

Her. Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.]

Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE). Perhaps it
would be useful 670

That you too should subscribe your name.
*[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT
—then writes—examines the letter eagerly.]*

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

[He puts it up, agitated.]

Osw. (aside). Dastard! Come.

*[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons
OSWALD to take his place.]*

Mar. (as he quits HERBERT). There is a
palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

*[Exeunt OSWALD and HERBERT—
MARMADUKE following.]*

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of
Pilgrims and IDONEA with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more
lofty shade

I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds 675
Drops deadened from a roof so thick with
leaves.

Old Pil. This news! it made my heart
leap up with joy.

Idon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself, I heard
The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
Which purported it was the royal plea-
sure 680

The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood,
Should be forthwith restored. The hear-
ing, Lady,

Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When
I returned

From Palestine, and brought with me a
heart, 685

Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly,
comfort,

I met your Father, then a wandering
Outcast:

He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy; but
grieved

He, was that One so young should pass
his youth

In such sad service; and he parted with him. 690
 We joined our tales of wretchedness together,
 And begged our daily bread from door to door.
 I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady!
 For once you loved me.
Idon. You shall back with me
 And see your Friend again. The good old Man 695
 Will be rejoiced to greet you.
Old Pil. It seems but yesterday
 That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,
 In a deep wood remote from any town.
 A cave that opened to the road presented
 A friendly shelter, and we entered in. 700
Idon. And I was with you?
Old Pil. If indeed 'twas you—
 But you were then a tottering Little-one—
 We sate us down. The sky grew dark
 and darker:
 I struck my flint, and built up a small
 fire
 With rotten boughs and leaves, such as
 the winds 705
 Of many autumns in the cave had piled.
 Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the
 woods;
 Our little fire sent forth a cheering
 warmth
 And we were comforted, and talked of
 comfort;
 But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our
 heads 710
 The thunder rolled in peals that would
 have made
 A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.
 O Lady, you have need to love your
 Father.
 His voice—methinks I hear it now, his
 voice
 When, after a broad flash that filled the
 cave, 715
 He said to me, that he had seen his
 Child,
 A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)
 Revealed by lustre brought with it from
 heaven;

And it was you, dear Lady!
Idon. God be praised,
 That I have been his comforter till now!
 And will be so through every change of
 fortune 721
 And every sacrifice his peace requires.—
 Let us begone with speed, that he may
 hear
 These joyful tidings from no lips but
 mine. 724
 [Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.]

SCENE, *The Area of a half-ruined Castle—
 on one side the entrance to a dungeon—
 OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing back-
 wards and forwards.*

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.
Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet
 For sight of a warm fire.
Mar. The wind blows keen;
 My hands are numb.
Osw. Ha! ha! 'tis nipping cold.
 [Blowing his fingers.]
 I long for news of our brave Comrades;
 Lacy
 Would drive those Scottish Rovers to
 their dens
 If once they blew a horn this side the
 Tweed. 730
Mar. I think I see a second range of
 Towers;
 This castle has another Area—come,
 Let us examine it.
Osw. 'Tis a bitter night;
 I hope Idonea is well housed. That
 horseman,
 Who at full speed swept by us where the
 wood 735
 Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
 Of sending to his grave our precious
 Charge:
 That would have been a vile mischance.
Mar. It would.
Osw. Justice had been most cruelly
 defrauded.
Mar. Most cruelly.
Osw. As up the steep we clomb,
 I saw a distant fire in the north-east; 741
 I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon:
 With proper speed our quarters may be
 gained

To-morrow evening.

*[Looks restlessly towards the mouth
of the dungeon.]*

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
blessed me: 745

You could not hear, for the foam beat the
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction
fell

Back on himself; but changed into a
curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful. 750

Mar. (listening). What an odd moan-
ing that is!—

Osw. Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand

Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his,
you are sure,

Could not come after us—he *must* have
perished; 755

The torrent would have dashed an oak to
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—
that he

Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me
more

Than twenty armies.

Osw. How?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance,
was troubled 761

Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart!

*[OSWALD offers to go down into the
dungeon.]*

Mar. How now, what mean you?

Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there
not 766

A farm or dwelling-house within five
leagues,

We should deserve to wear a cap and
bells,

Three good round years, for playing the
fool here

In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps, 770

You'd better like we should descend
together,

And lie down by his side—what say you
to it?

Three of us—we should keep each other
warm:

I'll answer for it that our four-legged
friend

Shall not disturb us; further I'll not
engage; 775

Come, come, for manhood's sake!

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
This mortal stupor which is creeping over
me,

What do they mean? were this my single
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve would
tremble:

Why do I tremble now?—Is not the
depth 780

Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of
thought?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for
judgment,

Something I strike upon which turns my
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—my
breast 784

Concentres all the terrors of the Universe:
I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw. Is it possible?

Mar. One thing you noticed not:
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt may
shudder; 790

But there's a Providence for them who
walk

In helplessness, when innocence is with
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride
the air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you were that moment? 795

[He draws MARMADUKE to the dungeon.]

Mar. You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,

And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

Osw. This is some sudden seizure!

Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me out
A draught of water?

Osw. Nay, to see you thus 800
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try
To gain the torrent's brink. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Mar. [*after a pause*]. It seems an age
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not lost.

Her. [*at the mouth of the dungeon*]. Give me your hand; where are you, Friends? and tell me
How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time
In such a weary night, and such a place. 806

Her. I do not hear the voice of my friend Oswald.

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch
a draught
Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no answer, 811
I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder; this is a place
That well may put some fears into your heart.

Her. Why so? a roofless rock had been
a comfort,
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were; 815
And in a night like this to lend your cloaks

To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This Daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh! but you are young;
Over your head twice twenty years must roll, 820

With all their natural weight of sorrow
and pain,

Ere can be known to you how much a Father

May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for this! [*Aside.*]

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a
useless Man;

Kindly have you protected me to-
night, 825

And no return have I to make but
prayers;

May you in age be blest with such a
daughter!—

When from the Holy Land I had re-
turned

Sightless, and from my heritage was
driven,

A wretched Outcast—but this strain of
thought 830

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear;
Your words are precious to my ears;
go on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the
flood

And perished, what a piercing outcry
you 835

Sent after him. I have loved you ever
since.

You start—where are we?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger;
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.

Mar. But when you were an Outcast?—
Heaven is just;

Your piety would not miss its due re-
ward; 840

The little Orphan then would be your
succour,

And do good service, though she knew it
not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings
of my Fathers,

Where none but those who trampled on
my rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide
world 845

I bore her in my arms; her looks won pity;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause
to love her?

Mar. Yes.

Her. More than ever Parent
loved a Child? 849

Mar. Yes, yes.

Her. I will not murmur, merciful God!
I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daughter's voice,

And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-
missively 853
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*). Here
it is, my Friend, [*Presents the Horn*.
A charming beverage for you to carouse
This bitter night.

Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes
gone,

To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless; and yet that
place, 860

When the tempestuous wind first drove
us hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored
you,

No doubt you have been nobly entertained? 865

But soft!—how came he forth? The Night-
mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbour?

Mar.

I believe

You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur:
Come, let us house together.

[OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.

Osw. (*returns*). Had I not
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the af-
fair 870

To its most fit conclusion, do you think

I would so long have struggled with my
Nature,
And smothered all that's man in me?—
away!—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*

This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a
privilege; 875

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done?

Mar. Which way soe'er I turn, I am
perplexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you.
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence; 881
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set
us right;

Their verdict would abolish these weak
scruples.

Mar. Weak! I am weak—there does
my torment lie,

Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said 885
How his old heart would leap to hear her
steps,

You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

Mar. And never heard a sound so ter-
rible.

Osw. Perchance you think so now?

Mar. I cannot do it:

Twice did I spring to grasp his withered
throat, 890

When such a sudden weakness fell upon
me,

I could have dropped asleep upon his
breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in
the word?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber

Who aims but at our purse; and shall
this Parricide— 895

Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dis-
honour

Be worse than death) to that confiding
Creature

Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his
purpose?

But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed— 900
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
blow—

Away! away!—[*Flings away his sword.*]

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall
live,

And she shall love him. With unquestion-
ed title 905

He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our mas-
ters,

And most despise the men who best can
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that bad men
only 910

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that
old Man

Is brave.

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and
giving it to him.*]

To Clifford's arms he would have led
His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon*). It
must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;
He will deny it to the last. He lies 915
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the
left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*
(*Alone*). The Villains rose in mutiny to
destroy me;

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The
look

With which he gave the boon—I see it
now! 920

The same that tempted me to loathe the
gift.—

For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that
look on it:

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—
that countenance— 925

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of
whom?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but
women

Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered
tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He
may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow
arches, 930

Highways of dreaming passion, have too
long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope
From the unpretending ground we mortals
tread;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up
And set him free. What follows? I have
learned 935

That things will work to ends the slaves
o' the world

Do never dream of. I *have* been what he—
This Boy—when he comes forth with
bloody hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall
know

What I am now—

[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*]

Praying or parleying?—tut! 940
Is he not eyeless? He has been half-dead
These fifteen years—

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.*

(*Turning abruptly*). *Ha! speak*—what
Thing art thou?

(*Recognises her*). Heavens! my good
Friend! [*To her.*]

Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir!—

Osw. (*to her companions*). Begone, ye

Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like
leaves. [*They retire affrighted.*]

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm; we
lodge sometimes 946

In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

[*OSWALD goes to the dungeon—
listens—returns to the Beggar.*]

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless In-
fant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the
forfeit. 950

Beg. I do repent me, Sir; I fear the curse

Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your money, Sir,—

Osw. Begone!

Beg. (going). There is some wicked deed in hand:

[*Aside.*

Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter.

[*Exit Beggar.*

MARMADUKE *re-enters from the dungeon.*

Osw. It is all over then;—your foolish fears

955

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,

Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down? And when I felt your hand upon my arm And spake to you, why did you give no answer?

Fear'd you to waken him? he must have been

960

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice. There are the strangest echoes in that place!

Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,

When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,

965

As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

Osw. But after that?

Mar. The features of Idonea Lurked in his face—

Osw. Pshaw! Never to these eyes Will retribution show itself again

969

With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look, Smiling in sleep—

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

Osw. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you? who alive?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;

975

He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea

Hath become Clifford's harlot—is he living?

Mar. The old Man in that dungeon is alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field

Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,

980

Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all shall hear it.

You a protector of humanity!

Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave; yet did I see,

Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I tell thee

985

Idonea's filial countenance was there To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,

Beheld a star twinkling above my head, And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[*Sinks exhausted.*

Osw. (to himself). Now may I perish if this turn do more

991

Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Dear Marmaduke, My words were rashly spoken; I recall them:

I feel my error; shedding human blood Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,

995

Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed

Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,

Else could so strong a mind have ever known

These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven

Has marked out this foul Wretch as one whose crimes

1000

Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,

Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[*Goes towards the dungeon.*

Osw. I grieve

That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe.

1005

Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud).
The truth is hideous, but how stifle it?

[Turning to MARMADUKE.

Give me your sword—nay, here are stones
and fragments,

The least of which would beat out a man's
brains;

Or you might drive your head against
that wall. 1009

No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your
bed,

Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your
breast

I care not: fear I have none, and cannot
fear— 1015

[The sound of a horn is heard.

That horn again—"Tis some one of our
Troop;

What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What; dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to
the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That subtle
Grey-beard— 1019

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (to MARMADUKE). My Captain,
We come by order of the Band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent
abroad

His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands and
Baronies 1025

As, in these long commotions, have been
seized.

His Power is this way tending. It befits
us

To stand upon our guard, and with our
swords

Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look 1029
But at the surfaces of things; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young
and old

Driven out in troops to want and naked-
ness;

Then grasp our swords and rush upon a
cure

That flatters us, because it asks not
thought:

The deeper malady is better hid; 1035
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspici-
ously upon OSWALD). Ay, what is
it you mean?

Mar. Harkee, my Friends;—
[Appearing gay.

Were there a Man who, being weak and
helpless

And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother,
pressed 1039

By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him Fa-
ther—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that
offence

I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make
the Child

An instrument of falsehood, should he
teach her 1045

To stretch her arms, and dim the glad-
some light

Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—
But in a world like ours—

Mar. (changing his tone). This self-
same Man—

Even while he printed kisses on the cheek
Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent
tongue 1051

To lisp the name of Father—could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time

When he should give her up, a Woman
grown, 1054

To him who bid the highest in the market
Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world
Contains not such a Monster!

Mar. For this purpose
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by
means

Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think
of them;

Should he, by tales which would draw
tears from iron, 1060

Work on her nature, and so turn com-
passion

And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body——

Wal. 'Tis too horrible; 1065
Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down,
And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect,
It is so meek, his countenance so vene-
rable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust).
But how, what say you, Oswald?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him,
were it

Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick, 1070
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind——

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (coming forward). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage
Is not an accidental quality,

A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment. 1076

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of
Justice,

Spares not the worm. The giant and the
worm——

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman, 1080

And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender
cries

And helpless innocence—do they protect
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmi-
ties, 1085

Which have enabled this enormous Culpit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanc-
tuary

To cover him from punishment? Shame!—
Justice,

Admitting no resistance, bends alike
The feeble and the strong. She needs not
here 1090

Her bonds and chains, which make the
mighty feeble.

—We recognise in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!
Osw. Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and vena-
rable; 1095

And, by the Mass, to see him at his
prayers!—

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish
When my heart does not ache to think
of it!—

Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven
But what was made an engine to ensnare
thee; 1100

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? your Idonea?
[To MARMADUKE.

Mar. Mine;
But now no longer mine. You know
Lord Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure
As beautiful, and gentle and benign, 1105
And in her ample heart loving even me—
Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head
Of my own child, this Man must die; my
hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his grey hairs!—

Mar. (to LACY). I love the Father in
thee. 1110

You know me, Friends; I have a heart
to feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps be-
comes me

Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on
ground

Where Souls are self-defended, free to
grow 1115

Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy
wind.

Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which de-
creed

This monstrous crime to be laid open—
here,

Where Reason has an eye that she can
use,

And Men alone are Umpires. To the
Camp 1120

He shall be led, and there, the Country
round

All gathered to the spot, in open day
Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought;
His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (to LACY). I thank you for that
hint. He shall be brought 1125

Before the Camp, and would that best
and wisest

Of every country might be present. There
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for
the rest

It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and
see 1130

That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.

(Aside). But softly! we must look a little
nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At
some future time

I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel, a group of
Pilgrims as before; IDONEA and the
Host among them.*

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at
the Convent 1135

As I have told you: He left us yesterday
With two Companions; one of them, as
seemed,

His most familiar Friend. (*Going.*) There
was a letter

Of which I heard them speak, but that I
fancy

Has been forgotten.

Idon. (to Host). Farewell!

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy
errand. 1141

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *A desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to
the Camp.

Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and
then,

That half a word should blow it to the
winds!

This last device must end my work.—

Methinks 1145

It were a pleasant pastime to construct

A scale and table of belief—as thus—

Two columns, one for passion, one for
proof;

Each rises as the other falls: and first,

Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—

Nay, we must travel in another path, 1151

Or we're stuck fast for ever;—passion,
then,

Shall be a unit *for* us; proof—no, passion!

We'll not insult thy majesty by time,

Person, and place—the where, the when,
the how, 1155

And all particulars that dull brains re-
quire

To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,

They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstra-
tion.

A whipping to the Moralists who preach

That misery is a sacred thing: for me,

I know no cheaper engine to degrade a
man, 1161

Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's
mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the sur-
face;

And, in the storm and anguish of the
heart,

He talks of a transition in his Soul, 1165

And dreams that he is happy. We dis-
sect

The senseless body, and why not the
mind?—

These are strange sights—the mind of
man, upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle;

In some a hideous one—hem! shall I
stop? 1170

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink
deep, but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, when'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (turning to meet him). But listen,
for my peace—

Mar. Why, I believe you.

Osw. But hear the proofs—

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must
then

Be larger than the peas—prove this—
'twere matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to
dream

It ever could be otherwise!

Osw. Last night, 1180

When I returned with water from the
brook,

I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.

Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind
Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the
Girl,

Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.

She is," continued the detested Slave,
"She is right willing—strange if she were
not!—

They say Lord Clifford is a savage
man;

But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's
harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a
maid

That could withstand it. True," con-
tinued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept
a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for
that)

And said, 'My Father he will have
it so.'

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw. This I caught, and more

That may not be retold to any ear.

The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the
Castle.

By a dim lantern's light I saw that
wreaths

Of flowers were in their hands, as if de-
signed

For festive decoration; and they said,
With brutal laughter and most foul allu-
sion,

That they should share the banquet with
their Lord

And his new Favorite.

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. I knew

How you would be disturbed by this dire
news,

And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
Here to impart the tale, of which, last
night,

I strove to ease my mind, when our two
Comrades,

Commissioned by the Band, burst in
upon us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift
the avenging steel,

I did believe all things were shadows—
yea,

Living or dead all things were bodi-
less,

All but the mutual mockeries of body,
Till that same star summoned me back
again.

Now I could laugh till my ribs ached.
Oh, Fool!

To let a creed, built in the heart of
things,

Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Os-
wald,

I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
Than you have entered, were it worth the
pains.

Young as I am, I might go forth a
teacher,

And you should see how deeply I could
reason

Of love in all its shapes, beginnings,
ends;

Of moral qualities in their diverse as-
pects;

Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Osw. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-
ground 1230

With carcasses, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his
own,

But that they cannot stand up of them-
selves;

Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour
Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one
We call, and scorn the other as Time's
spendthrift; 1236

But have they not a world of common
ground

To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way?

Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my
philosophy: 1240

I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath
the chin,

And send it with a fillip to its grave.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One,
So pious in demeanour! in his look 1246
So saintly and so pure!—Harkee, my
Friend,

I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's
Castle,

A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a
medley 1250

Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for
that

Might in such neighbourhood find seemly
use.—

But first, how wash our hands of this old
Man?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in
the path; 1255
Plague on my memory, him I had for-
gotten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—
see him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Osw. As 'twill be but a moment's
work,
I will stroll on; you follow when 'tis done.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor
at a short distance—HERBERT is dis-
covered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'tis
well—I feared 1260

The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.

Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving
wind

That creeps along the bells of the crisp
heather.

Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sun-
shine— 1265

What can this mean? There is a psalm
that speaks

Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is
there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (*aside—looking at HERBERT*). And
I have loved this Man! and *she* hath
loved him!

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord
Clifford! 1270

And there it ends;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,

Then plain it is as day that eyes were
made

For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!
[*Looking round.*]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece 1275
Of Nature, finished with most curious
skill!

(*To HERBERT*). Good Baron, have you
ever practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by
the acre.

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice!
I know not 1279

Wherein I have offended you;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and
threw it

About your own; but for these two hours
past

Once only have you spoken, when the
lark 1285

Whirled from among the fern beneath our
feet,

And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—
So you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end,
whose crimes 1290

Have roused all Nature up against him—
pshaw!—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and
bare,

That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green moss 1295

From the stern breathing of the rough
sea-wind;

This have we, but no other company:

Commend me to the place. If a man
should die

And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—
The Spirit of a murdered man, for in-
stance—

Might have fine room to ramble about
here,

A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close-
pent guilt 1305

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the
hour

Of visitation—

Mar. A bold word from you!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate
Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but
now

They have snapped her from the stem—
Poh! let her lie 1310

Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless
snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—
ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you
knew

The worm was in her—

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!—
She hath an eye that sinks into all
hearts, 1316

And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace
between us.

Mar. (*aside*). I do believe he weeps—
I could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs
through his: 1320

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the
Maid;

And for his sake I loved her more: these
tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,
Heaven! 1325

One happy thought has passed across my
mind.

—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings!—(*To HERBERT*)—
Now, for a little more

About your Daughter!

Her. Troops of armed men,
Met in the roads, would bless us; little
children, 1331

Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them! I have
heard

The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with
mild voice, 1335

And speak with milder voice to his poor
beasts.

Mar. And whither were you going?

Her. Learn, young Man,—
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like
mine,

Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak!— 1341

My Daughter does not know how weak
I am ;
And, as thou see'st, under the arch of
heaven
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father,
doomed !— 1345
But I had once a spirit and an arm—
Mar. Now, for a word about your
Barony :
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to—what's your title—eh ?
your claims
Were undisputed !
Her. Like a mendicant, 1350
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood
alone ;—
I murmured—but, remembering Him who
feeds
The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to
Heaven
And did not want glimmerings of quiet
hope. 1355
So from the court I passed, and down the
brook,
Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
I came ; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I sate me down, and cannot but believe—
While in my lap I held my little Babe
And clasped her to my heart, my heart
that ached 1361
More with delight than grief—I heard a
voice
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called ;
It said, "I will be with thee." A little
boy,
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was
gone, 1365
Hailed us as if he had been sent from
heaven,
And said, with tears, that he would be
our guide :
I had a better guide—that innocent
Babe—
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour,
from harm,
From cold, from hunger, penury, and
death ; 1370
To whom I owe the best of all the
good

I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
And higher far than lies within earth's
bounds :
Therefore I bless her : when I think of
Man,
I bless her with sad spirit,—when of
God, 1375
I bless her in the fulness of my joy !
Mar. The name of daughter in his
mouth, he prays !
With nerves so steady, that the very flies
Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent !
If he were innocent—then he would
tremble 1380
And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning
aside*). I have read
In Story, what men now alive have wit-
nessed,
How, when the People's mind was racked
with doubt,
Appeal was made to the great Judge : the
Accused
With naked feet walked over burning
ploughshares. 1385
Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
For a like trial, but more merciful.
Why else have I been led to this bleak
Waste ?
Bare is it, without house or track, and
destitute
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea. 1390
Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing
God !
Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed as I am,
I will commit him to this final *Ordeal* !—
He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to
him
And was his guide ; if once, why not
again, 1395
And in this desert ? If never—then the
whole
Of what he says, and looks, and does,
and is,
Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave
him here
To cold and hunger !—Pain is of the
heart,
And what are a few throes of bodily
suffering 1400
If they can waken one pang of remorse ?
[*Goes up to* HERBERT.]

Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt
out,
It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
Led by my hand to save thee from per-
dition;
Thou wilt have time to breathe and
think——

Her. Oh, Mercy!

Mar. I know the need that all men
have of mercy, 1406
And therefore leave thee to a righteous
judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessèd Child!

Mar. No more of that;
Thou wilt have many guides if thou art
innocent;

Yea, from the utmost corners of the
earth, 1410
That Woman will come o'er this Waste
to save thee.

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT's staff.*
Ha! what is here? and carved by her
own hand! [*Reads upon the staff.*
"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
He that puts his trust in me shall not
fail!"

Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven—
God and that staff are now thy only
guides. 1416

[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*

SCENE, *An eminence, a Beacon on the
summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But
patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor,
Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—

Len. (to WALLACE). His tool, the wander-
ing Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no
doubt, 1420

Knowing what otherwise we know too
well,

That she revealed the truth. Stand by
me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers
Between my breast-plate and my skin
than make

Oswald my special enemy, if you 1425

Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—
But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his
Spin motives out of their own bowels,
Lacy!

I learn'd this when I was a Confessor.

I know him well; there needs no other
motive 1430

Than that most strange incontinence in
crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life
to him

And breath and being; where he cannot
govern,

He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like
moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for
motives: 1435

There is no crime from which this man
would shrink;

He recks not human law; and I have
noticed

That often, when the name of God is
uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride
has built 1440

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed

A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;
And when the King of Denmark sum-
moned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he
said, 1446

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in hea-
ven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor

Were that man, who could draw the line
that parts

Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from
Madness, 1450

That should be scourged, not pitied.
Restless Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they
can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings. 1455
One of the Band. What if he mean to
offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then
swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many
wounds 1460

As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the
vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and, when
the sun is down,

Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.
[*They go out together.*]

SCENE, *The Wood on the edge of the Moor.*
MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast be-
yond human thought,
Yet calm.—I could believe that there
was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and
rest. 1469

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes,
which now
I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis
my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part.

Osw. Nay, then — I am mistaken.

There's a weakness 1476

About you still; you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance

At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because

You are now in truth my Master; you
have taught me 1480

What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach;—and therefore
gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel

That you have shown, and by a signal
instance, 1485

How they who would be just must seek
the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence

Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

Of the world's masters, with the musty
rules 1491

By which they uphold their craft from
age to age:

You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognise; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances,
flashed 1495

Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your
path;

Your faculties should grow with the
demand;

I still will be your friend, will cleave to
you

Through good and evil, obloquy and
scorn, 1500

Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly). I know your motives!
I am not of the world's presumptuous
judges,

Who damn where they can neither see
nor feel,

With a hard-hearted ignorance; your
struggles 1505

I witness'd, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be

That some there are, squeamish half-
thinking cowards,

Who will turn pale upon you, call you
murderer,

And you will walk in solitude among
them. 1510

A mighty evil for a strong-built mind !—
Join twenty tapers of unequal height
And light them joined, and you will see
the less

How 'twill burn down the taller; and
they all 1514

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude !—
The Eagle lives in Solitude !

Mar. Even so,
The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand
resolved

To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you? and for ever?—
My young Friend, 1520

As time advances either we become
The prey or masters of our own past
deeds.

Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no;
And if good Angels fail, slack in their
duty,

Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
Are still forthcoming; some which, though
they bear 1526

Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves re-
quired.

So meet extremes in this mysterious
world,

And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath,
has never moved 1531
With such a weight upon his wings as
now;

But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you
will learn

Fortitude is the child of Enterprise: 1535
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an
earnest

That we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a
blow,

The motion of a muscle—this way or
that— 1540

'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy

We wonder at ourselves like men be-
trayed:

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What! if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy 1546
And the light dancing of the thoughtless
heart;

It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise ab-
jure

All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain. 1551
—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion!—pity!—pride can
do without them;
And what if you should never know them
more!—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain, 1555
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase puling sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse—
It cannot live with thought; think on,
think on, 1561
And it will die. What! in this universe,
Where the least things control the great-
est, where

The faintest breath that breathes can
move a world;

What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had
sneezed, 1565
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never
been

Whose very shadow gnaws us to the
vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering?
That a man,

So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from him-
self— 1570

It is most strange.

Osw. Murder!—what's in the word!—
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
A shallow project;—you of late have seen

More deeply, taught us that the institutes 1575

Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes
That make the fields their dwelling. If a
snake

Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good govern-
ors 1581

Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for
what purpose,

But to protect themselves from extirpa-
tion?—

This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is
now 1586

Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its
destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our
Companions—

Oh how I long to see their faces again!

*Enter IDONEA with Pilgrims who continue
their journey.*

Idon. (after some time). What, Marmaduke! now thou art mine for ever.

And Oswald, too! (*To MARMADUKE.*) On
will we to my Father 1592

With the glad tidings which this day
hath brought;

We'll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
To God above will make him feel for ours.

Osw. I interrupt you?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,
That I should ever live to see this mo-
ment!

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it
all—he knows,

Each word of that unhappy letter fell 1600
As a blood-drop from my heart.

Osw. 'Twas even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for
whose ear?—not thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead
for me, Oswald!

You are my Father's Friend.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Alas, you know not,
And never can you know, how much he
loved me. 1605

Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I
withstand

His pleading face, and feel his clasping
arms,

And hear his prayer that I would not for-
sake him 1610

In his old age— [*Hides her face.*

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant
me patience!—

She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall
burn for hours

Ere I can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;

And, balancing the hopes that are the
dearest

To womankind with duty to my Father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which
nought 1616

On earth could else have wrested from
me;—if erring,

Oh let me be forgiven!

Mar. I do forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this
breast, alas!

It throbs, and you have a heart that does
not feel it. 1620

Mar. (exultingly). She is innocent.

[*He embraces her.*

Osw. (aside). Were I a Moralist,
I should make wondrous revolution here;
It were a quaint experiment to show

The beauty of truth— [*Addressing them.*

I see I interrupt you;

I shall have business with you, Marmaduke; 1625

Follow me to the Hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*

Idon. Marmaduke,

This is a happy day. My Father soon
Shall sun himself before his native doors;
The lame, the hungry, will be welcome
there.

No more shall he complain of wasted
strength, 1630

Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying
heart;

His good works will be balm and life to him.

Mar. This is most strange!—I know not what it was,

But there was something which most plainly said 1634

That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent!—

Oh heavens! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Woman

To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to the height

Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*]

I see you love me still,

The labours of my hand are still your joy;

Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder 1641

I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*]

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [*Sinks.*]

Idon. What ails you! [*Distractedly.*]

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot

To give it back again!

Idon. What mean your words?

Mar. I know not what I said—all may be well. 1645

Idon. That smile hath life in it!

Mar. This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands

Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night,

I pray you:

For me, I have business, as you heard, with Oswald, 1649

But will return to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps; its fitful stroke

Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

Hear me, ye Men upon the cliffs, if such

There be who pray nightly before the Altar. 1655

Oh that I had but strength to reach the place!

My Child—my Child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!

Enter ELDRED.

Eld. Better this bare rock,

Though it were tottering over a man's head,

Than a tight case of dungeon walls for shelter 1660

From such rough dealing.

[*A moaning voice is heard.*]

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here)

Send forth such noises—and that weary bell!

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night

Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in prayer, 1665

And that—what is it? never was sound so like

A human groan. Ha! what is here?

Poor Man—

Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your friend:

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Knells to him.*)

I pray you speak!

1670

What has befallen you?

Her. (feebly). A stranger has done this, And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so: come, let me raise you up: [*Raises him.*]

This is a dismal place—well—that is well— 1674

I was too fearful—take me for your guide And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*]

SCENE, *A room in the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to think

That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile

As one of those beliefs which in their
 hearts
 Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no
 better 1680
 Than feathers clinging to their points of
 passion.
 This day's event has laid on me the duty
 Of opening out my story; you must hear
 it,
 And without further preface.—In my
 youth,
 Except for that abatement which is paid
 By envy as a tribute to desert, 1686
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the dar-
 ling
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You've
 heard
 That I embarked for Syria. On our
 voyage
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Con-
 spiracy 1690
 Against my honour, in the which our
 Captain
 Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind
 fell;
 We lay becalmed week after week, until
 The water of the vessel was exhausted;
 I felt a double fever in my veins, 1695
 Yet rage suppressed itself;—to a deep
 stillness
 Did my pride tame my pride;—for many
 days,
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,
 I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted
 By man and nature;—if a breeze had
 blown, 1700
 It might have found its way into my
 heart,
 And I had been—no matter—do you
 mark me?
Mar. Quick—to the point—if any un-
 told crime
 Doth haunt your memory,
Osw. Patience, hear me further!—
 One day in silence did we drift at
 noon 1705
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and
 bare;
 No food was there, no drink, no grass, no
 shade,
 No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form

Inanimate large as the body of man,
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life 1710
 Might stretch beyond the measure of one
 moon.
 To dig for water on the spot, the Cap-
 tain
 Landed with a small troop, myself being
 one:
 There I reproached him with his trea-
 chery.
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose;
 He struck me; and that instant had I
 killed him, 1716
 And put an end to his insolence, but my
 Comrades
 Rushed in between us: then did I insist
 (All hated him, and I was stung to mad-
 ness)
 That we should leave him there, alive!—
 we did so. 1720
Mar. And he was famished?
Osw. Naked was the spot;
 Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
 And in that miserable place we left him,
 Alone but for a swarm of minute crea-
 tures 1725
 Not one of which could help him while
 alive,
 Or mourn him dead.
Mar. A man by men cast off,
 Left without burial! nay, not dead nor
 dying,
 But standing, walking, stretching forth
 his arms,
 In all things like ourselves but in the
 agony 1730
 With which he called for mercy; and—
 even so—
 He was forsaken?
Osw. There is a power in sounds:
 The cries he uttered might have stopped
 the boat
 That bore us through the water—
Mar. You returned
 Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?
Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish
 mockery, 1736
 And laughed so loud it seemed that the
 smooth sea
 Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins
are filled

At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'Twas an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and
waves, 1741

Which with their foam could cover it at
will.

I know not how he perished; but the
calm,

The same dead calm, continued many
days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought
on him this doom, 1745

His wickedness prepared it; these expe-
dients

Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was
innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and
be at peace. 1750

His guilt was marked—these things could
never be

Were there not eyes that see, and for
good ends,

Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miser-
able man 1754

No more was heard of?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The Crew

Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,

Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
So we pursued our voyage: when we

landed, 1760

The tale was spread abroad; my power
at once

Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and
lofty hopes—

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The Crew deceived you?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the
wind howls! 1765

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent,
there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.
That was no life for me—I was o'er-
thrown,

But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought
to have seen

The guilt—have touched it—felt it at
your heart— 1770

As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three
nights

Did constant meditation dry my blood;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sound-
ing on,

Through words and things, a dim and
perilous way; 1775

And, wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon

And clanking chains are perfect liberty.
You understand me—I was comforted;

I saw that every possible shape of ac-
tion 1780

Might lead to good—I saw it and burst
forth,

Thirsting for some of those exploits that
fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost
peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity
Subsided in a moment, like a wind 1785

That drops down dead out of a sky it
vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore

A salient spring of energy; I mounted
From action up to action with a mind

That never rested—without meat or
drink 1790

Have I lived many days—my sleep was
bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream

But had a continuity and substance

That waking life had never power to
give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind!—Until
the mystery 1795

Of all this world is solved, well may we
envy

The worm, that, underneath a stone whose
weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal
anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep,
in safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those
traitors? 1800

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From
Palestine

We marched to Syria: oft I left the
Camp,

When all that multitude of hearts was
still,

And followed on, through woods of gloomy
cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring
streams; 1805

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight
sea:

In these my lonely wanderings I per-
ceived

What mighty objects do impress their
forms

To elevate our intellectual being; 1810
And felt, if ought on earth deserves a
curse,

'Tis that worst principle of ill which
dooms

A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
—So much for my remorse!

Mar. Unhappy Man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned
to contemplate 1815

The World's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a Being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,

Whose natural element was freedom——

Mar. Stop—

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must. 1820

I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish
to be. 1826

I felt that merit has no surer test
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by
show,

We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn. 1831
Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but
those wretches—

That monstrous perfidy!

Osw. Keep down your wrath.

False Shame discarded, spurious Fame
despised,

Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some
broad way 1836

Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests
might spin

Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit
place

Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
And in that dream had left my native
land, 1840

One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft
chain

Was off for ever; and the men, from
whom

This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when
we would curse 1845

And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I
have done—

I am content—I know that he is guilt-
less—

That both are guiltless, without spot or
stain,

Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man!
And I had heart for this, because thou
lovedst 1850

Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—

Together [*Turning to OSWALD.*]

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us
both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of
adamant;

Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to en-
large 1855

Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
Laws, but we ask not whence those laws
have come;

We need an inward sting to goad us on.

Mar. Have you betrayed me? Speak
to that.

Osw. The mask, 1860
Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off.—Know then that I was urged,
(For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self; 1865
I would have made us equal once again,
But that was a vain hope. You have struck home,
With a few drops of blood cut short the business;
Therein for ever you must yield to me.
But what is done will save you from the blank 1870
Of living without knowledge that you live:
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of my story—
Herbert is *innocent*.
Mar. (*in a faint voice, and doubtfully*). You do but echo

My own wild words?

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest; 1876
'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in darkness

I will avow before the face of day.

Herbert is innocent.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action? Innocent!—oh breaking heart!— 1880

Alive or dead, I'll find him. [*Exit*.]

Osw. Alive—perdition! [*Exit*.]

SCENE, *The inside of a poor Cottage.*

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!

A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good Folks, within!

Elea. O save us! 1884

Idon. What can this mean?

Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—

We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow;

The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:

Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers
[*The voices die away in the distance.*]

Returning from their Feast—my heart beats so—

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

Idon. Hush! [*Listening*.]

Elea. They are gone. On such a night my husband, 1891

Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,

Where, hid from me, he counted many years,

A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—

Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence 1895

So dealt with him.

Idon. I have a noble Friend

First among youths of knightly breeding,
One

Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.

There again! [*Listening*.]

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot.
Good Eldred 1899

Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment

Has made him fearful, and he'll never be

The man he was.

Idon. I will retire;—good night!

[*She goes within.*]

Enter ELDRED (*hides a bundle*).

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there are stains in that frock which must be washed out. 1905

Elea. What has befallen you?

Eld. I am belated, and you must know the cause—(*speaking low*) that is the blood of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever. 1910

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand against any man. Eleanor, I have shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to think of it.

Elea. Where, where is he? 1915

Eld. I have done him no harm, but—it will be forgiven me; it would not have been so once.

Elea. You have not *buried* anything? You are no richer than when you left me?

Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent. 1921

Elea. Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause; she falls upon his neck.*]

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man lying stretched upon the ground—a sad spectacle: I raised him up with the hope that we might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (*as if ready to run.*) Where is he? You were not able to bring him *all* the way with you; let us return, I can help you. 1930

[*ELDRED shakes his head.*]

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless; and I let him sink again to the ground. 1936

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side!

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep. 1941

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger. 1945

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is my comfort! 1952

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a noise*). What is that? 1958

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release? 1964

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had

brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair! 1970

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all. 1975

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour. 1981

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end. 1987

Elea. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him! 1991

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste; let us take heart; this Man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us. 1996

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him. 2003

Eld. He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed, as if he had been blind.

Idon. (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed!

[*Looking at IDONEA.*]

Elea. His Daughter!—God have mercy!

[*Turning to IDONEA.*]

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place. 2010
You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*). I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (springing up). Alive! you heard him breathe? quick, quick—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Wood on the edge of the Waste.*

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen, 2015
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood 2019

As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!

MARMADUKE appearing.

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters;

That is no substance which ye settle on!

For. His senses play him false; and see, his arms

Outspread, as if to save himself from falling!— 2025

Some terrible phantom I believe is now Passing before him, such as God will not

Permit to visit any but a man 2028

Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[*MARMADUKE disappears.*]

Osw. The game is up!—

For. If it be needful, Sir, 2030
I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,
Who has a trick of straying from his keepers;

We must be gentle. Leave him to my care. [*Exit. Forester.*]

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks 2036

Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine;
The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, *The edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE and ELDRED enter from opposite sides.

Mar. (raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED). In any corner of this savage Waste 2040
Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man?

Eld. I heard—

Mar. You heard him, where? when heard him?

Eld. As you know,
The first hours of last night were rough with storm:

I had been out in search of a stray heifer;
Returning late, I heard a moaning sound;
Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me, 2046

I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.
So guided, distant a few steps, I found
An aged Man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard!—he called you to him? Of all men 2051

The best and kindest!—but where is he? guide me,

That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now:
The bell is left, which no one dares remove; 2055

And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,

It rings, as if a human hand were there
To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it;

And it had led him towards the precipice,
To climb up to the spot whence the sound came; 2060

But he had failed through weakness. From his hand

His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink

Of a small pool of water he was laid,
As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained 2064

Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives,
And all is safe: what said he?

Eld. But few words:
D 3

He only spake to me of a dear Daughter,
Who, so he feared, would never see him
more;

And of a Stranger to him, One by whom
He had been sore misused; but he forgave
The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are
troubled— 2071

Perhaps you are his son?

Mar. The All-seeing knows,
I did not think he had a living Child.—
But whither did you carry him?

Eld. He was torn,
His head was bruised, and there was blood
about him—— 2075

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk? I
could have borne him

A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty,
And know how busy are the tongues of
men;

My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one
Whose good deeds will not stand by their
own light; 2081

And, though it smote me more than words
can tell,

I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,
That in the shape of man do cross our path
On evil instigation, to make sport 2085
Of our distress—and thou art one of them!
But things substantial have so pressed on
me——

Eld. My wife and children came into
my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are
three of us,

And we shall howl together.

[After a pause and in a feeble voice.

I am deserted

At my worst need, my crimes have in a
net 2091

(Pointing to ELDRÉD) Entangled this poor
man? Where was it? where?

[Dragging him along.

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence.
His Daughter——

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scor-
pions lodge:

This old man had a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot 2095

I hurried back with her.—Oh save me, Sir,
From such a journey!—there was a
black tree,

A single tree; she thought it was her
Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again
For twenty lives. The daylight dawned,
and now— 2100

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should
hear it—

As we approached, a solitary crow
Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clap-
ped her hands,

And then I heard a shriek so terrible
[MARMADUKE shrinks back.

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!—

Eld. (after a pause). A dismal matter,
Sir, for me, 2106

And seems the like for you; if 'tis your
wish,

I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere
best

That she should be prepared; I'll go be-
fore.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.
[ELDRÉD goes off.

Elea. (enters). Master!
Your limbs sink under you, shall I sup-
port you? 2111

Mar. (taking her arm). Woman, I've
lent my body to the service
Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God
forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like oc-
casion

With such a purpose in thine heart as
mine was. 2115

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things
like these? [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRÉD'S
cottage—IDONEA seated—enter ELDRÉD.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful
hand

Has met unkindness; so indeed he told
me,

And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen me I have
cause 2120

To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead ;

Why dost thou come to me with words
like these ?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for
his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous,
And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add,
I prithee, to the harm thou'st done al-
ready. 2126

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for
this service.

Hard by a Man I met, who, from plain
proofs

Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were
You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing 2131
To do with others ; help me to my Father—

[*She turns and sees MARMADUKE
leaning on ELEANOR—throws
herself upon his neck, and after
some time,*

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past ;
And thus we meet again ; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no
thing, 2136

No, not the pitying moon !

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it,
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not ?

Idon. Oh, peace !

Mar. He is at peace ; 2141
His body is at rest ; there was a plot,
A hideous plot, against the soul of man :
It took effect—and yet I baffled it,
In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought,
A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
For both our needs ; must I, and in thy
presence, 2147
Alone partake of it?—Belovèd Marmaduke !

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest
thing

That the earth owns shall never choose to
die, 2150

But some one must be near to count his
groans.

The wounded deer retires to solitude,
And dies in solitude : all things but man,
All die in solitude.

[*Moving towards the cottage door.*

Mysterious God,
If she had never lived I had not done it!—

Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel
death 2156

Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady !

You will do well ; (*she goes*) unjust sus-
picion may

Cleave to this Stranger : if, upon his
entering,

The dead Man heave a groan, or from his
side 2160

Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Elea. Shame ! Eldred, shame !

Mar. (*both returning*). The dead have
but one face. (*To himself.*)

And such a Man—so meek and unoffend-
ing—

Helpless and harmless as a babe : a Man
By obvious signal to the world's pro-
tection 2165

Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him !—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living !—

Mar. I (so filled

With horror is this world) am unto thee
The thing most precious that it now con-
tains :

Therefore through me alone must be re-
vealed 2170

By whom thy Parent was destroyed,
Idonea !

I have the proofs !—

Idon. O miserable Father !

Thou didst command me to bless all man-
kind ;

Nor to this moment have I ever wished
Evil to any living thing ; but hear me,
Hear me, ye Heavens !—(*kneeling*)—may
vengeance haunt the fiend 2176

For this most cruel murder : let him live
And move in terror of the elements ;
The thunder send him on his knees to
prayer

In the open streets, and let him think he
sees, 2180

If e'er he entereth the house of God,
The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his
head;

And let him, when he would lie down at
night,

Point to his wife the blood-drops on his
pillow!

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart
hath joined thee. 2185

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE*). Left
to the mercy of that savage Man!

How could he call upon his Child!—O
Friend! [*Turns to MARMADUKE*.

My faithful true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep.

(*He kisses her.*)

(*To ELDRED*). Yes, Varlet, look,
The devils at such sights do clap their
hands. [*ELDRED retires alarmed.*

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is
deadly pale; 2191

Hast thou pursued the monster?

Mar. I have found him.—

Oh! would that thou hadst perished in
the flames!

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be
desolate?

Mar. There was a time, when this
protecting hand 2195

Availed against the mighty; never more
Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for
me, an orphan,

Committed to thy guardianship by Hea-
ven; 2199

And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,
In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
For closer care;—here, is no malady.

(*Taking his arm.*

Mar. There, is a malady—

(*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And
here, and here,

A mortal malady. I am accurst:

All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid
bare. 2206

It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,

Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did
become 2211

An instrument of Fiends. Through me,
through me,

Thy Father perished.

Idon. Perished—by what mischance?

Mar. Belovèd! if I dared, so would I
call thee—

Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen
heart, 2215

The extremes of suffering meet in absolute
peace. [*He gives her a letter.*

Idon. (*reads*) "Be not surprised if you
hear that some signal judgment has be-
fallen the man who calls himself your
father; he is now with me, as his signa-
ture will show: abstain from conjecture
till you see me.

"HERBERT.

"MARMADUKE."

The writing Oswald's; the signature my
Father's: 2225

(*Looks steadily at the paper*) And here is
yours,—or do my eyes deceive me?

You have then seen my Father?

Mar. He has leaned

Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the Convent?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur
Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night re-
solved 2230

That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable Woman,

Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence, 2234

With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald—

Idon. Name him not.

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—
how shall I cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I
thought 2241

It would have come to this!—

Idon. What brings you hither? speak!

Beg. (*pointing to MARMADUKE*). This innocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens! I told him

Such tales of your dead Father!—God is my judge,

I thought there was no harm: but that bad Man, 2245

He bribed me with his gold, and looked so fierce.

Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity me—

I said, sweet Lady, you were not his Daughter—

Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day My conscience made me wish to be struck blind; 2250

And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.

Idon. (*to MARMADUKE*). Was it my Father?—no, no, no, for he

Was meek and patient, feeble, old and blind, Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.

—But hear me. For *one* question, I have a heart 2255

That will sustain me. Did you murder him?

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the process:

Proof after proof was pressed upon me; guilt

Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt, Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee; and truth 2260

And innocence, embodied in his looks, His words and tones and gestures, did but serve

With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped

Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.

Then pity crossed the path of my resolve: Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and cast, 2266

Idonea! thy blind Father on the Ordeal Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he died!

[*IDONEA sinks senseless; Beggar, ELEANOR, &c., crowd round, and bear her off.*

Why may we speak these things, and do no more;

Why should a thrust of the arm have such a power, 2270

And words that tell these things be heard in vain?

She is not dead. Why!—if I loved this Woman,

I would take care she never woke again; But she *WILL* wake, and she will weep for me,

And say no blame was mine—and so, poor fool, 2275

Will waste her curses on another name.

[*He walks about distractedly.*

Enter OSWALD.

OSWALD (*to himself*). Strong to o'erturn, strong also to build up.

[*To MARMADUKE.*

The starts and sallies of our last encounter Were natural enough; but that, I trust,

Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains 2280

That fettered your nobility of mind— Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine;

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next? This issue—

'Twas nothing more than darkness deepening darkness, 2285

And weakness crowned with the impotence of death!—

Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient (*ironically*).

Start not!—Here is another face hard by; Come, let us take a peep at both together,

And, with a voice at which the dead will quake, 2290

Resound the praise of your morality— Of this too much.

[*Drawing OSWALD towards the Cottage—stops short at the door.*

Men are there, millions, Oswald, Who with bare hands would have plucked

out thy heart

And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised Above, or sunk below, all further sense

Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart,

Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
 Coward I have been ; know, there lies not
 now, 2299

Within the compass of a mortal thought,
 A deed that I would shrink from ;—but
 to endure,

That is my destiny. May it be thine :
 Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
 To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
 Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.
 When seas and continents shall lie be-
 tween us— 2306

The wider space the better—we may find
 In such a course fit links of sympathy,
 An incommunicable rivalry
 Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our
 view. 2310

*[Confused voices—several of the
 band enter—rush upon OSWALD
 and seize him.]*

One of them. I would have dogged him
 to the jaws of hell—

Osw. Ha ! is it so !—That vagrant
 Hag !—this comes

Of having left a thing like her alive !
[Aside.]

Several voices. Despatch him !

Osw. If I pass beneath a rock
 And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
 Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it
 crush me, 2316
 I die without dishonour. Famished,
 starved,

A Fool and Coward blended to my wish !
*[Smiles scornfully and exultingly
 at MARMADUKE.]*

Wal. 'Tis done ! *(stabs him).*

Another of the band. The ruthless traitor !

Mar. A rash deed !—

With that reproof I do resign a station
 Of which I have been proud.

Wil. *(approaching MARMADUKE).* O my
 poor Master ! 2321

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful
 Wilfred,

Why art thou here ? *[Turning to WALLACE.]*
 Wallace, upon these Borders,

Many there be whose eyes will not want
 cause

To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
 arms ! 2325

Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
 That may record my story : nor let words—
 Few must they be, and delicate in their
 touch

As light itself—be there withheld from Her
 Who, through most wicked arts, was made
 an orphan 2330

By One who would have died a thousand
 times

To shield her from a moment's harm. To
 you,

Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the
 Lady,

By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
 In all things worthier of that noble birth,
 Whose long-suspended rights are now on
 the eve 2336

Of restoration : with your tenderest care
 Watch over her, I pray—sustain her—

Several of the band (eagerly). Captain !

Mar. No more of that ; in silence hear
 my doom :

A hermitage has furnished fit relief 2340

To some offenders ; other penitents,
 Less patient in their wretchedness, have
 fallen,

Like the old Roman, on their own sword's
 point.

They had their choice : a wanderer *must*
 I go,

The Spectre of that innocent Man, my
 guide. 2345

No human ear shall ever hear me speak ;
 No human dwelling ever give me food,
 Or sleep, or rest : but over waste and wild,
 In search of nothing that this earth can
 give,

But expiation, will I wander on— 2350

A Man by pain and thought compelled to
 live,

Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
 In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to
 die.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

I.

[Composed March 26, 1802.—Published 1807.]

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

II.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

[Composed March 14, 1802.—Published 1807.]

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !
A little longer stay in sight !
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy !
Float near me ; do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline¹ and I
Together chased the butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey ;—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush ;
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

III.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

[Composed 1801.—Published 1807.]

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid !
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline¹ and I
Together visited.

5 She looked at it and seemed to fear it ;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it ;
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy :
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love, and thought, and joy.

IV.

FORESIGHT.

[Composed April 28, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
Do as Charles and I are doing !
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them—here are many :
Look at it—the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any :
Do not touch it ! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !
Pull as many as you can.
—Here are daisies, take your fill ;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower ;
Fill your lap and fill your bosom ;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the Spring may love them—
Summer knows but little of them :
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie ;

¹ See Editor's Note, p. 897.

Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power 25
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk, 30
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!

V.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty
round

Of trespasses, affected to provoke 5
Mock-chastisement and partnership in
play.

And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered round

And take delight in its activity; 10
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping
fawn's 15

Forth-startled from the fern where she
lay couched;

Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-
flowers,

Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images imprest 20
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

VI.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD,

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1815.]

WHAT way does the Wind come? What
way does he go?

He rides over the water, and over the
snow,

Through wood, and through vale; and
o'er rocky height,

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
sounding flight;

He tosses about in every bare tree, 5
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he
goes,

There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but, if you
should look, 10

There's nothing to see but a cushion of
snow,

Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with
silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find
in the place? 16

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or
thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with
me 20

You shall go to the orchard, and then you
will see

That he has been there, and made a great
route,

And cracked the branches, and strewn
them about;

Heaven grant that he spare but that one
upright twig

That looked up at the sky so proud and
big 25

All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge
rattle 30
Drive them down, like men in a battle :
—But let him range round ; he does us no
harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and
warm ;
Untouched by his breath see the candle
shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read,—but that half-
stified knell, 36
Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock
bell.
—Come now we'll to bed ! and when we
are there
He may work his own will, and what
shall we care ?
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let
him in ; 40
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh
at his din ;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
Here's a *cozic* warm house for Edward¹
and me.

VII.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

[Composed April or May, 1807.—Published 1815.]

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return ;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy ! 5
The eldest heard with steady glee ;
Silent he stood ; then laughed amain,—
And shouted, "Mother, come to me !"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near !— 10
"Nay, patience ! patience, little boy ;
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through ;
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed, 15
But he submits ; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast ;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day ;
The bonds of our humanity. 20

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note, 25
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ; 30
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool, 35
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all "since Mother went away !" 40

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But see, the evening star comes forth !
To bed the children must depart ; 46
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race ; 50
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

¹ Edward = Johnnie, the household name of Wordsworth's firstborn. See Note on "*To a Butterfly*," p. 897.—ED.

Five minutes past—and, O the change !
 Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
 Their busy limbs in perfect rest, 55
 And closed the sparkling eye.

VIII.

ALICE FELL ;

OR, POVERTY.

[Composed March 12, 13, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon had
 drowned ;

When, as we hurried on, my ear
 Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways, 5
 I heard the sound,—and more and more ;
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,
 And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out ;
 He stopped his horses at the word, 10
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
 The horses scampered through the rain ;
 But, hearing soon upon the blast 15
 The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
 “Whence comes,” said I, “this piteous
 moan ?”

And there a little Girl I found,
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone. 20

“My cloak !” no other word she spake,
 But loud and bitterly she wept,
 As if her innocent heart would break ;
 And down from off her seat she leapt.

“What ails you, child ?”—she sobbed,
 “Look here !” 25
 I saw it in the wheel entangled,
 A weather-beaten rag as e'er
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
 It hung, nor could at once be freed ; 30
 But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
 A miserable rag indeed !

“And whither are you going, child,
 To-night along these lonesome ways ?”
 “To Durham,” answered she, half wild—
 “Then come with me into the chaise.” 36

Insensible to all relief
 Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
 Sob after sob, as if her grief
 Could never, never have an end. 40

“My child, in Durham do you dwell ?”
 She checked herself in her distress,
 And said, “My name is Alice Fell ;
 I'm fatherless and motherless.

“And I to Durham, Sir, belong.” 45
 Again, as if the thought would choke
 Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;
 And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on ; our journey's end
 Was nigh ; and, sitting by my side, 50
 As if she had lost her only friend
 She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post ;
 Of Alice and her grief I told ;
 And I gave money to the host, 55
 To buy a new cloak for the old.

“And let it be of duffil grey,
 As warm a cloak as man can sell !”
 Proud creature was she the next day,
 The little orphan, Alice Fell ! 60

IX.

LUCY GRAY ;

OR, SOLITUDE.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ; 5
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ; 10
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light 15
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !" 20

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe : 25
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb : 30
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight 35
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet ;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's
edge 45
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ; 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ; 55
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

X.

WE ARE SEVEN.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1800.]

—A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb, 30
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl : 5
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad : 10
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many ? Seven in all," she said, 15
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we; 20
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid, 35
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side. 40

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sun-set, Sir, 45
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay, 50
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, 55
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!" 66
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

XI.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.¹

A PASTORAL.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight; 5
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart 10
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done. 15
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim: 20
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood, 25
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and, more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal; 30
They never hear the cry,

¹ *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race." 35

—Away the shepherds flew ;
They leapt—they ran—and when they
came

Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize, 40
"Stop !" to his comrade Walter cries—

James stopped with no good will :
Said Walter then, exulting ; "Here
You'll find a task for half a year. 44

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."

The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.

It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go ; 50

Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
The gulf is deep below ;

And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall. 55

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march ;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.

When list ! he hears a piteous moan— 60
Again !—his heart within him dies—

His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies

A lamb, that in the pool is pent 65
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down 70
Into the gulf profound.

His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above

Sent forth a cry forlorn, 75
The lamb, still swimming round and
round,

Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The Boy recovered heart, and told 80
The sight which he had seen.

Both gladly now deferred their task ;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks

Far better than the sages' books, 85
By chance had thither strayed ;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light : 90
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight !

Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared ;
Then up the steep ascent they hied, 95

And placed him at his mother's side ;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

XII.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."
EUSEBIUS.

[Composed 1798. — Published 1798.]

I HAVE a boy of five years old ;
His face is fair and fresh to see ;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk, 5
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore, 10
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain ;
With so much happiness to spare, 15
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade. 20

Birds warbled round me—and each
trace

Of inward sadness had its charm ;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim 25
And graceful in his rustic dress !
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

“Now tell me, had you rather be,”
I said, and took him by the arm, 30
“On Kilve’s smooth shore, by the green
sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm ?”

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, “At Kilve I’d rather be 35
Than here at Liswyn farm.”

“Now, little Edward, say why so :
My little Edward, tell me why.”—
“I cannot tell, I do not know.”—
“Why, this is strange,” said I ; 40

“For here are woods, hills smooth and
warm :
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn
farm
For Kilve by the green sea.”

At this my boy hung down his head, 45
He blushed with shame, nor made
reply ;

And three times to the child I said,
“Why, Edward, tell me why ?”

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain— 50
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply :
“At Kilve there was no weather-cock ; 55
And that’s the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest boy ! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn. 60

XIII.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

[Composed (probably) 1800.—Published 1800.]

THERE’S George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
and Reginald Shore,

Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the high-
est not more

Than the height of a counsellor’s bag ;
To the top of GREAT HOW¹ did it please
them to climb :

And there they built up, without mortar
or lime, 5

A Man on the peak of the Crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as
they lay :

They built him and christened him all in
one day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale ;
And so without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones. 10

Now Ralph is renowned for the length of
his bones ;

The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied
forth,

And, in anger or merriment, out of the
north,

Coming on with a terrible pother, 15
From the peak of the crag blew the giant
away.

And what did these school-boys ? The
very next day

They went and they built up another.

—Some little I’ve seen of blind boisterous
works

By Christian disturbers more savage than
Turks, 20

Spirits busy to do and undo :

At remembrance whereof my blood some-
times will flag ;

Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of
the crag ;

And I’ll build up a giant with you.

¹ GREAT HOW is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

XIV.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me
I espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb with a
Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb
was all alone, 5

And by a slender cord was tethered to a
stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little
Maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave
its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus
his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears; and
his tail with pleasure shook. 10

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said
in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my
own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child
of beauty rare!

I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the Maiden
turned away: 15

But ere ten yards were gone her foot-
steps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and
from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of
her face:

If Nature to her tongue could measured
numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little
Maid might sing: 20

"What ails thee, young One? what? Why
pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed
and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
grass can be;

Rest, little young One, rest; what is't
that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is
wanting to thy heart? 25

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these flowers
they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling
in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch
thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain; 30

For rain and mountain-storms! the like
thou need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young One, rest; thou hast
forgot the day

When my father found thee first in places
far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert owned by none, 35

And thy mother from thy side for ever-
more was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! then whither
wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that
did thee yeau

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could
have been. 40

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have
brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as
ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground
is wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm
milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout
as they are now, 45
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony
in the plough;

My playmate thou shalt be; and when
the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature,
can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is
working so in thee? 50
Things that I know not of belike to thee
are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst
neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so
green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime
and all play, 55
When they are angry, roar like lions for
their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in
the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage
is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at
thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come
to thee again!" 60

—As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes
repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half
of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the
song; 65
"Nay," said I, "more than half to thee
the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she
spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my
own."

XV.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

[Composed 1802.—Published 1807.]

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock
apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol;
Thou faery voyager! that dost float 5
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly
stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery; 10
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might
be thy guest, 15
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of
thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy! 20
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-
grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow, 25
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn
brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives, 30
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a
strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

XVI.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND
EARLY YOUTH.

[Composed 1799.—Published in *The Friend*,
Dec. 28, 1809; ed. 1815.]

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

[This extract is reprinted from *The Friend*.]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of
thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first
dawn 5

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human
soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works
of Man;

But with high objects, with enduring
things,

With life and nature; purifying thus 10
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed
to me 15

With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapours rolling down the valleys
made

A lonely scene more lonesome; among
woods

At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling
lake, 20

Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I
went

In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and
night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun 25
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight
blazed,

I heeded not the summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and
loud

The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled
about, 31

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod
with steel

We hissed along the polished ice, in
games

Confederate, imitative of the chase 35
And woodland pleasures,—the resound-
ing horn,

The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the
stars,

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in
the west 45

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively

Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star; 50

Image that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the
wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness,
spinning still 55

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round! 60

Behind me did they stretch in solemn
train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

XVII.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER, DORA.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by;
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career;
For the day that now is ended
Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnets song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

XVIII.

THE NORMAN BOY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
From home and company remote and every playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let *us* before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

XIX.

THE POET'S DREAM.

SEQUEL TO "THE NORMAN BOY."

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

JUST as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that hid the sky,
And for the Subject of my Verse I heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut appeared;
And while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake
 with articulate call,
 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before
 the Lord of All; 10
 His lips were moving; and his eyes, up-
 raised to sue for grace,
 With soft illumination cheered the dim-
 ness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder
 if the sight,
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a
 dream at night?
 It came with sleep and showed the Boy,
 no cherub, not transformed, 15
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways
 my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings,
 so I took him in my arms,
 And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling
 his faint alarms,
 And bore him high through yielding air
 my debt of love to pay,
 By giving him, for both our sakes, an
 hour of holiday. 20

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear
 Child! thou art my own,
 To show thee some delightful thing, in
 country or in town.
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or
 that holy place and calm
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the
 Church of Notre Dame?

"St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose
 what else would please thee most
 Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud
 France, can boast!" 26
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was born
 near to a blessed Tree,
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good
 Angel, show it me!"

On wings from broad and steadfast poise
 let loose by this reply,
 For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away
 then did we fly; 30
 O'er town and tower we fled, and fields
 in May's fresh verdure drest;
 The wings they did not flag; the Child,
 though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the
 gleam of light that broke
 Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy
 looked down on that huge oak,
 For length of days so much revered, so
 famous where it stands 35
 For twofold hallowing—Nature's care,
 and work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I
 glided round and round
 The wide-spread boughs, for view of door,
 window, and stair that wound
 Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor
 left we unsurveyed
 The pointed steeple peering forth from
 the centre of the shade. 40

I lighted—opened with soft touch the
 chapel's iron door,
 Past softly, leading in the Boy; and
 while from roof to floor,
 From floor to roof, all round his eyes the
 Child with wonder cast,
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each
 livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the
 sanctuary showed, 45
 By light of lamp and precious stones,
 that glimmered here, there glowed,
 Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in
 sign of gratitude;
 Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;
 and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast
 heard thy Mother say,
 And, kneeling, supplication make to our
 Lady de la Paix; 50
 What mournful sighs have here been
 heard, and, when the voice was stopt
 By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have
 on this pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a
 favoured lot is thine,
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings
 full many to this shrine;
 From body pains and pains of soul thou
 needest no release, 55
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if
 not in joy in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in
thankfulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts,
in thy most busy days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy
small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned
the Chapel of this Tree; 60
"Holy as that far seen which crowns the
sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God
under a mighty Dome;
He sees the bending multitude, He hears
the choral rites,
Yet, not the less, in children's hymns
and lonely prayer delights.
"God for His service needeth not proud
work of human skill; 65
They please Him best who labour most
to do in peace His will:
So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits
will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,
shall bear us up to heaven."
The Boy no answer made by words, but,
so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—
recorded in this book, 70
Lest all that passed should melt away in
silence from my mind,
As visions still more bright have done,
and left no trace behind.
But oh! that Country-man of thine,
whose eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early
piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come,
would treat this simple theme, 75
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that
adventurous dream.
Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to
thee from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet
'twas bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle
eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-
touched, their fancies feed¹. 80

¹ See Note, p. 397

XX.

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

[Composed June 6, 1845.—Published 1845.]

PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.
Far and wide on hill and valley 5
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:
But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden 10
(Ten years scarcely had she told.)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.
Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them 15
Only in the lake below.
Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;
Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved; 20
Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And unlike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.
PART II.
Now, to a maturer Audience, 25
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.
So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide, 30
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.
Spare your blame,—remembrance makes
him
Loth to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living. 35
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
 Sympathy that soothed his grief,
 As the dying mother witnessed
 To her thankful mind's relief. 40

Time passed on ; the Child was happy,
 Like a Spirit of air she moved,
 Wayward, yet by all who knew her
 For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions, 45
 Bred in house, in grove, and field,
 Link her with the inferior creatures,
 Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
 Learn how she can feel alike 50
 Both for tiny harmless minnow
 And the fierce sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
 Into anger or disdain ;
 Many a captive hath she rescued, 55
 Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile ;—with patience
 Hear the homely truths I tell,
 She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
 Told this day the passing bell. 60

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
 To their echoes gave the sound,
 Notice punctual as the minute,
 Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office, 65
 Rang alone the far-heard knell,
 Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
 Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed,
 On that service she went forth ; 70
 Nor will fail the like to render
 When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
 In her breast, unruly fire,
 To control the froward impulse 75
 And restrain the vague desire ?

Easily a pious training
 And a steadfast outward power
 Would supplant the weeds, and cherish
 In their stead each opening flower. 80

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
 May become a blest example
 For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle, 85
 Constant as a soaring lark,
 Should the country need a heroine,
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought ; and here be uttered
 Prayer that Grace divine may raise 90
 Her humane courageous spirit
 Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

I.

THE BROTHERS.

[Composed (in or about) February, 1800.—Published 1800.]

"THESE Tourists, heaven preserve us!
needs must live
A profitable life : some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted : some, as
wise, 5
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and
look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout
miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn. 10
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *yonder*?—In our church-
yard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name—only the turf we
tread
And a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,
Thus spake the homely Priest of Enner-
dale. 16
It was a July evening ; and he sate
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the
eaves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that
day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the
stone 20
His wife sate near him, teasing matted
wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with
glittering wire,

He fed the spindle of his youngest child,
Who, in the open air, with due accord
Of busy hands and back-and-forward
steps, 25
Her large round wheel was turning. To-
wards the field
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy
wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest
had sent
Many a long look of wonder : and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white
ridge 31
Of carded wool which the old man had
piled
He laid his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked ; and down the
path,
That from his cottage to the church-yard
led, 35
He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering
there.
'Twas one well known to him in former
days,
A Shepherd-lad ; who ere his sixteenth
year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds 41
And perilous waters ; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner ; and so had fared
Through twenty seasons ; but he had been
reared 44
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard
heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees :—and when the regular
wind

Between the tropics filled the steady
sail,
And blew with the same breath through
days and weeks, 51
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those
hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and
gaze;
And, while the broad blue wave and
sparkling foam 56
Flashed round him images and hues that
wrought
In union with the employment of his
heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep, 61
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep
that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among
trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country
grey
Which he himself had worn.¹

And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small
wealth 66
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian
Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the
sake 70
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy
time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they
two
Were brother-shepherds on their native
hills. 75
—They were the last of all their race:
and now,

¹ This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of the *Hurricane*.

When Leonard had approached his home,
his heart
Failed in him; and, not venturing to
enquire
Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,
He to the solitary church-yard turned; 80
That, as he knew in what particular
spot
His family were laid, he thence might
learn
If still his Brother lived, or to the file
Another grave was added.—He had found
Another grave,—near which a full half-
hour 85
He had remained; but, as he gazed, there
grew
Such a confusion in his memory,
That he began to doubt; and even to
hope
That he had seen this heap of turf be-
fore,—
That it was not another grave; but one 90
He had forgotten. He had lost his
path,
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked
Through fields which once had been well
known to him:
And oh what joy this recollection now
Sent to his heart! he lifted up his eyes, 95
And, looking round, imagined that he
saw
Strange alteration wrought on every
side
Among the woods and fields, and that the
rocks,
And everlasting hills themselves were
changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field
had come, 100
Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard
gate
Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure,
limb by limb
Perused him with a gay complacency.
Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to him-
self,
'Tis one of those who needs must leave
the path 105
Of the world's business to go wild alone:
His arms have a perpetual holiday;

The happy man will creep about the fields,

Following his fancies by the hour, to bring

Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles

Into his face, until the setting sun 111

Write fool upon his forehead.—Planted thus

Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate

Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appeared

The good Man might have communed with himself, 115

But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,

Approached; he recognised the Priest at once,

And, after greetings interchanged, and given

By Leonard to the Vicar as to one

Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life: 121

Your years make up one peaceful family;

And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come

And welcome gone, they are so like each other,

They cannot be remembered? Scarce a funeral 125

Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months;

And yet, some changes must take place among you:

And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,

Can trace the finger of mortality,

And see, that with our threescore years and ten 130

We are not all that perish.—I remember,

(For many years ago I passed this road)

There was a foot-way all along the fields

By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark cleft!

To me it does not seem to wear the face 135

Which then it had!

Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know,

That chasm is much the same—

Leonard. But, surely, yonder—

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend

That does not play you false.—On that tall pike

(It is the loneliest place of all these hills) 140

There were two springs which bubbled side by side,

As if they had been made that they might be

Companions for each other: the huge crag

Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still. 145

For accidents and changes such as these,

We want not store of them;—a water-spout

Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast

For folks that wander up and down like you,

To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff 150

One roaring cataract! a sharp May-storm

Will come with loads of January snow,

And in one night send twenty score of sheep

To feed the ravens; or a shepherd dies

By some untoward death among the rocks: 155

The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge;

A wood is felled:—and then for our own homes!

A child is born or christened, a field ploughed,

A daughter sent to service, a web spun,

The old house-clock is decked with a new face; 160

And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates

To chronicle the time, we all have here

A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,

For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side—

Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians, 165

Commend me to these valleys !

Leonard. Yet your Church-yard
Seems, if such freedom may be used with
you,

To say that you are heedless of the past :
An orphan could not find his mother's
grave :

Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate
of brass, 170

Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly
state

Nor emblem of our hopes : the dead man's
home

Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thought
that's new to me !

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg
their bread 175

If every English church-yard were like
ours ;

Yet your conclusion wanders from the
truth :

We have no need of names and epitaphs ;
We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.

And then, for our immortal part ! *we*
want 180

No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale :
The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the
mountains.

Leonard. Your Dalesmen, then, do in
each other's thoughts

Possess a kind of second life : no doubt 185
You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves ?

Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what
I've heard,

Perhaps I might ; and, on a winter-
evening,

If you were seated at my chimney's nook,
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a
strange round ; 192

Yet all in the broad highway of the world.
Now there's a grave—your foot is half
upon it,—

It looks just like the rest ; and yet that
man 195

Died broken-hearted.

Leonard. 'Tis a common case.

We'll take another : who is he that lies
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three
graves ?

It touches on that piece of native rock
Left in the church-yard wall.

Priest. That's Walter Ewbank. 200
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale four-
score.

Through five long generations had the
heart

Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the
bounds 205

Of their inheritance, that single cottage—
You see it yonder ! and those few green
fields.

They toiled and wrought, and still, from
sire to son,

Each struggled, and each yielded as be-
fore

A little—yet a little,—and old Walter, 210
They left to him the family heart, and
land

With other burthens than the crop it
bore.

Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,
Interest, and mortgages ; at last he
sank, 215

And went into his grave before his time.

Poor Walter ! whether it was care that
spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale :
His pace was never that of an old
man : 220

I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two grandsons after him :—but
you,

Unless our Landlord be your host to-
night,

Have far to travel,—and on these rough
paths 224

Even in the longest day of midsummer—
Leonard. But those two Orphans !

Priest. Orphans !—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived :—for, though
their parents

Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old man was a father to the boys,

Two fathers in one father: and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they
were not, 231

And hauntings from the infirmity of love,
Are aught of what makes up a mother's
heart,

This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep,
Sir, 235

To hear a stranger talking about strangers,
Heaven bless you when you are among
your kindred!

Ay—you may turn that way—it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.

Leonard. These boys—I hope
They loved this good old Man?—

Priest. They did—and truly: 240
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other.

Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived
with Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to both by reason of his age, 245
With a more fond, familiar, tenderness;
They, notwithstanding, had much love to
spare,

And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen
months,

Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them!—From their house
the school 251

Is distant three short miles, and in the
time

Of storm and thaw, when every water-
course

And unbridged stream, such as you may
have noticed

Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet; 256
Would *Leonard* then, when elder boys
remained

At home, go staggering through the slip-
pery fords,

Bearing his brother on his back. I have
seen him,

On windy days, in one of those stray
brooks, 260

Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-
leg deep,

Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side: and once I said,
As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were
born, 265

That God who made the great book of the
world

Would bless such piety—
Leonard. It may be then—

Priest. Never did worthier lads break
English bread;

The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw,
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from
church, 271

Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath
breach.

Leonard and *James*! I warrant, every
corner

Among these rocks, and every hollow
place

That venturous foot could reach, to one or
both 275

Was known as well as to the flowers that
grow there.

Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er
the hills;

They played like two young ravens on the
crag:

Then they could write, ay, and speak too,
as well

As many of their betters—and for *Leonard*!
The very night before he went away, 281
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field
That, if he be alive, he has it yet.

Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have
not lived to be 285

A comfort to each other—
Priest. That they might

Live to such end is what both old and
young

In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often
prayed:

But *Leonard*—
Leonard. Then *James* still is left
among you! 290

Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I am
speaking:

They had an uncle;—he was at that time

A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas :

And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud : 295

For the boy loved the life which we lead here ;

And though of unripe years, a stripling only,

His soul was knit to this his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent ; when he died, 300

The estate and house were sold ; and all their sheep,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,

Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years :—

Well—all was gone, and they were destitute,

And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake, 305

Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.
Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had heard
That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,

From the Great Gavel,¹ down by Leeza's banks, 310

And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival ;
And those two bells of ours, which there you see—

Hanging in the open air—but, O good Sir !
This is sad talk—they 'll never sound for him— 315

Living or dead.—When last we heard of him,

He was in slavery among the Moors

Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little

That would bring down his spirit ; and no doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the Youth 320
Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard ! when we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,

To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day 325
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him ;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy ! Sir—
Leonard. You said his kindred all were in their graves,

And that he had one Brother—

Priest. That is but 330
A fellow-tale of sorrow. From his youth

James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;
And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,

That, though he was not of a timid nature, 335

Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked ; and, when his Brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little colour that he had was soon
Stolen from his cheek ; he drooped, and pined, and pined— 340

Leonard. But these are all the graves of full-grown men !

Priest. Ay, Sir, that passed away : we took him to us ;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived
Three months with one, and six months with another ;

And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love : 345

And many, many happy days were his.
But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief
His absent Brother still was at his heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found

(A practice till this time unknown to him)

¹ The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Ennerdale : on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.

That often, rising from his bed at night,
He in his sleep would walk about, and
sleeping
He sought his brother Leonard.—You are
moved!

Forgive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,
I judged you most unkindly.

Leonard. But this Youth, 355
How did he die at last?

Priest. One sweet May-morning,
(It will be twelve years since when Spring
returns)

He had gone forth among the new-dropped
lambs,

With two or three companions, whom
their course 359

Of occupation led from height to height
Under a cloudless sun—till he, at length,
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
The humour of the moment, lagged be-
hind.

You see yon precipice;—it wears the shape
Of a vast building made of many crags;
And in the midst is one particular
rock 366

That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called THE
PILLAR.

Upon its æry summit crowned with
heath,

The loiterer, not unnoticed by his com-
rades, 370

Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by
the place

On their return, they found that he was
gone.

No ill was feared; till one of them by
chance

Entering, when evening was far spent, the
house

Which at that time was James's home,
there learned 375

That nobody had seen him all that day:

The morning came, and still he was un-
heard of:

The neighbours were alarmed, and to the
brook

Some hastened; some ran to the lake:
ere noon

They found him at the foot of that same
rock 380

Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third
day after

I buried him, poor Youth, and there he
lies!

Leonard. And that then is his grave!—
Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years?

Priest. Ay, that he did—

Leonard. And all went well with him?—

Priest. If he had one, the Youth had
twenty homes. 386

Leonard. And you believe, then, that
his mind was easy?—

Priest. Yes, long before he died, he
found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and, unless
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's
luckless fortune, 390

He talked about him with a cheerful love.
Leonard. He could not come to an un-
hallowed end!

Priest. Nay, God forbid!—You recollect
I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief
Had brought upon him; and we all con-
jectured 395

That, as the day was warm, he had lain
down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his
comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his
sleep

He to the margin of the precipice
Had walked, and from the summit had
fallen headlong: 400

And so no doubt he perished. When the
Youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasped,
we think,

His shepherd's staff; for on that Pillar of
rock

It had been caught mid-way; and there
for years

It hung;—and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—
The Stranger would have thanked him,
but he felt 406

A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot
in silence;

And Leonard, when they reached the
church-yard gate,
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned
round,—
And, looking at the grave, he said, “My
Brother!”⁴¹⁰
The Vicar did not hear the words: and
now
He pointed towards his dwelling-place,
entreating
That Leonard would partake his homely
fare:
The other thanked him with an earnest
voice;
But added, that, the evening being calm,
He would pursue his journey. So they
parted.⁴¹⁵

It was not long ere Leonard reached a
grove
That overhung the road: he there stopped
short,
And, sitting down beneath the trees,
reviewed
All that the Priest had said: his early
years
Were with him:—his long absence, che-
rished hopes,
And thoughts which had been his an hour
before,
All pressed on him with such a weight,
that now,
This vale, where he had been so happy,
seemed
A place in which he could not bear to
live:⁴²⁵
So he relinquished all his purposes.
He travelled back to Egremont: and
thence,
That night, he wrote a letter to the
Priest,
Reminding him of what had passed be-
tween them;
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
That it was from the weakness of his
heart
He had not dared to tell him who he
was.
This done, he went on shipboard, and is
now
A seaman, a grey-headed Mariner. 435

II.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF
MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S 'HISTORY
OF ENGLAND.)

[Composed 1815.—Published 1820.]

WHERE be the temples which in Britain's
Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed
shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had
ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled,
A brood whom no civility could melt,
“Who never tasted grace, and goodness
ne'er had felt.”¹⁵

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land imbued
With goodly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
towers,
And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house
and home,
Friendships that will not break, and love
that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
But, intermingled with the generous seed,
Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its
birth
From human care, or grows upon the
breast of earth.²⁵
³⁰

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance waged

By Guendolen against her faithless lord;
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged, 35
Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword:

Then into Severn hideously defiled,

She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should bear

That name through every age, her hatred to declare. 40

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek; 46

And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,

And those that Milton loved in youthful years; 50

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword

Which yet he brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star! 56

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower

Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?

Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant 62

Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply
some weeds be,

That, wanting not wild grace, are from
all mischief free! 65

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his
righteous sway;

He poured rewards and honours on the good; 70

The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due,

Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns
and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of that sire was he! 75
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at length

The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased; 80

And on the vacant throne his worthier
Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,

Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,

He urged his persevering suit in vain. 85
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,

Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights his pride no more
could brook,

He towards his native country cast a
longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped; 90

He landed; and by many dangers scared,
“Poorly provided, poorly followed,”

To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to
highest place,

Had swayed the royal mace, 95

Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's
side!

From that wild region where the crown-
less king

Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,

And such chance food as outlaws can
obtain, 101

Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
 A messenger he sends;
 And from their secret loyalty requires
 Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his
 desires. 105

While he the issue waits, at early morn
 Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced
 to hear

A startling outcry made by hound and
 horn,
 From which the tusky wild boar flies in
 fear;

And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy
 plain, 110

Behold the hunter train!

He bids his little company advance
 With seeming unconcern and steady coun-
 tenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
 Hath checked his foaming courser:—can
 it be! 115

Methinks that I should recognise that face,
 Though much disguised by long adversity!
 He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
 Confounded and amazed—

"It is the king, my brother!" and, by
 sound 120

Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon
 the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace
 he gave,

Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
 Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
 And apprehensions dark and criminal. 125
 Loth to restrain the moving interview,

The attendant lords withdrew;

And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
 Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his
 struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have
 met; 130

—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
 Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the wrong,
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have
 borne,

Thy royal mantle worn: 135

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
 That now I should restore what hath been
 held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,
 Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles
 shorn,

And stripped of power! me, feeble, desti-
 tute, 140

To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,

Then, on the wide-spread wings
 Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy
 despite." 145

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;
 "But, if my looks did with my words
 agree,

I should at once be trusted, not defied,
 And thou from all disquietude be free.
 May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
 Who to this blessed place 151

At this blest moment led me, if I speak
 With insincere intent, on me her ven-
 geance wreak!

"Were this same spear, which in my hand
 I grasp,

The British sceptre, here would I to thee
 The symbol yield; and would undo this
 clasp, 156

If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
 And joyless sylvan sport,

While thou art roving, wretched and
 forlorn, 160

Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the
 forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought
 Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
 Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
 Beware of kindling hopes for me un-
 meet! 165

Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
 Art pitifully blind:

Full soon this generous purpose thou
 may'st rue,

When that which has been done no wishes
 can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right
with right? 171

But thou—I know not how inspired, how
led—

Wouldst change the course of things in
all men's sight!

And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate: 175
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king, and
sovereign lord;

"Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm:
I, Brother! only should be king in name,
And govern to my shame;
A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share
would fall." 185

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion
decked,
Which stands the universalempire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify: 190
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to
breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune
past! 195

Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's
shield,

The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the
groves, 200
And trepidation strikes the blackened
mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how pass-
ing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than
before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,

Gladdening the people's heart from shore
to shore; 205

For youthful faultsripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune,
pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native
right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may'st
know, 210

Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and
slow,

Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly
wait

Such change in thy estate 215
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon
be realized."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude, 220
Rose,—and, to consummate this just in-
tent,

Did place upon his brother's head the
crown,

Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your
lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful
king restored!" 225

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic
deed,

The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage
freed

Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert. 231

Long did he reign; and, when he died,
the tear

Of universal grief bedewed his honoured
bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that
hath set 235

Discord in hearts of men till they have
braved

Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love,
 did seem
 A thing of no esteem ;
 And, from this triumph of affection pure,
 He bore the lasting name of "pious Eli-
 dure !" 241

III.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

[Composed April 20, 1802.—Published 1807.]

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
 And, little Butterfly ! indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless !—not frozen seas 5
 More motionless ! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again !
 This plot of orchard-ground is ours ; 10
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary ;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
 Come often to us, fear no wrong ;
 Sit near us on the bough ! 15
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days, when we were young ;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

IV.

A FAREWELL.

[Finished May 29, 1802.—Published 1815.]

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-
 ground,
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
 Of that magnificent temple which doth
 bound
 One side of our whole vale with grandeur
 rare ;
 Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair, 5
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever
 found,
 Farewell !—we leave thee to Heaven's
 peaceful care,
 Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost
 surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
 And there will safely ride when we are
 gone ; 10
 The flowering shrubs that deck our hum-
 ble door
 Will prosper, though untended and alone :
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have
 none :
 These narrow bounds contain our private
 store
 Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine
 upon ; 15
 Here are they in our sight—we have no
 more.
 Sunshine and shower be with you, bud
 and bell !
 For two months now in vain we shall be
 sought ;
 We leave you here in solitude to dwell
 With these our latest gifts of tender
 thought ; 20
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron
 coat,
 Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, fare-
 well !
 Whom from the borders of the Lake we
 brought,
 And placed together near our rocky Well.
 We go for One to whom ye will be dear ;
 And she will prize this Bower, this Indian
 shed, 26
 Our own contrivance, Building without
 peer !
 —A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly
 bred,
 Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
 With joyousness, and with a thoughtful
 cheer, 30
 Will come to you ; to you herself will wed ;
 And love the blessed life that we lead
 here.
 Dear Spot ! which we have watched with
 tender heed,
 Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms
 blown
 Among the distant mountains, flower and
 weed, 35
 Which thou hast taken to thee as thy
 own,

Making all kindness registered and known;
 Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child
 indeed,
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little
 need. 40

And O most constant, yet most fickle
 Place,
 That hast thy wayward moods, as thou
 dost show
 To them who look not daily on thy face;
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost
 know,
 And say'st, when we forsake thee, "Let
 them go!" 45
 Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild
 race
 Of weeds and flowers, till we return be
 slow,
 And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone
 by,
 And this sweet spring, the best beloved
 and best; 50
 Joy will be flown in its mortality;
 Something must stay to tell us of the
 rest.
 Here, thronged with primroses, the steep
 rock's breast
 Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
 And in this bush our sparrow built her
 nest, 55
 Of which I sang one song that will not
 die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
 Hath been so friendly to industrious
 hours;
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently
 steep
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of
 flowers, 60
 And wild notes warbled among leafy
 bowers;
 Two burning months let summer over-
 leap,
 And, coming back with Her who will be
 ours,
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

V.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S
 "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

[Composed May 9-11, 1802.—Published 1815.]

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt
 One
 Whom without blame I may not over-
 look;
 For never sun on living creature shone
 Who more devout enjoyment with us
 took:
 Here on his hours he hung as on a book, 5
 On his own time here would he float
 away,
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
 But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
 Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither
 none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful
 home, 10
 And find elsewhere his business or de-
 light;
 Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:
 Full many a time, upon a stormy night,
 His voice came to us from the neighbour-
 ing height:
 Oft could we see him driving full in view
 At mid-day when the sun was shining
 bright; 16
 What ill was on him, what he had to do,
 A mighty wonder bred among our quiet
 crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man
 When he came back to us, a withered
 flower,— 20
 Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
 Down would he sit; and without strength
 or power
 Look at the common grass from hour to
 hour:
 And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
 Where apple-trees in blossom made a
 bower, 25
 Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;
 And, like a naked Indian, slept himself
 away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has 30
Then he had, being here the long day
through.

Some thought he was a lover, and did
woo:

Some thought far worse of him, and
judged him wrong;

But verse was what he had been wedded
to;

And his own mind did like a tempest
strong 35

Come to him thus, and drove the weary
Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly
guise,

Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable Man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubt-
edly 40

As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not
severe;

Yet some did think that he had little
business here: 45

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful
right;

Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;
His limbs would toss about him with
delight,

Like branches when strong winds the
trees annoy. 49

Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care;
He would have taught you how you might
employ

Yourself; and many did to him repair,—
And certes not in vain; he had inven-
tions rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:
Long blades of grass, plucked round him
as he lay, 56

Made, to his ear attentively applied,
A pipe on which the wind would deftly
play;

Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold, 60
A mailed angel on a battle-day;
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies
do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery: 65
And, sooth, these two were each to the
other dear:

No livelier love in such a place could be:
There did they dwell—from earthly labour
free,

As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company, 70
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a
Maiden-queen.

VI.

LOUISA¹.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUN-
TAIN EXCURSION.

[Composed (probably) 1801.—Published 1807.]

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along 5
Like rivulets in May?

[And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever, as they pass away,
Are hidden in her eyes.²]

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak; 9
And, when against the wind she strains,
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

¹ On the question of the identity of *Louisa*, see Editor's note on *To a Butterfly*, p. 897.—Ed.

² This stanza came second in all edd. from 1807 to 1843. It was most unfortunately omitted—for some reason unknown to us—in edd. 1845 and 1849.—Ed.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
 If I with her but half a noon
 May sit beneath the walls
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
 When up she winds along the brook
 To hunt the waterfalls.

15

VII.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

STRANGE fits of passion have I known :
 And I will dare to tell,
 But in the Lover's ear alone,
 What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
 Fresh as a rose in June,
 I to her cottage bent my way,
 Beneath an evening-moon.

5

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
 All over the wide lea ;
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
 Those paths so dear to me.

10

And now we reached the orchard-plot ;
 And, as we climbed the hill,
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
 Came near, and nearer still.

15

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
 Kind Nature's gentlest boon !
 And all the while my eyes I kept
 On the descending moon.

20

My horse moved on ; hoof after hoof
 He raised, and never stopped :
 When down behind the cottage roof,
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will
 slide

25

Into a Lover's head !
 "O mercy !" to myself I cried,
 "If Lucy should be dead !"

VIII.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

5

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !

10

IX.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1807.]

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea ;
 Nor, England ! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time ; for still I seem
 To love thee more and more.

5

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire ;
 And she I cherished turned her wheel
 Beside an English fire.

10

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
 The bowers where Lucy played ;
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

15

X.

[Composed 1826.—Published 1827.]

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew
 Had mingled tears of thine,
 I grieved, fond Youth ! that thou shouldst
 sue
 To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,
 She glories in a train
 Who drag, beneath our native skies,
 An Oriental chain.

5

Pine not like them with arms across,
 Forgetting in thy care
 How the fast-rooted trees can toss
 Their branches in mid air.

10

The humblest rivulet will take
 Its own wild liberties ;
 And every day the imprisoned lake 15
 Is flowing in the breeze.

Then crouch no more on suppliant knee,
 But scorn with scorn outbrave ;
 A Briton, even in love, should be
 A subject, not a slave ! 20

XI.

TO —

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-
 song ;
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess
 that ours,
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,
 Measured by all that, trembling, we fore-
 see, 5
 Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
 If we are creatures of a *winter's* day ;
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to dis-
 close 10
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breath-
 ing rose ?
 Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
 Could not the entrance of this thought
 forbid : 15
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly
 fade,
 So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
 "To draw, out of the object of his eyes," 20
 The while on thee they gaze in simple
 truth,
 Hues more exalted, "a refined Form,"
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the
 worm,
 And never dies.

XII.

THE FORSAKEN.

[Dated 1804 (W.).—Probably composed earlier.—
 Published 1842.]

THE peace which others seek they find ;
 The heaviest storms not longest last ;
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
 An amnesty for what is past ;
 When will my sentence be reversed ? 5
 I only pray to know the worst ;
 And wish, as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle ! silent years
 Tell seemingly no doubtful tale ;
 And yet they leave it short, and fears 10
 And hopes are strong and will prevail.
 My calmest faith escapes not pain ;
 And, feeling that the hope is vain,
 I think that he will come again.

XIII.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

'Tis said that some have died for love :
 And here and there a church-yard grave
 is found
 In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
 Because the wretched man himself had
 slain,
 His love was such a grievous pain. 5
 And there is one whom I five years have
 known ;
 He dwells alone
 Upon Helvellyn's side :
 He loved—the pretty Barbara died ;
 And thus he makes his moan : 10
 Three years had Barbara in her grave
 been laid
 When thus his moan he made :
 "Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind
 that oak !
 Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
 That in some other way yon smoke 15
 May mount into the sky !
 The clouds pass on ; they from the hea-
 vens depart :
 I look—the sky is empty space ;
 I know not what I trace ;
 But when I cease to look, my hand is on
 my heart. 20

"O! what a weight is in these shades!
Ye leaves,
That murmur once so dear, when will it
cease?

Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou Thrush, that singest loud—and loud
and free, 25
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another
tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy
mountain-bounds, 29
And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged
bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb! 35
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which
thou art now.

"Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the
vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale. 40
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I
can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish com-
plaint 45
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron
mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was
thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy
face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me
walk 50
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor
know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

XIV.

A COMPLAINT.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

THERE is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did; not taking heed 5
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love, 10
What have I? shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is,—and never dry:
What matter? if the waters sleep 15
In silence and obscurity.
—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

XV.

TO —

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair;
So, Mary, let it be 6
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved 10
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

XVI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1845.]

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir ;
 Dear Maid, this truth believe,
 Minds that have nothing to confer
 Find little to perceive.

5

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
 To feed my heart's devotion,
 By laws to which all Forms submit
 In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

10

XVII.

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
 How bright that heaven-directed glance !
 —Waft her to glory, wingèd Powers,
 Ere sorrow be renewed,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood !
 So looked Cecilia when she drew
 An Angel from his station ;
 So looked ; not ceasing to pursue
 Her tuneful adoration !

5

10

But hand and voice alike are still ;
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will
 That gave it birth : in service meek
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,
 And one across the bosom lies—
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling ;
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the
 skies,
 Through the pure light of female eyes
 Their sanctity revealing !

15

20

XVIII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1845.]

WHAT heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine,
 Through my very heart they shine ;
 And, if my brow gives back their light,
 Do thou look gladly on the sight ;
 As the clear Moon with modest pride
 Beholds her own bright beams
 Reflected from the mountain's side
 And from the headlong streams.

5

XIX.

TO —

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

O DEARER far than light and life are
 dear,
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore ;
 Trembling, through my unworthiness,
 with fear
 That friends, by death disjoined, may
 meet no more !

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control, 5
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of
 rest ;

While all the future, for thy purer soul,
 With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human
 ear,

Tells that these words thy humbleness
 offend ; 10

Yet bear me up—else faltering in the rear
 Of a steep march : support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;
 Through Thee communion with that Love
 I seek : 15

The faith Heaven strengthens where *he*
 moulds the Creed.

XX.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF
SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

I.

SMILE of the Moon !—for so I name
 That silent greeting from above ;
 A gentle flash of light that came
 From her whom drooping captives love ;
 Or art thou of still higher birth ? 5
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth
 My torpor to reprove !

II.

Bright boon of pitying Heaven !—alas,
 I may not trust thy placid cheer !
 Pondering that Time to-night will pass 10
 The threshold of another year ;

For years to me are sad and dull ;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

III.

And yet the soul-awakening gleam, 15
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone ;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend 20
Tears due unto their own.

IV.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal ;
To the new year a welcoming ;
A tuneful offering for the weal 25
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

V.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low ! 30
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields !
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe. 35

VI.

Yet how ?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair ;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time ; 40
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

VII.

Unblest distinction ! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains :
All that could quit my grasp, or flee, 45
Is gone ;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII.

A Woman rules my prison's key ; 50
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,

Detains me, doubtful of the event ;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess, 55
O keep them innocent !

IX.

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court !
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ; 60
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

X.

Hark ! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock ! 65
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block ! 70

XXI.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

I.

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;
The stars, they were among my dreams ;

In rustling conflict through the skies, 5
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
 And yet they are upon my eyes,
 And yet I am alive;
 Before I see another day,
 Oh let my body die away! 10

II.

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
 Yet is it dead, and I remain:
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
 And they are dead, and I will die.
 When I was well, I wished to live, 15
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
 But they to me no joy can give,
 No pleasure now, and no desire.
 Then here contented will I lie!
 Alone, I cannot fear to die. 20

III.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
 Another day, a single one!
 Too soon I yielded to despair;
 Why did ye listen to my prayer?
 When ye were gone my limbs were 25
 stronger;
 And oh, how grievously I rue,
 That, afterwards, a little longer,
 My friends, I did not follow you!
 For strong and without pain I lay,
 Dear friends, when ye were gone away. 30

IV.

My Child! they gave thee to another,
 A woman who was not thy mother.
 When from my arms my Babe they took,
 On me how strangely did he look!
 Through his whole body something ran,
 A most strange working did I see; 36
 —As if he strove to be a man,
 That he might pull the sledge for me:
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild!
 Oh mercy! like a helpless child. 40

V.

My little joy! my little pride!
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me;
 I feel I must have died with thee.
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying 45

The way my friends their course did bend,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send;
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away;
 For I had many things to say. 50

VI.

I'll follow you across the snow;
 Ye travel heavily and slow;
 In spite of all my weary pain
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white 55
 The water which beside it stood:
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 For ever left alone am I;
 Then wherefore should I fear to die? 60

VII.

Young as I am, my course is run,
 I shall not see another sun;
 I cannot lift my limbs to know
 If they have any life or no.
 My poor forsaken Child, if I 65
 For once could have thee close to me,
 With happy heart I then would die,
 And my last thought would happy be;
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
 Nor shall I see another day. 70

XXII.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

I.

In distant countries have I been,
 And yet I have not often seen
 A healthy man, a man full grown,
 Weep in the public roads, alone.
 But such a one, on English ground, 5
 And in the broad highway, I met;
 Along the broad highway he came,
 His cheeks with tears were wet:
 Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
 And in his arms a Lamb he had. 10

II.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
 As if he wished himself to hide:
 And with his coat did then essay
 To wipe those briny tears away.

I followed him, and said, "My friend, 15
 What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"
 —"Shame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,
 He makes my tears to flow.
 To-day I fetched him from the rock;
 He is the last of all my flock. 20

III.

"When I was young, a single man,
 And after youthful follies ran,
 Though little given to care and thought,
 Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
 And other sheep from her I raised, 25
 As healthy sheep as you might see;
 And then I married, and was rich
 As I could wish to be;
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,
 And every year increased my store. 30

IV.

"Year after year my stock it grew;
 And from this one, this single ewe,
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
 As fine a flock as ever grazed!
 Upon the Quantock hills they fed; 35
 They throve, and we at home did thrive:
 —This lusty Lamb of all my store
 Is all that is alive;
 And now I care not if we die,
 And perish all of poverty. 40

V.

"Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
 Hard labour in a time of need!
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief
 I of the Parish asked relief.
 They said, I was a wealthy man; 45
 My sheep upon the uplands fed,
 And it was fit that thence I took
 Whereof to buy us bread.
 'Do this: how can we give to you,'
 They cried, 'what to the poor is due?' 50

VI.

"I sold a sheep, as they had said,
 And bought my little children bread,
 And they were healthy with their food;
 For me—it never did me good.
 A woeful time it was for me, 55

To see the end of all my gains,
 The pretty flock which I had reared
 With all my care and pains,
 To see it melt like snow away—
 For me it was a woeful day. 60

VII.

"Another still! and still another!
 A little lamb, and then its mother!
 It was a vein that never stopped—
 Like blood-drops from my heart they
 dropped.
 Till thirty were not left alive 65
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
 And I may say, that many a time
 I wished they all were gone—
 Reckless of what might come at last
 Were but the bitter struggle past. 70

VIII.

"To wicked deeds I was inclined,
 And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
 And every man I chanced to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me;
 No peace, no comfort could I find, 75
 No ease, within doors or without;
 And crazily and wearily
 I went my work about;
 And oft was moved to flee from home,
 And hide my head where wild beasts
 roam. 80

IX.

"Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
 As dear as my own children be;
 For daily with my growing store
 I loved my children more and more.
 Alas! it was an evil time; 85
 God cursed me in my sore distress;
 I prayed, yet every day I thought
 I loved my children less;
 And every week, and every day,
 My flock it seemed to melt away. 90

X.

"They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
 From ten to five, from five to three,
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
 And then at last from three to two;
 And, of my fifty, yesterday 95

I had but only one :
 And here it lies upon my arm,
 Alas ! and I have none ;—
 To-day I fetched it from the rock ;
 It is the last of all my flock." 100

XXIII.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1820.]

THE fields which with covetous spirit we
 sold,
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of the
 day,
 Would have brought us more good than a
 burthen of gold,
 Could we but have been as contented as
 they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us,
 said I, 5
 "Let him come, with his purse proudly
 grasped in his hand ;
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll
 die
 Before he shall go with an inch of the
 land !"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their
 bowers ;
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide ;
 We could do what we liked with the land,
 it was ours ; 11
 And for us the brook murmured that ran
 by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or
 late ;
 And often, like one overburthened with
 sin,
 With my hand on the latch of the half-
 opened gate, 15
 I look at the fields, but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright
 summer's day,
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's
 tree,
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
 "What ails you, that you must come
 creeping to me !" 20

With our pastures about us, we could not
 be sad ;
 Our comfort was near if we ever were
 crost ;
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth
 that we had,
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-
 right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son 25
 Who must now be a wanderer ! but peace
 to that strain !
 Think of evening's repose when our labour
 was done,
 The sabbath's return ; and its leisure's
 soft chain !

And in sickness, if night had been sparing
 of sleep,
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I
 stood, 30
 Looking down on the kine, and our trea-
 sure of sheep
 That besprinkled the field ; 'twas like
 youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as
 a snail ;
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell
 with a sigh,
 That follows the thought—We've no land
 in the vale, 35
 Save six feet of earth where our fore-
 fathers lie !

XXIV.

THE

AFFLICTION OF MARGARET —.

[Dated 1804 (W.).—Probably composed earlier
 (1801 ?).—Published 1807.]

I.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same 5
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

II.

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child ;
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled ;
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

III.

He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beauteous to behold ;
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :
 If things ensued that wanted grace,
 As hath been said, they were not base ;
 And never blush was on my face.

IV.

Ah ! little doth the young-one dream,
 When full of play and childish cares,
 What power is in his wildest scream,
 Heard by his mother unawares !
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :
 Years to a mother bring distress ;
 But do not make her love the less.

V.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long
 From that ill thought ; and, being blind,
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong :
 Kind mother have I been, as kind
 As ever breathed : " and that is true ;
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,
 Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
 Think not of me with grief and pain :
 I now can see with better eyes ;
 And worldly grandeur I despise,
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
 And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
 They mount—how short a voyage brings
 The wanderers back to their delight !

Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
 Or thou upon a desert thrown
 Inheritest the lion's den ;
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

IX.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
 Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead ;
 For, surely, then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night,
 With love and longings infinite.

X.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
 I dread the rustling of the grass ;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass :
 I question things and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind ;
 And all the world appears unkind.

XI.

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief :
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
 They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send
 Some tidings that my woes may end ;
 I have no other earthly friend !

XXV.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1815.]

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
 The north-wind sings a doleful song ;
 Then hush again upon my breast ;
 All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou? 10

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with
rain:
Then little Darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day. 15

XXVI.

MATERNAL GRIEF.

[Composed 1810 (?).—Published 1842.]

DEPARTED Child! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful
gain

Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced 5
By the returning substance, seen or
touched,

Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my
embrace.

Absence and death how differ they! and
how

Shall I admit that nothing can restore 9
What one short sigh so easily removed?—
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to
know,

O teach me calm submission to thy Will!

The Child she mourned had overstepped
the pale

Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air 15
That sanctifies its confines, and partook
Reflected beams of that celestial light
To all the Little-ones on sinful earth
Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed
and cheered

Those several qualities of heart and mind
Which, in her own blest nature, rooted
deep, 21

Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,
And not hers only, their peculiar charms
Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,
And for its promises to future years, 25
With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
A pair of Leverets each provoking each
To a continuance of their fearless sport,
Two separate Creatures in their several
gifts 30

Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
That Nature prompts them to display,
their looks,

Their starts of motion and their fits of
rest,

An undistinguishable style appears
And character of gladness, as if Spring 35
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the
spirit

Of the rejoicing morning were their own?

Such union, in the lovely Girl main-
tained

And her twin Brother, had the parent
seen,

Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of
prey, 40

Death in a moment parted them, and left
The Mother, in her turns of anguish,
worse

Than desolate; for oft-times from the
sound

Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear
child,

He knew it not) and from his happiest
looks, 45

Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and
grief, 50

Shrunk from his Mother's presence, shun-
ned with fear

Her sad approach, and stole away to find,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he
might,

A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs, and reconciled the
child 55

To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle
awe

Turned upon her who bore him, she
would stoop 60

To imprint a kiss that lacked not power
to spread
Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they
were calmed
And cheered; and now together breathe
fresh air
In open fields; and when the glare of
day 65
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's
wish
Befriends the observance, readily they
join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's
grave,
Which he with flowers hath planted,
finding there
Amusement, where the Mother does not
miss 70
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn
rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
For such, by pitying Angels and by
Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the
clouds 75
Of our weak nature rest not, must be
deemed
Those willing tears, and unforbidden
sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sor-
row,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the
grace of Heaven 79
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

XXVII.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

[Composed March 11, 12, 1802.—Published 1807.]

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her
prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien
and gait. 6

The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing
there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair: 10
She begged an alms, like one in poor
estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride
abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak, 15
Protected from this cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question
heard,
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-
bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day 20
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still
remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his:
'Twas my Son's bird; and neat and
trim 26

He kept it: many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird
behind;
From bodings, as might be, that hung
upon his mind. 30

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my Son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little
wit! 35
I bear it with me, Sir;—he took so much
delight in it."

XXVIII.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and
away!
Not a soul in the village this morning will
stay;

The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."

—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet,
and green, 5

On the slopes of the pastures all colours
were seen ;

With their comely blue aprons, and caps
white as snow,

The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six
months before,

Filled the funeral basin¹ at Timothy's
door ; 10

A coffin through Timothy's threshold had
past ;

One Child did it bear, and that Child
was his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and
the fray,

The horse, and the horn, and the hark !
hark away !

Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut
With a leisurely motion the door of his hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said ;
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is
dead."

But of this in my ears not a word did he
speak ;

And he went to the chase with a tear on
his cheek. 20

XXIX.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

[Composed March 16, 17, 1802.—Published 1807.]

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did
dwell ;

The big and lesser griefs with which she
mourned

In friendship she to me would often tell.

¹ In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

This Lady, dwelling upon British ground,
Where she was childless, daily would
repair 6

To a poor neighbouring cottage ; as I
found,

For sake of a young Child whose home
was there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond
embrace

This Child, I chanted to myself a lay, 10
Endeavouring, in our English tongue, to
trace

Such things as she unto the Babe might
say :

And thus, from what I heard and knew,
or guessed,

My song the workings of her heart
expressed.

I.

"Dear Babe, thou daughter of another, 15
One moment let me be thy mother !

An infant's face and looks are thine

And sure a mother's heart is mine :

Thy own dear mother's far away,

At labour in the harvest field : 20

Thy little sister is at play ;—
What warmth, what comfort would it
yield

To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be
One little hour a child to me !

II.

"Across the waters I am come, 25

And I have left a babe at home :

A long, long way of land and sea !

Come to me—I'm no enemy :

I am the same who at thy side

Sate yesterday, and made a nest 30

For thee, sweet Baby !—thou hast tried,

Thou know'st the pillow of my breast ;

Good, good art thou :—alas ! to me

Far more than I can be to thee.

III.

"Here, little Darling, dost thou lie ; 35

An infant thou, a mother I !

Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;

Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.

Alas ! before I left the spot,
My baby and its dwelling-place, 40
The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not
Be shed upon an infant's face,
It was unlucky'—no, no, no;
No truth is in them who say so !

IV.

"My own dear Little-one will sigh, 45
Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.
'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,
And you may see his hour is come.'
Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay, 50
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him ;—and
then
I should behold his face again !

V.

"'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget ;
There was a smile or two—yet—yet 56
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby ! I must lay thee down ; 59
Thou troublest me with strange alarms ;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own ;
I cannot keep thee in my arms ;
For they confound me ;—where—where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his ?

VI.

"Oh ! how I love thee !—we will stay 65
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England
came ;
She with her mother crossed the sea ;
The babe and mother near me dwell : 70
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn—rather, though I love her well :
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here !
Never was any child more dear !

VII.

"—I cannot help it ; ill intent 75
I've none, my pretty Innocent !
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.

Oh, what a kiss was that ! my cheek
How cold it is ! but thou art good ; 80
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place !

VIII.

"While thou art mine, my little Love, 85
This cannot be a sorrowful grove ;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee :
Here's grass to play with, here are
flowers ;
I'll call thee by my darling's name ; 90
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same ;
His little sister thou shalt be ;
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee." 95

XXX.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

[Composed probably 1804.—Published 1820.]

The following tale was written as an Episode, in
a work from which its length may perhaps
exclude it. The facts are true ; no invention
as to these has been exercised, as none was
needed.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven !
To such inheritance of blessed fancy 5
(Fancy that sports more desperately with
minds
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought,
by years
Whose progress had a little overstepped
His stripling prime. A town of small re-
pute, 10
Among the vine-clad mountains of Au-
vergne,
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he
wooded a Maid
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit
With answering vows. Plebeian was the
stock,
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock, 15

From which her graces and her honours
sprung :
And hence the father of the enamoured
Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurned the
thought
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several
homes, 20
Twins had they been in pleasure; after
strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;
And, in their happiest moments, not
content,
If more divided than a sportive pair 25
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are
hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's
sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest
given 31
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth;
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for sup-
port 35
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought
for him. 40
Earth breathed in one great presence of
the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her imple-
ments,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted
shrine;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all Paradise 46
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit
sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move

Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares; 52
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till, whether through
effect
Of some unguarded moment that dis-
solved 55
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it,
not!
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who
saw
So many bars between his present state
And the dear haven where he wished
to be
In honourable wedlock with his Love, 60
Was in his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and entrust his
cause
To nature for a happy end of all;
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth
was swayed,
And bear with their transgression, when
I add 65
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.

To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of the
Maid
Found means to hurry her away by night,
And unforewarned, that in some distant
spot 71
She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning
came,
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,
And all uncertain whither he should turn,
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; but
soon 76
Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid's
retreat.
Easily may the sequel be divined—
Walks to and fro—watchings at every
hour; 80
And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she
may,
Is busy at her casement as the swallow
Fluttering its pinions, almost within
reach,

About the pendent nest, did thus espy
Her Lover!—thence a stolen interview, 85
Accomplished under friendly shade of
night.

I pass the raptures of the pair;—such
theme
Is, by innumerable poets, touched
In more delightful verse than skill of
mine
Could fashion; chiefly by that darling
bard 90
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lark's note heard before its
time,
And of the streaks that laced the severing
clouds
In the unrelenting east.—Through all her
courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds, 95
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy dis-
played
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed
hung 100
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

They parted; and the generous Vau-
dracour
Reached speedily the native threshold,
bent
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)
A sacrifice of birthright to attain 105
A final portion from his father's hand;
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom
then would flee
To some remote and solitary place,
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to
behold 110
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
But *now* of this no whisper; not the less,
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
Touching the matter of his passion, still,
In his stern father's hearing, Vaudracour
Persisted openly that death alone 116
Should abrogate his human privilege
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

“You shall be baffled in your mad in-
tent 120
If there be justice in the court of France,”
Muttered the Father.—From these words
the Youth
Conceived a terror; and, by night or day
Stirred nowhere without weapons, that
full soon 124
Found dreadful provocation; for at night,
When to his chamber he retired, attempt
Was made to seize him by three armed
men,
Acting, in furtherance of the Father's will,
Under a private signet of the State.
One the rash Youth's ungovernable hand
Slew, and as quickly to a second gave 131
A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold
The breathless corse; then peacefully re-
signed
His person to the law, was lodged in
prison,
And wore the fetters of a criminal. 135

Have you observed a tuft of wingèd seed
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to
and fro 140
Through the wide element? or have you
marked
The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
Tormented? by such aid you may conceive
The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!
Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained
with blood; 146
Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
Yet as the troubled seed and tortured
bough
Is man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the
Court, 150
Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
But not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.
He flew to her from whom they would
divide him—
He clove to her who could not give him
peace— 155

Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“All
right
Is gone from me; my lately-towering
hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,
Are withered; thou no longer canst be
mine,
I thine—the conscience-stricken must
not woo 160
The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!”

“One, are we not?” exclaimed the
Maiden—“One,
For innocence and youth, for weal and
woe?”
Then with the father’s name she coupled
words 165
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no
thought
Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e’er 170
Find place within his bosom.—Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation: and once more
Were they united,—to be yet again
Disparted, pitiable lot! But here 175
A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of
time,
Was traversed from without; much, too,
of thoughts
That occupied his days in solitude 180
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things
to come,
And what, through strong compunction for
the past,
He suffered—breaking down in heart and
mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve 186
Of Julia’s travail. When the babe was
born,
Its presence tempted him to cherish
schemes
Of future happiness. “You shall return,

Julia,” said he, “and to your father’s
house 190
Go with the child.—You have been
wretched; yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen
weighs
Too heavily upon the lily’s head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding you, will melt away. 195
Go!—’tis a town where both of us were
born;
None will reproach you, for our truth is
known;
And if, amid those once-bright bowers,
our fate
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.
With ornaments—the prettiest, nature
yields 200
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own
sweet looks,
Till no one can resist him.—Now, even
now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My father from the window sees him
too; 205
Startled, as if some new-created thing
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods
Bounded before him;—but the unweeting
Child
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire’s
heart,
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily, as they began!”

These gleams
Appeared but seldom; oftener was he
seen 212
Propping a pale and melancholy face
Upon the Mother’s bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, while from the
other 215
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.
—That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now
must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
The sentence, by her mother’s lip pro-
nounced, 221
That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall
tell,

Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections? so they blindly asked
Who knew not to what quiet depths a
weight 225

Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down :
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear
Composed and silent, without visible sign
Of even the least emotion. Noting this,
When the impatient object of his love 230
Upbraided him with slackness, he re-
turned

No answer, only took the mother's hand
And kissed it ; seemingly devoid of pain,
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed
Was a dependant on the obdurate heart
Of one who came to disunite their lives 236
For ever—sad alternative ! preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.
—So be it !

In the city he remained 240
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, de-
parts—

Who with him?—even the senseless Little-
one.

With that sole charge he passed the city-
gates,

For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan, 246
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
That rose a brief league distant from the
town,

The dwellers in that house where he had
lodged

Accompanied his steps, by anxious love
Impelled ;—they parted from him there,
and stood 251

Watching below till he had disappeared
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes !) that
veiled 255

The tender infant : and at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known
to look, 260

Upon the nursling which his arms em-
braced.

This was the manner in which Vau-
dracour
Departed with his infant ; and thus
reached

His father's house, where to the innocent
child
Admittance was denied. The young man
spake 265

No word of indignation or reproof,
But of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him,
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants re-
quired ; 270

For wishes he had none. To a lodge that
stood

Deep in a forest, with leave given, at
the age

Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew ;
And thither took with him his motherless
Babe,

And one domestic for their common
needs, 275

An aged woman. It consoled him here
To attend upon the orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious child,
Which, after a short time, by some mis-
take

Or indiscretion of the Father, died,— 280
The Tale I follow to its last recess

Of suffering or of peace, I know not
which :

Theirs be the blame who caused the woe,
not mine !

From this time forth he never shared a
smile

With mortal creature. An Inhabitant 285
Of that same town, in which the pair
had left

So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business coming within
reach

Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the matron
there, 290

Who told him that his pains were thrown
away,

For that her Master never uttered word
To living thing—not even to her.—Be-
hold !

While they were speaking, Vaudracour
approached ;
But seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he
shrunk— 296

And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place
The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man, 300
And shunning even the light of common
day ;

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep
wrongs,

Rouse him : but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind ! 306

XXXI.

THE IDIOT BOY.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The owlet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where ;
He lengthens out his lonely shout, 5
Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?
Why are you in this mighty fret ? 10
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy ?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed ;
Good Betty, put him down again ;
His lips with joy they burr at you ;
But, Betty ! what has he to do 15
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

But Betty's bent on her intent ;
For her good neighbour Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone, 20
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress ;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain, 25
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale ;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale ; 30
What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good ;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane, 35
Or bringing fagots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has on the well-girt saddle set
(The like was never heard of yet) 40
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town, 45
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand ;
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a *hurly-burly* now 50
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy, who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone, 55
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was, "Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,—
Come home again, whate'er befall, 60
My Johnny, do, I pray you, do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand,
And proudly shook the bridle too ;
And then ! his words were not a few, 65
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
She gently pats the Pony's side,
On which her Idiot Boy must ride, 70
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle, 75
He's idle all for very joy.

And, while the Pony moves his legs,
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough motionless and dead :
The Moon that shines above his head 80
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee
That, till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship : 85
Oh ! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim, 90
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !
He's at the guide-post—he turns right ;
She watches till he's out of sight, 95
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it ;
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it. 101

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
Her Messenger's in merry tune ;
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As on he goes beneath the moon. 106

His steed and he right well agree ;
For of this Pony there's a rumour
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years, 110
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks !
And, when he thinks, his pace is slack ;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell 115
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town, 120
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing, 125
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried :
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate 130
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman ! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more 135
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well ;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell. 141

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again ;
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—145
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
The clock gives warning for eleven ;
'Tis on the stroke—"He must be near,"
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here, 150
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight :
—The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease ; 155
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast :
"A little idle sauntering Thing !"
With other names, an endless string ; 160
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late?"
The Doctor, he has made him wait; 165
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay! 170
—She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appears along the moonlight road;
There's neither horse nor man abroad, 175
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned;
Or lost, perhaps, and never found; 180
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, "God forbid it should be true!"
At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed, 185
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away:
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb"— 190
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,
"What can I do to ease your pain?
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;
I fear you're in a dreadful way, 195
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
There's nothing that can ease my pain."
Then off she hies; but with a prayer,
That God poor Susan's life would spare,
Till she comes back again. 201

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked, 205
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green;
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, everywhere. 211

And while she crossed the bridge, there
came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook, 215
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse; 220
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"Oh saints! what is become of him?
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead;
Or sadly he has been misled, 225
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing; 230
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still, 235
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare:
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild, 240
The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the Doctor's door she hies;
'Tis silence all on every side;
The town so long, the town so wide, 245
'Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The Doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze!
And one hand rubs his old night-cap. 251

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"

"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"

"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy, 255
You know him—him you often see;

He's not so wise as some folks be:"

"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed! 261

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near, 265
Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again; 270
—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor, 275
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before, 280
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can. 286

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob, 290
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast, 295
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy! 300
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head:
The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell, 305
And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be 310
To drown herself therein.

Oh Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing!
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme, 315
A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star, 320
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost, 325
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be! 331

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye, 335
The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong inden-
tures:

O gentle Muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befell; 340
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
 Why will ye thus my suit repel ?
 Why of your further aid bereave me ?
 And can ye thus unfriended leave me ; 345
 Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
 Which thunders down with headlong force,
 Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
 As careless as if nothing were, 350
 Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

Unto his horse—there feeding free,
 He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
 Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;
 Of such we in romances read : 355
 —'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too !
 Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
 She hardly can sustain her fears ;
 The roaring waterfall she hears, 360
 And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold :
 Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
 She's coming from among the trees,
 And now all full in view she sees 365
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too :
 Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
 It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
 'Tis he whom you so long have lost, 370
 He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
 She screams—she cannot move for joy ;
 She darts, as with a torrent's force,
 She almost has o'eturned the Horse, 375
 And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud ;
 Whether in cunning or in joy
 I cannot tell ; but, while he laughs,
 Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs 380
 To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,
 And now is at the Pony's head,—
 On that side now, and now on this ;
 And, almost stifled with her bliss, 385
 A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
 She's happy here, is happy there,
 She is uneasy everywhere ; 390
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
 She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
 The little Pony glad may be,
 But he is milder far than she, 395
 You hardly can perceive his joy.

"Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
 You've done your best, and that is all :"
 She took the reins, when this was said,
 And gently turned the Pony's head 400
 From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
 The moon was setting on the hill,
 So pale you scarcely looked at her :
 The little birds began to stir, 405
 Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
 Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
 And who is she, betimes abroad,
 That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
 Who is it, but old Susan Gale ? 411

Long time lay Susan lost in thought ;
 And many dreadful fears beset her,
 Both for her Messenger and Nurse ;
 And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
 Her body—it grew better. 416

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
 On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
 Point after point did she discuss ;
 And, while her mind was fighting thus,
 Her body still grew better. 421

"Alas ! what is become of them ?
 These fears can never be endured ;
 I'll to the wood."—The word scarce said,
 Did Susan rise up from her bed, 425
 As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
 And to the wood at length is come ;
 She spies her Friends, she shouts a greet-
 ing ;
 Oh me ! it is a merry meeting 430
 As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four travellers homeward wend;
The owls have hooted all night long,
And with the owls began my song, 435
And with the owls must end.

For, while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen:
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true." 441

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been 445
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,)
"The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold!" 451
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

XXXII.

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

[Composed October 11–December 9, 1800.—
Published 1800.]

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head
Ghyll,

You will suppose that with an upright
path

Your feet must struggle; in such bold
ascent

The pastoral mountains front you, face to
face. 5

But, courage! for around that boisterous
brook

The mountains have all opened out them-
selves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they

Who journey thither find themselves
alone 10

With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
and kites

That overhead are sailing in the sky.

It is in truth an utter solitude;

Nor should I have made mention of this
Dell

But for one object which you might
pass by, 15

Might see and notice not. Beside the
brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn
stones!

And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys,
men

Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields
and hills 25

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a
Boy

Careless of books, yet having felt the
power

Of Nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30

For passions that were not my own, and
think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history

Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35

For the delight of a few natural hearts;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake

Of youthful Poets, who among these hills

Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale

There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his
name; 41

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of
limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to
age

Of an unusual strength: his mind was
keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45

And in his shepherd's calling he was
prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.

Hence had he learned the meaning of all
winds,

Of blasts of every tone ; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, He heard the
South 50

Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his
flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would
say,

“The winds are now devising work for
me !” 55

And, truly, at all times, the storm, that
drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains : he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the
heights. 60

So lived he till his eightieth year was
past.

And grossly that man errs, who should
suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had
breathed 65

The common air ; hills, which with vigor-
ous step

He had so often climbed ; which had
impressed

So many incidents upon his mind

Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
Which, like a book, preserved the
memory 70

Of the dumb animals, whom he had
saved,

Had fed or sheltered, linking to such
acts

The certainty of honourable gain ;

Those fields, those hills—what could they
less ? had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to
him 75

A pleasurable feeling of blind love,

The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single-
ness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—

Though younger than himself full twenty
years. 80

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house : two wheels
she had

Of antique form ; this large, for spinning
wool ;

That small, for flax ; and, if one wheel
had rest,

It was because the other was at work. 85

The Pair had but one inmate in their
house,

An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years,
began

To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's
phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only
Son, 90

With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many
a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,

Made all their household. I may truly
say,

That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was
gone, 95

And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home,
even then,

Their labour did not cease ; unless when
all

Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and
there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed
milk, 100

Sat round the basket piled with oaten
cakes,

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was
named)

And his old Father both betook them-
selves

To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side ; perhaps to
card 106

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or
repair

Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
 That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection overbrowed
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
 An aged utensil, which had performed 115
 Service beyond all others of its kind.
 Early at evening did it burn—and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,
 And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes, 121
 Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
 Father and Son, while far into the night
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work, 126
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life 130
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake; 135
 And from this constant light, so regular,
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE
 EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all— 145
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE,¹ a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.

Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his
shouts 175
Scared them, while they lay still beneath
the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the
boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped 181

With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called, 187
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a
help;

And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which
staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could
perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,
could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the
heights, 195

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved
before

Were dearer now? that from the Boy
there came 200

Feelings and emanations—things which
were

Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed
born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy
grew up:

And now, when he had reached his eight-
teenth year, 205
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household
lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there
came

Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
bound 210

In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael
now

Was summoned to discharge the for-
feiture, 215

A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-
for claim,

At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he sup-
posed

That any old man ever could have lost. 220
As soon as he had armed himself with
strength

To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell 25
once

A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought
again, 225

And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said
he,

Two evenings after he had heard the
news,

"I have been toiling more than seventy
years,

And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet, if these fields
of ours 230

Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.

Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;

And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
To my own family. An evil man

That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like
this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—
but 240

'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to
 speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be
 free; 245
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou
 know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him
 shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own
 thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is
 poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused, 255
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
 herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings,
 pence, 260
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neigh-
 bours bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's
 wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise 266
 Beyond the seas; where he grew won-
 drous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel
 floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign
 lands. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like
 sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of
 Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man
 was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this
 scheme

These two days has been meat and drink
 to me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger;—but this hope is a good
 hope.
 Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
 best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him
 forth 280
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-
 night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
 went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for
 five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day
 long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to
 prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last
 two nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his
 sleep:
 And when they rose at morning she
 could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day
 at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by
 themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must
 not go: 295
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund
 voice;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
 Recovered heart. That evening her best
 fare 301
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
 And all the ensuing week the house
 appeared 305

As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman
came,

With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that
forthwith 310

He might be sent to him. Ten times or
more

The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours
round;

Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When
Isabel 315

Had to her house returned, the old Man
said,

"He shall depart to-morrow." To this
word

The Housewife answered, talking much
of things

Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at
ease. 321

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-
head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he
heard

The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's
edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he
walked:

And soon as they had reached the place
he stopped, 330

And thus the old Man spake to him:—
"My son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full
heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.

I will relate to thee some little part 336
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good

When thou art from me, even if I should
touch

On things thou canst not know of.—
After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep
away 341

Two days, and blessings from thy Father's
tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed
on,

And still I loved thee with increasing
love.

Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-
side 346

First uttering, without words, a natural
tune;

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy
joy

Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month
followed month,

And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that
thou 351

Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's
knees.

But we were playmates, Luke: among
these hills,

As well thou knowest, in us the old and
young

Have played together, nor with me didst
thou 355

Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these
words

He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped
his hand,

And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not
speak. 360

—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein

I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though

now old

Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
Remember them who loved me in my
youth.

Both of them sleep together: here they
lived,

As all their Forefathers had done: and
when

At length their time was come, they were
not loth

To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life
they lived, 371

But 'tis a long time to look back, my
Son,

And see so little gain from threescore
years.

These fields were burthened when they
came to me;

Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
Than half of my inheritance was mine.

I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in
my work,

And till these three weeks past the land
was free.

—It looks as if it never could endure

Another Master. Heaven forgive me,
Luke, 380

If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go."

At this the old Man paused;

Then, pointing to the stones near which
they stood,

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:

"This was a work for us; and now, my
Son, 385

It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own
hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both
may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four

I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy
part; 390

I will do mine.—I will begin again

With many tasks that were resigned to
thee:

Up to the heights, and in among the
storms,

Will I without thee go again, and do 394
All works which I was wont to do alone,

Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless
thee, Boy!

Thy heart these two weeks has been beat-
ing fast

With many hopes; it should be so—yes—
yes—

I knew that thou couldst never have a
wish

To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound
to me 400

Only by links of love: when thou art
gone,

What will be left to us!—But I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,

As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil

men 405

Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy
thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee: amid all
fear

And all temptation, Luke, I pray that
thou

May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers
lived, 410

Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare
thee well—

When thou return'st, thou in this place
wilt see

A work which is not here: a covenant 414

'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate

Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,

And bear thy memory with me to the
grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke
stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid

The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the
sight 420

The old Man's grief broke from him; to
his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissed him and
wept;

And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that House in peace, or
seeming peace,

Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn
the Boy 425

Began his journey, and, when he had
reached

The public way, he put on a bold face;

And all the neighbours, as he passed their
doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell
prayers, 429

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman
come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous
news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout 434
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing
hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once
again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts;
and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure
hour 440
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime
Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame 445
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of
love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would upset the brain, or break the
heart: 450
I have conversed with more than one who
well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to
age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and
cloud, 456
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his
sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to
time 460
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten
yet
'The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all

That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone. 466

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes
was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time
to time, 470
He at the building of this Sheep-fold
wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he
died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the
estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's
hand. 475
The Cottage which was named the EVEN-
ING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through
the ground
On which it stood; great changes have
been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak
is left
That grew beside their door; and the
remains 480
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-
head Ghyll.

XXXIII.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE
SIDE.

[Composed 1837 (?).—Published 1842.]

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest
poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the
door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's
spite 5
She wasted no complaint, but strove to
make
A just repayment, both for conscience-
sake
And that herself and hers should stand
upright

In the world's eye. Her work when day-
light failed
Paused not, and through the depth of
night she kept 10
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never
slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death as-
sailed
Her children from her inmost heart be-
wept.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her
tears to flow, 15
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried
Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching; yea far brighter,
even 20
As that which comes, or seems to come,
from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from
that hour
Whate'er befell she could not grieve or
pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained
a power 26
Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her
thine!

III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could
come
No good but by the way that leads to
bliss 30
Through Death,—so judging we should
judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened
doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the
gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice; 35
No, passing through strange sufferings
toward the tomb,

She smiles as if a martyr's crown were
won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or
waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her
knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies 41
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

XXXIV.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[Composed 1830.—Published 1835.]

[The subject of the following poem is from the
Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry
Digby: and the liberty is taken of inscribing it
to him as an acknowledgment, however unwor-
thy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his
numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of
the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

I.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
How she wooed an English man;"¹
Hear now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldan;
How she loved a Christian Slave, and
told her pain 5
By word, look, deed, with hope that he
might love again.

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale." 10
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may
not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even
for your sake!"

III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity 15
(May they not?) the unfortunate."

¹ See in Percy's Reliques that fine old ballad,
"The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem
the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is
adopted.

"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could
not bear
Life, which to every one that breathes is
full of care."

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs; 20
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high
degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to
set thee free."

V.

"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture 25
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage;
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked
with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from
whom it came." 30

VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered
Even the feeblest may endure:
If almighty grace through me thy chains
unbind, 35
My father for slave's work may seek a
slave in mind."

VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm: 40
Leading such companion I that gilded
dome,
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his
worst home."

VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like
mockery, 45
Sharper than the pointed thorn."

"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too
wide apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes
could see the heart!"

IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield; 50
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assail my cobwebbed shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle
towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts
widowed hours."

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies, 55
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my
purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity." 60

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no
return, 65
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but
cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod! 70
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in
heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt?
where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous converse:
Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together, 75
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her
father's door,
And from her narrow world, she passed
for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
 Urged her steps; she shrunk from
 trust 80
 In a sensual creed that trampled
 Woman's birthright into dust.
 Little be the wonder then, the blame be
 none,
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such bold-
 ness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge :
 In those old romantic days 86
 Mighty were the soul's commandments
 To support, restrain, or raise,
 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes
 rustle near,
 But nothing from their inward selves had
 they to fear. 90

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between
 them,
 Whether printing desert sands
 With accordant steps, or gathering
 Forest-fruit with social hands ;
 Or whispering like two reeds that in the
 cold moonbeam 95
 Bend with the breeze their heads, beside
 a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing
 They at length for Venice steer ;
 There, when they had closed their
 voyage,
 One, who daily on the pier 100
 Watched for tidings from the East, be-
 held his Lord,
 Fell down and clasped his knees for joy,
 not uttering word.

XXIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport ;
 Breathless questions followed fast,
 Years contracting to a moment, 105
 Each word greedier than the last ;
 "Hie thee to the Countess, friend ! return
 with speed,
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her
 lord was freed.

XIX.

"Say that I, who might have languished,
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,
 Now before the gates of Stolberg 111
 My Deliverer would present
 For a crowning recompense, the precious
 grace
 Of her who in my heart still holds her
 ancient place.

XX.

"Make it known that my Companion 115
 Is of royal eastern blood,
 Thirsting after all perfection,
 Innocent, and meek, and good,
 Though with misbelievers bred ; but that
 dark night
 Will holy Church disperse by beams of
 gospel-light." 120

XXI.

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,
 Soon returned a trusty Page
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,
 Thanks and praises, each a gage
 For a sunny thought to cheer the Stran-
 ger's way, 125
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears
 allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
 While beneath their castle-walls
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome !—
 Blest, though every tear that falls 130
 Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
 And makes a meeting seem most like a
 dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
 Glorified by heavenly light,
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer 135
 On that overpowering sight,
 While across her virgin cheek pure blushes
 strayed,
 For every tender sacrifice her heart had
 made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
 Knelt and kissed the Stranger's hand;
 Act of soul-devoted homage, 141
 Pledge of an eternal band:
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss
 belie,
 Which, with a generous shout, the crowd
 did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian, 145
 Gentle pleasures round her moved,
 Like a tutelary spirit
 Reverenced, like a sister loved.
 Christian meekness smoothed for all the
 path of life,
 Who, loving most, should wiseliest love,
 their only strife. 150

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
 In a Saxon church survives,
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculp-
 tured
 As between two wedded Wives—
 Figures with armorial signs of race and
 birth, 155
 And the vain rank the pilgrims bore
 while yet on earth.

XXXV.

LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

(BY MY SISTER.)

[Composed 1832.—Published 1835.]

THERE'S more in words than I can teach:
 Yet listen, Child!—I would not preach;
 But only give some plain directions
 To guide your speech and your affections.
 Say not you *love* a roasted fowl, 5
 But you may love a screaming owl,
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
 That crawls from his secure abode
 Within the mossy garden wall
 When evening dews begin to fall. 10

Oh! mark the beauty of his eye:
 What wonders in that circle lie!
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said
 He wears a jewel in his head!
 And when, upon some showery day, 15
 Into a path or public way
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
 Startling the timid as they pass,
 Do you observe him, and endeavour
 To take the intruder into favour; 20
 Learning from him to find a reason
 For a light heart in a dull season.
 And you may love him in the pool,
 That is for him a happy school,
 In which he swims as taught by nature, 25
 Fit pattern for a human creature,
 Glancing amid the water bright,
 And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
 A love for things that have no feeling: 30
 The spring's first rose by you espied,
 May fill your breast with joyful pride;
 And you may love the strawberry-flower,
 And love the strawberry in its bower;
 But when the fruit, so often praised 35
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner
 mouse,
 Though one of a tribe that torment the
 house: 40
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor
 blind.
 Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a
 worm, 46
 And her soothing song by the winter fire,
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
 It may soar with the eagle and brood with
 the dove, 50
 May pierce the earth with the patient
 mole,
 Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,

Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife,

You love your father and your mother, 55
Your grown-up and your baby brother;
You love your sister and your friends,
And countless blessings which God sends;
And while these right affections play,
You *live* each moment of your day; 60
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But *likings* come, and pass away; 65
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints above.

XXXVI.

FAREWELL LINES.

[Composed 1828 (?).—Published 1842.]

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange,
and here 5
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-
roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises re-
nounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome
Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold 10
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employments, such entire con-
tent.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side, 15
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
And so, when night with grateful gloom
had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that
they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
Where He that made them blesses their
repose.— 21

When wandering among lakes and hills
I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by nature
paired,
And guarded in their tranquil state of
life,
Even, as your happy presence to my mind
Their union brought, will they repay the
debt, 26
And send a thankful spirit back to you,
With hope that we, dear Friends! shall
meet again.

XXXVII.

THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.)

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures
bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest, 5
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read. 10
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glimpses now—now
missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt 15
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling 20
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
Till you have marked his heaving chest,
And busy throat whose sink and swell
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell 25
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain 30

Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,
 With languid limbs and patient head
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;
 Where now she daily hears a strain
 That cheats her of too busy cares, 35
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled
 The fever of that pale-faced Child ;
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring ; 40
 Recalling now, with descant soft
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
 And the invisible sympathy
 Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and
 John, 45
 Blessing the bed she lies upon ?" 1
 And sometimes, just as listening ends
 In slumber, with the cadence blends
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn
 Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim 50
 Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
 When clouds gave way at dead of night
 And the ancient church was filled with
 light,
 Used to sing in heavenly tone, 55
 Above and round the sacred places
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces.

Thrice happy Creature ! in all lands
 Nurtured by hospitable hands :
 Furt entrance to this cot has he, 60
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free ;
 And when the keen unruffled weather,
 That thus brings man and bird together,
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,
 And casement closed and door made fast,
 To keep at bay the howling blast, 66
He needs not fear the season's rage,
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.
 Whether the bird flit here or there,
 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair, 70
 Though some may frown and make a
 stir,

¹ The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
 through the northern counties.

To scare him as a trespasser,
 And he belike will flinch or start,
 Good friends he has to take his part ;
 One chiefly, who with voice and look 75
 Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away
 Her long and vacant holiday ;
 With images about her heart,
 Reflected from the years gone by, 80
 On human nature's second infancy.

XXXVIII.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;
 Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
 And she came far from over the main.
 She has a baby on her arm, 5
 Or else she were alone ;
 And underneath the hay-stack warm,
 And on the greenwood stone,
 She talked and sung the woods among,
 And it was in the English tongue. 10

II.

"Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,
 But nay, my heart is far too glad ;
 And I am happy when I sing
 Full many a sad and doleful thing :
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear ! 15
 I pray thee have no fear of me ;
 But safe as in a cradle, here
 My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :
 To thee I know too much I owe ;
 I cannot work thee any woe. 20

III.

"A fire was once within my brain ;
 And in my head a dull, dull pain ;
 And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
 Hung at my breast, and pulled at me ;
 But then there came a sight of joy ; 25
 It came at once to do me good ;
 I waked, and saw my little boy,
 My little boy of flesh and blood ;

Oh joy for me that sight to see !
For he was here, and only he. 30

IV.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again !
It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;
Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh ! press me with thy little hand ; 35
It loosens something at my chest ;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree :
It comes to cool my babe and me. 40

V.

"Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !
Thou art thy mother's only joy ;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;
The high crag cannot work me harm, 45
Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul ;
Then happy lie ; for blest am I ;
Without me my sweet babe would die. 50

VI.

"Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be ;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower ; I know 55
The leaves that make the softest bed :
And if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring. 60

VII.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;
'Tis all thine own !—and if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,

'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove ! 65
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love ;
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
'Tis well for me thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be. 70

VIII.

"Dread not their taunts, my little Life ;
I am thy father's wedded wife ;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake, 75
With me he never would have stayed ;
From him no harm my babe can take ;
But he, poor man ! is wretched made ;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away 80

IX.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe ! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear 85
child ?
What wicked looks are those I see ?
Alas ! Alas ! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me :
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad. 90

X.

"Oh ! smile on me, my little lamb !
For I thy own dear mother am :
My love for thee has well been tried :
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade ; 95
I know the earth-nuts fit for food ;
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid :
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods
away !
And there, my babe, we'll live for
aye." 100

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country, and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

It was an April morning : fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed ; and yet
the voice

Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone. 5
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things

Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge
on

The steps of June ; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object : but, meanwhile,
prevailed 12

Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful
day 16

Were native to the summer.—Up the
brook

I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came 20
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that
all

Which I till then had heard appeared the
voice

Of common pleasure : beast and bird, the
lamb,

25

The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the
thrush,

Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth

Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here ; 30

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the
birch,

The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent
furze :

And on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell 35
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,

"Our thoughts at least are ours ; and this
wild nook,

My EMMA¹, I will dedicate to thee."

—Soon did the spot become my other
home, 40

My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,

To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, per-
haps,

Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this
wild place, 46

May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

¹ *Emma* : the poet's sister Dora, just as *Emmeline* is elsewhere used as a pseudonym for Dorothy. See editor's note on *To a Butterfly*, p. 897.—En.

II.

TO JOANNA.

[Composed August, 1800.—Published 1800.]

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you
learned,

From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fire-side,
With such a strong devotion, that your
heart

Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the
streams and groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you
; well,

Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were
happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days
past,

Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-
tower,

The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and, when he
had asked,

“How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted
Maid!

And when will she return to us?” he
paused;

And, after short exchange of village news,
He with grave looks demanded for what
cause,

Reviving obsolete idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiselled out
Some uncouth name upon the native rock,
Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.

—Now, by those dear immunities of heart
Engendered between malice and true love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—“As it befell,

One summer morning we had walked
abroad

At break of day, Joanna and myself.
—’Twas that delightful season when the
broom,

Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha’s banks;
And, when we came in front of that tall
rock

That eastward looks, I there stopped short
—and stood

Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such delight I
found

To note in shrub and tree, in stone and
flower,

That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,

In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
—When I had gazed perhaps two minutes’
space,

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed
aloud.

The Rock, like something starting from a
sleep,

Took up the Lady’s voice, and laughed
again;

That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg
heard,

And Fairfield answered with a mountain
tone;

Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady’s voice,—old Skiddaw
blew

His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the
clouds

Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty
head.

—Now whether (said I to our cordial
Friend,

Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face) this were in simple
truth

A work accomplished by the brotherhood

Of ancient mountains, or my ear was
touched 70

With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills.
And, while we both were listening, to my
side

The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished 75
To shelter from some object of her fear.
—And hence, long afterwards, when eigh-
teen moons

Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,
In memory of affections old and true, 81
I chiselled out in those rude characters
Joanna's name deep in the living stone:—
And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,
Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S
Rock." 85

NOTE.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland are
several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which,
from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the
workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic.
They are, without doubt, Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the
River which, flowing through the lakes of Gras-
mere and Rydal, falls into Winandermere. On
Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain at
the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which
from most points of view bears a striking resem-
blance to an old Woman cowering. Close by this
rock is one of those fissures or caverns, which in
the language of the country are called dungeons.
Most of the mountains here mentioned imme-
diately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the
others, some are at a considerable distance, but
they belong to the same cluster.

III.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun;
We can behold it from our orchard seat;
And, when at evening we pursue our walk
Along the public way, this Peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height, 6
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make of it a favourite haunt:
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair

As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth
The loneliest place we have among the
clouds.

And She who dwells with me, whom I
have loved

With such communion that no place on
earth 15

Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely Summit given my
Name.

IV.

[Composed October 10, 1800.—Published 1800.]

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed
Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern
shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy: 5
And there myself and two beloved Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.
—Ill suits the road with one in haste;
but we 10

Played with our time; and, as we strolled
along,

It was our occupation to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed
ashore—

Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered
bough,

Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant
mood, 16

Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead
calm lake,

Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak assudden;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its
horse,

Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
—And often, trifling with a privilege 26
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
And now the other, to point out, perchance
To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too
fair

Either to be divided from the place 30
 On which it grew, or to be left alone
 To its own beauty. Many such there are,
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that
 tall fern,

So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named;
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode 35
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the
 side "

Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
 —So fared we that bright morning: from
 the fields,

Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy
 mirth 40

Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls.
 Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
 And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
 Along the indented shore; when suddenly,
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze was
 seen 45

Before us, on a point of jutting land,
 The tall and upright figure of a Man
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.
 "Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,
 "The Man must be, who thus can lose a
 day 51

Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's
 hire

Is ample, and some little might be stored
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter
 time."

Thus talking of that Peasant, we ap-
 proached 55

Close to the spot where with his rod and
 line

He stood alone; whereat he turned his
 head

To greet us—and we saw a Man worn down
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken
 cheeks

And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
 That for my single self I looked at them,
 Forgetful of the body they sustained.— 62

Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
 The Man was using his best skill to gain
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say
 What thoughts immediately were ours,
 nor how 67

The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
 With all its lovely images, was changed
 To serious musing and to self-reproach. 70
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.
 —Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then
 received 75

The same admonishment, have called the
 place

By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast;
 And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the Name
 it bears. 80

V.

TO M. H.

[Composed after December 21, and before
 December 28, 1799.—Published 1800.]

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees:
 There was no road, nor any woodman's
 path;

But a thick umbrage—checking the wild
 growth

Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
 Beneath the branches—of itself had made
 A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
 And a small bed of water in the woods. 7
 All round this pool both flocks and herds
 might drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,
 Or some stone-basin which the herdsman's
 hand 10

Had shaped for their refreshment; nor
 did sun,

Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
 But as a blessing to this calm recess,
 This glade of water and this one green
 field,

The spot was made by Nature for herself;
 The travellers know it not, and 'twill
 remain 16

Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
 And if a man should plant his cottage near,
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
 And blend its waters with his daily meal,
 He would so love it, that in his death-hour
 Its image would survive among his
 thoughts: 22

And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still
Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named from
You !

VI.

[Begun August 29, 30, 1800.—Finished 1802.—
Published 1815.]

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy world
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to
week, 5
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were
clogged

With frequent showers of snow. Upon a
hill,

At a short distance from my cottage, stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof 10
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.

Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
And sometimes on a speck of visible earth,
The redbreast near me hopped; nor was
I loth 15

To sympathize with vulgar coppice birds
That, for protection from the nipping blast,
Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew
Within this grove of firs! and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;
A last year's nest, conspicuously built 21
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that
house

Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long 25
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes
A few sheep, stragglers from some moun-
tain-flock,

Would watch my motions with suspicious
stare,

From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—
Some nook where they had made their
final stand, 30

Huddling together from two fears—the
fear

Of me and of the storm. Full many an
hour

Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees

Had been so thickly planted and had
thriven

In such perplexed and intricate array, 35
That vainly did I seek beneath their stems
A length of open space, where to and fro
My feet might move without concern or
care;

And, baffled thus, though earth from day
to day

Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-
turbed, 40

I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and
prized,

Less than I wished to prize, that calm
recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring
returned

To clothe the fields with verdure. Other
haunts

Meanwhile were mine; till one bright
April day, 45

By chance retiring from the glare of noon
To this forsaken covert, there I found

A hoary pathway traced between the trees,
And winding on with such an easy line

Along a natural opening, that I stood 50
Much wondering how I could have sought
in vain

For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,

Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;

And with the sight of this same path—
begun, 56

Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind

That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye, 60

A heart more wakeful; and had worn the
track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot

That haunts the Sailor, measuring o'er
and o'er

His short domain upon the vessel's deck, 65
While she pursues her course through the

dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's
pleasant shore,

And taken thy first leave of those green hills
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,
 Year followed year, my Brother! and we two, 70
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould
 Each other's mind was fashioned; and at length,
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
 Between us there was little other bond
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.
 But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried 76
 Undying recollections; Nature there
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
 A *silent* Poet; from the solitude 80
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.¹
 —Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
 Could I withhold thy honoured name,—
 and now 86
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome
 and strong;
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful
 lake 91
 And one green island, gleam between the
 stems
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!
 And while I gaze upon the spectacle
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like
 sight 95
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,

My Brother, and on all which thou hast
 lost.
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
 Muttering the verses which I muttered
 first
 Among the mountains, through the mid-
 night watch 100
 Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck
 In some far region, here, while o'er my
 head,
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like
 sound,
 Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know,
 Timing my steps to thine; and, with a
 store 106
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
 When we, and others whom we love, shall
 meet 109
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

NOTE.—This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the *Earl of Abergavenny*.

VII.

[Composed 1845.—Published 1845.]

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose
 base
 Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad
 Rocks ascend
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
 Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
 O'erlake and stream, mountain and flowery
 mead, 5
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
 Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to
 climb, 95
 And took no note of the hour while thence
 they gazed, 10
 The blooming heath their couch, gazed
 side by side,
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness
 And frequent sharer of their calm delight
 With thankful heart, to either Eminence
 Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.

¹ Lines 1-83 were probably written on August 29, 30, 1800; the remainder in 1802, while John W. was absent on the voyage to China from which he returned in September of that year. Can this be the *Silver How Poem* to which (Dorothy W. tells us) William wrote a conclusion on March 26, 1802? See Knight's "Life of W. W.," vol. I. pp. 302-3.—Ed.

Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand	16	With like command of beauty—grant your aid
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love		For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent claim, ¹
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—		That their pure joy in nature may survive
That, while the generations of mankind		From age to age in blended memory. 26
Follow each other to their hiding-place 20		
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure		
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced		

¹ MARY, the poet's wife; SARAH, her sister, who died at Rydal Mount on June 23, 1835. See *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, I. XXIX.—ED.

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

I.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

[Composed 1828.—Published 1832.]

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to
throw ;

Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of
woe :

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry 5
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death ; and when
the owl

Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—
Tu-whit—Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to com-
plain ; 10

Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked
Indians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK
AWAY !" 15
And in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR
WILL !" 1

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder ? at her bidding, ancient
lays 19
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel ;
And that fleet messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twittered subject to like
spell ;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant
Lark
To melancholy service—hark ! O hark !

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn, 25
Not lifting yet the head that evening
bowed ;

But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy
cloud ;

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal
spark ;

The happiest bird that sprang out of the
Ark ! 30

Hail, blest above all kinds !—Supremely
skilled

Restless with fixed to balance, high with
low,

Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to
build

On such forbearance as the deep may
show ; 34

Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the
meek dove ;

Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee ;
So constant with thy downward eye of
love,

Yet, in ærial singleness, so free ; 40
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice

In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-
prompted strain,

(*'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing
bond,* 45

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege !
to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.²

¹ See Waterton's "Wanderings in South America."

² This stanza was transferred in 1845 to its present place from the poem (composed 1825 ; published 1827) *To a Skylark*, beginning, "Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky,"—ED.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own
domain !

Urania's self might welcome with pleased
ear

These matins mounting towards her na-
tive sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no
bars

To daylight known deter from that pur-
suit,

'Tis well that some sage instinct, when
the stars

Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still
and mute ;

For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they
shine !

II.

A FLOWER GARDEN

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

TELL me, ye Zephyrs ! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-stealing hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers ?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still growths that prosper here ?
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blown rose, the lily spare ?

Or peeped they often from their beds,
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bosom to the sun endeared ?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer-long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
So subtly are our eyes beguiled,
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild ;
The sight is free as air—or crost
Only by art in nature lost.

And though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the ministers of hope
Are tempted to this sunny slope !

And hither throngs of birds resort ;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests ;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows ;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Memento for some docile heart ;
That may respect the good old age
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page ;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.

III.

[Composed March 18, 1798.—Published 1800.]

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling
sound ;

Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.

But see ! where'er the hailstones drop
 The withered leaves all skip and hop ;
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
 Yet here, and there, and every where 15
 Along the floor, beneath the shade
 By those embowering hollies made,
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
 As if with pipes and music rare
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there, 20
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

IV.

THE WATERFALL AND THE
EGLANTINE.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

I.

BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"
 Exclaimed an angry Voice,
 "Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
 Between me and my choice!"
 A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows 5
 Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
 That, all bespattered with his foam,
 And dancing high and dancing low,
 Was living, as a child might know,
 In an unhappy home. 10

II.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
 Off, off ! or, puny Thing !
 I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
 To which thy fibres cling."
 The Flood was tyrannous and strong ; 15
 The patient Briar suffered long,
 Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
 Hoping the danger would be past ;
 But, seeing no relief, at last
 He ventured to reply. 20

III.

"Ah !" said the Briar, "blame me not ;
 Why should we dwell in strife?
 We who in this sequestered spot
 Once lived a happy life !
 You stirred me on my rocky bed— 25
 What pleasure through my veins you
 spread

The summer long, from day to day,
 My leaves you freshened and bedewed ;
 Nor was it common gratitude
 That did your cares repay. 30

IV.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,
 Among these rocks did I
 Before you hang my wreaths to tell
 That gentle days were nigh !
 And in the sultry summer hours 35
 I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;
 And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
 The linnet lodged, and for us two
 Chanted his pretty songs, when you
 Had little voice or none. 40

V.

"But now proud thoughts are in your
 breast—
 What grief is mine you see,
 Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest
 Together we might be !
 Though of both leaf and flower bereft, 45
 Some ornaments to me are left—
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
 With which I, in my humble way,
 Would deck you many a winter day,
 A happy Eglantine !" 50

VI.

What more he said I cannot tell,
 The Torrent down the rocky dell
 Came thundering loud and fast ;
 I listened, nor aught else could hear ;
 The Briar quaked—and much I fear 55
 Those accents were his last.

V.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

I.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
 Beside the babbling rills ;
 A careful student he had been
 Among the woods and hills.
 One winter's night, when through the
 trees 5
 The wind was roaring, on his knees

His youngest born did Andrew hold ;
 And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
 Were seated round their blazing fire,
 This Tale the Shepherd told.

10

II.

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
 As ever tempest beat !
 Out of its head an Oak had grown,
 A Broom out of its feet.
 The time was March, a cheerful noon— 15
 The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
 Breathed gently from the warm south-
 west :

When, in a voice sedate with age,
 This Oak, a giant and a sage,
 His neighbour thus addressed :—

20

III.

"Eight weary weeks, through rock and
 clay,
 Along this mountain's edge,
 The Frost hath wrought both night and
 day,

Wedge driving after wedge.
 Look up ! and think, above your head 25
 What trouble, surely, will be bred ;
 Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
 The splinters took another road—
 I see them yonder—what a load
 For such a Thing as you !

30

IV.

"You are preparing as before,
 To deck your slender shape ;
 And yet, just three years back—no more—
 You had a strange escape :
 Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ; 35
 It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
 And hitherward pursued its way ;
 This ponderous block was caught by me,
 And o'er your head, as you may see,
 'Tis hanging to this day !

40

V.

"If breeze or bird to this rough steep
 Your kind's first seed did bear ;
 The breeze had better been asleep,
 The bird caught in a snare :
 For you and your green twigs decoy 45
 The little witless shepherd-boy

To come and slumber in your bower ;
 And trust me, on some sultry noon,
 Both you and he, Heaven knows how
 soon !

Will perish in one hour.

50

VI.

"From me this friendly warning take'—
 The Broom began to doze,
 And thus, to keep herself awake,
 Did gently interpose :
 'My thanks for your discourse are due ;
 That more than what you say is true 56
 I know, and I have known it long ;
 Frail is the bond by which we hold
 Our being, whether young or old,
 Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

60

VII.

"Disasters, do the best we can,
 Will reach both great and small ;
 And he is oft the wisest man,
 Who is not wise at all.
 For me, why should I wish to roam ? 65
 This spot is my paternal home,
 It is my pleasant heritage ;
 My father many a happy year
 Spread here his careless blossoms, here
 Attained a good old age.

70

VIII.

"Even such as his may be my lot.
 What cause have I to haunt
 My heart with terrors ? Am I not
 In truth a favoured plant !
 On me such bounty Summer pours, 75
 That I am covered o'er with flowers ;
 And when the Frost is in the sky,
 My branches are so fresh and gay
 That you might look at me and say,
 This Plant can never die.

80

IX.

"The butterfly, all green and gold,
 To me hath often flown,
 Here in my blossoms to behold
 Wings lovely as his own.
 When grass is chill with rain or dew, 85
 Beneath my shade the mother-ewe
 Lies with her infant lamb ; I see
 The love they to each other make,
 And the sweet joy which they partake,
 It is a joy to me.

90

X.

"Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the oak 95
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there. 100

XI.

"One night, my Children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak, 105
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day." 110

VI.

TO A SEXTON.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

LET thy wheel-barrow alone—
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone?
'Tis already like a hill
In a field of battle made, 5
Where three thousand skulls are laid;
These died in peace each with the other,—
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!
From this platform, eight feet square, 10
Take not even a finger-joint:
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended. 16

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families! 20

By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear, 25
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbours in mortality,
And should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her, 31
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

[Composed 1802.—Published 1807.]

"Her¹ divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man."

G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,— 5
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs; 10
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight 15
When rains are on thee.

¹ His Muse.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;

Yet nothing daunted, 20
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought;
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews 25
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews

Her head impearling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame; 30
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie 35
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy. 40

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight; 45
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn 51
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs 55
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness: 60
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet, 65
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence, 70
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun 75
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.¹ 80

VIII.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

[Composed 1802.—Published 1807.]

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place 5
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes, 10
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game, 15
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport 20
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

¹ See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

A little Cyclops with one eye 25
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish—and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold, 30
 That spreads itself, some faery bold
 In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star ;
 Not quite so fair as many are 35
 In heaven above thee !
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
 May peace come never to his nest,
 Who shall reprove thee ! 40

Bright *Flower* ! for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature !
 That breath'st with me in sun and air, 45
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

IX.

THE GREEN LINNET.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet 5
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest : 10
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May ; 15
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment : 20

A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair ;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.
 Amid yon tuft of hazel trees, 25
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There ! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings 30
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves 35
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes. 40

X.

TO A SKY-LARK.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

UP with me ! up with me into the clouds !
 For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing, 5
 Lift me, guide me, till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses
 dreary,
 And to-day my heart is weary ;
 Had I now the wings of a Faery, 10
 Up to thee would I fly.
 There is madness about thee, and joy
 divine
 In that song of thine ;
 Lift me, guide me, high and high
 To thy banqueting place in the sky. 15

Joyous as morning,
 Thou art laughing and scorning ;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy
 rest,
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveller as I, 21
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain
 river
 Pouring out praise to the almighty
 Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both ! 25

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways
 must wind ;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on, 30
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's
 day is done.

XI.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.¹

[Composed April 30, 1802.—Published 1807.]

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets, 5
 They will have a place in story :
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ; 10
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little Flower—I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer. 15

Modest, yet withal an Elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
 Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low, 20
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know ;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush, 25
 In the time before the thrush

Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless Prodigal ; 30
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
 Travel with the multitude :
 Never heed them ; I aver 35
 That they all are wanton wooers ;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home ;
 Spring is coming, Thou art come ! 40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit !
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face 45
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane ;—there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours ! 50
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no ;
 Others, too, of lofty mien ;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine, 55
 Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth ;
 Herald of a mighty band, 60
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

XII.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

[Composed May 1, 1802.—Published 1807.]

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
 When they lie about our feet :
 February last, my heart
 First at sight of thee was glad ;

¹ Common Pilewort.

All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine ! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me ;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold ;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied ?¹

¹ This stanza originally came after line 40 of the preceding poem (No. XI.). It was placed here in 1845.—Ed.

5 Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon :"
50 Let the bold Discoverer thrid
In his bark the polar sea ;
Rear who will a pyramid ;
10 Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
55 Who will love my little Flower.

XIII.

THE SEVEN SISTERS ;

OR,

THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

[Composed before August 17, 1800.—Published 1807.]

20 SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother :
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought !
5 Seven Sisters that together dwell ;
25 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
10 The solitude of Binnorie !

II.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering :
35 Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne ;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark ! the Leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
40 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
20 The solitude of Binnorie.

III.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
45 They lie like fawns reposing.
25 But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, Father-knight, 30
Methinks you take small heed !

G

Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

IV.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And over hill and hollow, 35
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam :
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home; 40
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind !"
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

V.

Some close behind, some side by side, 45
Like clouds in stormy weather ;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;
There never foot had been ; 50
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie. 55

VI.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare, 60
Have risen from out the deep :
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully, 65
The solitude of Binnorie.

XIV.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

WHO fancied what a pretty sight
This Rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops ? circlet bright !
How glorious to this orchard-ground !
Who loved the little Rock, and set 5
Upon its head this coronet ?

Was it the humour of a child ?
Or rather of some gentle maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was styled
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed ? 10
Of man mature, or matron sage ?
Or old man toying with his age ?

I asked—'twas whispered ; The device
To each and all might well belong :
It is the Spirit of Paradise 15
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent.

XV.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

[Composed April 18, 1802.—Published 1807.]

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin ;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn-winds are sobbing ? 5
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors ?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland ?
The bird that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother, 10
The darling of children and men ?
Could Father Adam¹ open his eyes
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
—If the Butterfly knew but his friend, 15
Hither his flight he would bend ;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree :
In and out, he darts about ;
Can this be the bird, to man so good, 20
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood ?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst
pursue
A beautiful creature, 25
That is gentle by nature ?

¹ See "Paradise Lost," Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two Birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness, 30
 He is the friend of our summer gladness:
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together!
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest, 35
 A crimson as bright as thine own:
 Wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone!

XVI.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG
 THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

[Composed 1812.—Published 1820.]

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!
 Night has brought the welcome hour,
 When the weary fingers feel
 Help, as if from faery power;
 Dewy night o'ershades the ground; 5
 Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
 Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—
 Ply the pleasant labour, ply!
 For the spindle, while they sleep, 10
 Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
 Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
 By a glance from fickle eyes;
 But true love is like the thread 15
 Which the kindly wool supplies,
 When the flocks are all at rest,
 Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

XVII.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

"WHO but hails the sight with pleasure
 When the wings of genius rise,
 Their ability to measure
 With great enterprise;

But in man was ne'er such daring 5
 As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
 His brave spirit with the war in
 The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
 Lays it by, at will resumes! 10
 Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
 Clouds and utter glooms!
 There he wheels in downward mazes;
 Sunward now his flight he raises,
 Catches fire, as seems, and blazes 15
 With uninjured plumes!"

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
 Which aloft thou dost discern;
 No bold *bird* gone forth to forage 20
 'Mid the tempest stern;
 But such mockery as the nations
 See, when public perturbations
 Lift men from their native stations,
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

"Such it is; the aspiring creature 25
 Soaring on undaunted wing,
 (So you fancied) is by nature
 A dull helpless thing,
 Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
 That to be the tempest's fellow! 30
 Wait—and you shall see how hollow
 Its endeavouring!"

XVIII.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE
FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

[Composed 1827.—Published 1827.]

FROWNS are on every Muse's face,
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,
 That mimicry should thus disgrace
 The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size! 5
 Needles for strings in apt gradation!
 Minerva's self would stigmatize
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued
 Arachne's rival spirit, 10
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest
 mood,
 Such honour could not merit.

And this too from the Laureate's Child,
A living lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled 15
To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,
"Bard! moderate your ire;
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
In presence of the lyre. 20

"The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
Have shells to fit their tiny hands
And suit their slender lays.

"Some, still more delicate of ear, 25
Have lutes (believe my words)
Whose framework is of gossamer,
While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,
Made vocal by their brushing wings, 30
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport
Around its polished strings;

"Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
While in her lonely bower she tries
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer, 35
By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
Nor think the Harp her lot depletes;
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine
bright,
Love stoops as fondly as he soars." 40

XIX.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD
WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS
THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE
ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

[Composed 1845 (?).—Published 1845.]

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
That in Madeira bloom and fade,
I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
Nor through their sunny lawns have
strayed?

How they in sprightly dance are worn 5
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
Or holy festal pomps adorn,
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
No like remembrances can give, 10
Your portraits still may reach the heart
And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope, 15
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may trace
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
A *Speedwell* may not want its place. 20
And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet 25
From heaven to earth our thoughts will
pass,
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant 30
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier
breath;

Alas! that meek that tender smile 35
Is but a harbinger of death:
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last
token. 40

XX.

[Composed 1845 (?).—Published 1845.]

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn
tie;

The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky, 5
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.

XXI.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

[Composed 1825.—Published 1827.]

I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues,
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven !
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given ;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired ;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired !

II.

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tried ; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring was reared
Is warmed thro' winter by her feathery
breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain ;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in
vain.

Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favoured
pair,
Which would' you be,—the bird of the
saloon,
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?

XXII.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

I.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut ;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II.

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest ;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird, hath here his home ;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers :—to other dells
Their burdens do they bear ;
The Danish Boy walks here alone :
The lovely dell is all his own.

III.

A Spirit of noon-day is he ;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.

A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue
He suits its melody.
Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V.

There sits he; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove:
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

XXIII.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

XXIV.

STRAY PLEASURES.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

“—*Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall
find.*”

By their floating mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon Prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast
of the Thames!
The platform is small, but gives room for
them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tethered
fast:
To the small wooden isle where, their
work to beguile,
They from morning to even take what-
ever is given;—
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund
as free,
While they dance on the calm river's
breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,
 They themselves make the reel, 20
 And their music's a prey which they
 seize;
 It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis
 theirs;¹
 And if they had care, it has scattered
 their cares
 While they dance, crying, "Long as ye
 please!"

They dance not for me, 25
 Yet mine is their glee!
 Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever
 shall find;
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly
 kind,
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring 31
 Rouse the birds, and they sing;
 If the wind do but stir for his proper
 delight,
 Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour
 will kiss;
 Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after
 his brother; 35
 They are happy, for that is their right!

XXV.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

[Composed 1818.—Published 1820.]

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
 Had closed upon his weary way,
 A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
 But him the haughty Warder spurned;
 And from the gate the Pilgrim turned, 5
 To seek such covert as the field
 Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
 Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and pensively,
 Halting beneath a shady tree, 10
 Whose moss-grown root might serve for
 couch or seat,
 Fixed on a Star his upward eye;

Then from the tenant of the sky
 He turned, and watched with kindred
 look
 A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook, 15
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
 A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy
 bounds

He recognised the earth-born Star, 20
 And *That* which glittered from afar;
 And (strange to witness!) from the frame
 Of the ethereal Orb there came
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light 25
 That now, when day was fled, and night
 Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary
 eyes,

A very reptile could presume
 To show her taper in the gloom,
 As if in rivalry with One 30
 Who sat a ruler on his throne
 Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
 "Abate this unbecoming pride,
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine; 35
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays
 Are mastered by the breathing haze;
 While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
 That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
 Hath power to injure mine. 40

"But not for this do I aspire
 To match the spark of local fire,
 That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
 With thy acknowledged glories;—No!
 Yet, thus upbraided, I may show 45
 What favours do attend me here,
 Till, like thyself, I disappear
 Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
 Across the welkin seemed to spread 50
 A boding sound—for aught but sleep
 unfit!

Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
 That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
 And reeled with visionary stir
 In the blue depth, like Lucifer 55
 Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged : and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth :

And all the happy Souls that rode 60
Transfigured through that fresh abode
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth !

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice 65
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea :
Waking at morn he murmured not ;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared, 70
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

XXVI.

THE POET AND THE CAGED
TURTLEDOVE.

[Composed 1830.—Published 1835.]

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near
The Turtle dove replies :
Though silent as a leaf before, 5
The captive promptly coos ;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak Muse ?

I rather think the gentle Dove
Is murmuring a reproof, 10
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof ;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
Have carolled, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet Bird ! to do me wrong ;
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song : 20
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre—
That coo again !—'tis not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire.

XXVII.

A WREN'S NEST.

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires, 5
And seldom needs a laboured roof ;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal, 10
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess, 15
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook ;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook. 20

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song ;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build, 25
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best ; 30
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak, 35
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil. 40

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
 And fixed an infant's span above
 The budding flowers, peeped forth the
 nest
 The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show 45
 To some whose minds without disdain
 Can turn to little things; but once
 Looked up for it in vain :

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song, 50
 'Tis gone ! (so seemed it) and we grieved
 Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
 In clearer light the moss-built cell
 I saw, espied its shaded mouth ; 55
 And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
 The largest of her upright leaves ;
 And thus, for purposes benign,
 A simple flower deceives. 60

Concealed from friends who might disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands
 On barbarous plunder bent, 64

Rest, Mother-bird ! and when thy young
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
 When withered is the guardian Flower,
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
 Amid the unviolated grove 70
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
 In foresight, or in love.

XXVIII.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1842.]

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you
 may,
 Though the red Flower, not prostrate,
 only droops,
 As we have seen it here from day to day,
 From month to month, life passing not
 away :
 A flower how rich in sadness ! Even thus
 stoops, 5

(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's mar-
 vellous power),
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and body
 bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languish-
 ment,
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower !
 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led, 10
 Though by a slender thread,)
 So drooped Adonis, bathed in sanguine
 dew
 Of his death-wound, when he from in-
 nocent air
 The gentlest breath of resignation drew ;
 While Venus in a passion of despair 15
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
 Spangled with drops of that celestial
 shower.
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do ;
 But pangs more lasting far *that* Lover
 knew
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in
 some lone bower 20
 Did press this semblance of unpitied
 smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast Flower !
 could share
 With thine, and gave the mournful name
 which thou wilt ever bear. 24

XXIX.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1842.]

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers
 decay,
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more
 deprest,
 This Flower, that first appeared as sum-
 mer's guest,
 Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal
 leaves, 5
 And to her mournful habits fondly
 cleaves.
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased
 to bloom,
 One after one submitting to their doom,
 G 3

When her coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her
lonesome bed? 10

The old mythologists, more impressed
than we
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air 15
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a
cause

To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand
tales

Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
Nor doubt that something of their spirit
swayed 20

The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick
Maid,

Who, while each stood companionless and
eyed

This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow
to cure, 24

A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer *Love lies
Bleeding.*

XXX.

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

[Composed 1832.—Published 1835.]

SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock?

A second darted by;—and lo!

Another of the flock,

Through sunshine flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock. 6

Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April's mimicries!

Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees, 10

Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the
spray

To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen,

Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers, 15
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
That not in vain aspired 20
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows; 25
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, out-
brave

The floweret as it springs,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things: 30

But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased 35
Whom oftenest she beguiles.

XXXI.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1807.]

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three— 5
From the lofty elder-tree!

Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think, 10

From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed

Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute, 15

In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow; 20

There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:

What intensesness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire !
 With a tiger-leap half-way
 25 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again :
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjurer ;
 30 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare, 35
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure ! 40

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
 Here, for neither Babe nor me,
 Other playmate can I see.
 Of the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale, so blithe a place ;
 Multitudes are swept away
 Never more to breathe the day :
 Some are sleeping ; some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands ;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighbourhood ;
 And among the Kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree ;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out ;
 Hung—head pointing towards the ground—
 Fluttered, perched, into a round 70
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;

Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin !
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !
 Light of heart and light of limb ;
 What is now become of Him ? 75
 Lambs, that through the mountains
 went

Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill, 80
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain, 85
 And the air is calm in vain ;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure ;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy : 90
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety ? 45

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell 95
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature ;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show, 100
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Dora's face ;
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms 105
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair ! 110
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason,
 Will walk through life in such a way
 65 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess 115
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy ;
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy ; 120

I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought, 125
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

XXXII.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT
DAUGHTER, DORA,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A
MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

[Composed September 16, 1804.—Published 1815.]

———HAST thou then survived—
Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn—one life of that bright
star,
The second glory of the Heavens?—Thou
hast; 5
Already hast survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide
earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the Race of human kind
proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday; 10
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory?
Neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet
hail to Thee, 15
Frail, feeble, Monthling!—by that name,
methinks,
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned
out
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian
birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and
leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs, 20
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the
night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face

Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctually
timed 26
Thine infant history, on the minds of
those
Who might have wandered with thee.—
Mother's love,
Nor less than mother's love in other
breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly
housed, 30
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine; 35
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless
tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless
state, 40
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
And first;—thy sinless progress, through
a world 46
By sorrow darkened and by care dis-
turbed,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through
gathered clouds
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant
gloom. 50
Fair are ye both, and both are free from
stain:
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy
horn
With brightness! leaving her to post
along,
And range about, disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she
wears. 55
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
Babe,
That will suffice thee; and it seems that
now

Thou hast foreknowledge that such task
is thine;
Thou travellest so contentedly, and
sleep'st 59
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object
sullied o'er
By breathing mist; and thine appears
to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end. 65
—That smile forbids the thought; for on
thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of
dawn,
To shoot and circulate; smiles have there
been seen;
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be
called 71
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy
way
Through a strait passage intricate and
dim?
Such are they; and the same are tokens,
signs, 75
Which, when the appointed season hath
arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to
own.

XXXIII.

THE WAGGONER.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1819.]

"In Cairo's crowded streets

The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay."

THOMSON.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the
Tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE
WAGGONER was not added?"—To say the truth,
—from the higher tone of imagination, and
the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the
former, I apprehended this little Piece could not

accompany it without disadvantage. In the
year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAG-
GONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as
you have remembered it for so long a time, I
am the more encouraged to hope that, since
the localities on which the Poem partly depends
did not prevent its being interesting to you, it
may prove acceptable to others. Being there-
fore in some measure the cause of its present
appearance, you must allow me the gratification
of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of
the pleasure I have derived from your Writings,
and of the high esteem with which

I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, May 20, 1819.

Canto First.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is
stealing;
The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round,
is wheeling,—
That solitary bird
Is all that can be heard 5
In silence deeper far than that of deepest
noon!
Confiding Glow-worms, 'tis a night
Propitious to your earth-born light!
But where the scattered stars are seen
In hazy straits the clouds between, 10
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Seems changed into a pallid spot.
The mountains against heaven's grave
weight
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.
The air, as in a lion's den, 15
Is close and hot;—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease;
But the dews allay the heat, 20
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
Companion of the night and day. 25
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound
In a moment lost and found,

The Wain announces—by whose side
 Along the banks of Rydal Mere 30
 He paces on, a trusty Guide,—
 Listen ! you can scarcely hear !
 Hither he his course is bending ;—
 Now he leaves the lower ground,
 And up the craggy hill ascending 35
 Many a stop and stay he makes,
 Many a breathing-fit he takes ;
 Steep the way and wearisome,
 Yet all the while his whip is dumb !

The Horses have worked with right
 good-will, 40
 And so have gained the top of the hill ;
 He was patient, they were strong,
 And now they smoothly glide along,
 Recovering breath, and pleased to win
 The praises of mild Benjamin. 45
 Heaven shield him from mishap and
 snare !

But why so early with this prayer ?—
 Is it for threatenings in the sky ?
 Or for some other danger nigh ?
 No ; none is near him yet, though he 50
 Be one of much infirmity ;
 For at the bottom of the brow,
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Offered a greeting of good ale
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale ; 55
 And called on him who must depart
 To leave it with a jovial heart ;
 There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Once hung, a Poet harbours now,
 A simple water-drinking Bard ; 60
 Why need our Hero then (though frail
 His best resolves) be on his guard ?
 He marches by, secure and bold ;
 Yet, while he thinks on times of old,
 It seems that all looks wondrous cold ; 65
 He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,
 And, for the honest folk within,
 It is a doubt with Benjamin
 Whether they be alive or dead !

Here is no danger,—none at all ! 70
 Beyond his wish he walks secure ;
 But pass a mile—and then for trial,—
 Then for the pride of self-denial ;
 If he resist that tempting door,
 Which with such friendly voice will call ;

If he resist those casement panes, 76
 And that bright gleam which thence will
 fall
 Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,
 Inviting him with cheerful lure :
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere, 80
 Some shining notice will be there,
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well
 Is known, and by as strong a spell
 As used to be that sign of love 85
 And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE ;
 He knows it to his cost, good Man !
 Who does not know the famous SWAN ?
 Object uncouth ! and yet our boast,
 For it was painted by the Host ; 90
 His own conceit the figure planned,
 'Twas coloured all by his own hand ;
 And that frail Child of thirsty clay,
 Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
 Could tell with self-dissatisfaction 95
 Quaint stories of the bird's attraction !¹

Well ! that is past—and in despite
 Of open door and shining light,
 And now the conqueror essays
 The long ascent of Dunmail-raise ; 100
 And with his team is gentle here
 As when he clomb from Rydal Mere ;
 His whip they do not dread—his voice
 They only hear it to rejoice.
 To stand or go is at *their* pleasure ; 105
 Their efforts and their time they measure
 By generous pride within the breast ;
 And while they strain, and while they rest,
 He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night— 110
 And with proud cause my heart is light :
 I trespassed lately worse than ever—
 But Heaven has blest a good endeavour ;
 And, to my soul's content, I find
 The evil One is left behind. 115
 Yes, let my master fume and fret,
 Here am I—with my horses yet !
 My jolly team, he finds that ye
 Will work for nobody but me !

¹ This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

Full proof of this the Country gained ; 120
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,
And forced unworthy stripes to bear,
When trusted to another's care.
Here was it—on this rugged slope,
Which now ye climb with heart and
hope, 125

I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused :
As chance would have it, passing by 130
I saw you in that jeopardy :

A word from me was like a charm ;
Ye pulled together with one mind ;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind ! " 135
—Yes, without me, up hills so high
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.

Then grieve not, jolly team ! though
tough

The road we travel, steep, and rough ;
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes, 141
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going ! 145

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong ;
And, in its struggles to get free, 150
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul ;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death.
But soon large rain-drops on his head 156
Fell with the weight of drops of lead ;—
He starts—and takes, at the admonition,
A sage survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes, 160
Glimmering faintly where it lies ;
Black is the sky—and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still—
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Hung round and overhung with gloom ;
Save that above a single height 166
Is to be seen a lurid light,

Above Helm-crag¹—a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red ;
And near that lurid light, full well 170
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits ;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN, 175
Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell ;—
Dread pair that, spite of wind and wea-
ther,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together !

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen 180
By solitary Benjamin ;
But total darkness came anon,
And he and every thing was gone :
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
(That would have rocked the sounding
trees, 185
Had aught of sylvan growth been there),
Swept through the Hollow long and bare :
The rain rushed down—the road was
battered,

As with the force of billows shattered ;
The horses are dismayed, nor know 190
Whether they should stand or go ;
And Benjamin is groping near them,
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.
He is astounded,—wonder not,—
With such a charge in such a spot ; 195
Astounded in the mountain gap
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
Close-treading on the silent flashes—
And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow, 201
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A rending o'er his head begins the fray
again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do, 205
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault ;

¹ A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit
of which presents two figures, full as distinctly
shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Ar-
roquhar in Scotland.

And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones,
He who had once supreme command, 211
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his Power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow
strait, 215
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one near,
A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!" 220
And less in pity than in wonder,
Amid the darkness and the thunder,
The Waggoner, with prompt command,
Summons his horses to a stand.

While, with increasing agitation, 225
The Woman urged her supplication,
In rueful words, with sobs between—
The voice of tears that fell unseen;
There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare! 230
'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin, without a question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse 235
As a swoln brook with rugged course,
Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast?
I've had a glimpse of you—*avast!*
Or, since it suits you to be civil,
Take her at once—for good and evil!" 240

"It is my Husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid:
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin;
She and her Babe, which to her breast 245
With thankfulness the Mother pressed;
And now the same strong voice more near
Said cordially, "My Friend, what cheer?
Rough doings these! as God's my judge,
The sky owes somebody a grudge! 250
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can:
The Sailor—Sailor now no more, 255
But such he had been heretofore—

To courteous Benjamin replied,
"Go you your way, and mind not me;
For I must have, whate'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside,— 260
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and with its load
Descends along the sloping road;
And the rough Sailor instantly
Turns to a little tent hard by: 265
For when, at closing-in of day,
The family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air
Tempted them to settle there.—
Green is the grass for beast to graze, 270
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise!

The Sailor gathers up his bed,
Takes down the canvas overhead;
And after farewell to the place,
A parting word—though not of grace, 275
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,
The way the Waggon went before.

Canto Second.

If Wytheburne's modest House of prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock, 5
(And one, too, not in crazy plight),
Twelve strokes that clock would have
been telling
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
Its bead-roll of midnight,
Then, when the Hero of my tale 10
Was passing by, and, down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed, I ween,
As if a storm had never been)
Proceeding with a mind at ease;
While the old Familiar of the seas, 15
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,
And gives another lusty cheer;
For, spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear;— 20
It is a fiddle in its glee
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!

Thence the sound—the light is there—
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined, 25

Had almost reached the festive door,
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees the light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT!¹ 30

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His ears are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road 35
Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rds which he's
yearning,
Look fairly like a lawful earning. 40

Nor has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
For, cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That blew us hither!—let him dance,
Who can or will!—my honest soul, 45
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"
He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin!
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!
Gave the word—the horses heard 50
And halted, though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have
we
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation; 55
What bustling—jostling—high and low!
A universal overflow!
What tankards foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What thumping—stumping—overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy:
With such a stir you would have said, 62
This little place may well be dizzy!
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;
As if it heard the fiddle's call, 66
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

¹ A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire, 70
What greater good can heart desire?
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky:
To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
If such the bright amends at last. 75
Now should you say I judge amiss,
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;
For soon, of all the happy there,
Our Travellers are the happiest pair;
All care with Benjamin is gone— 80
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!
He thinks not of his long, long, strife;—
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
Hath no resolves to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his Wife, 85
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
Within that warm and peaceful berth,
Under cover,
Terror over, 90
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand,
The gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear—when every dance is done, 95
When every whirling bout is o'er—
The fiddle's *squeak*²—that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more! 100

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize; 105
With what?—a Ship of lusty size;
A gallant stately Man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes, 110
Not knowing that he had befriended
A Man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate
is—
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!

² At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

This was the Flag-ship at the Nile, 115
The VANGUARD—you may smirk and
smile,

But, pretty Maid, if you look near,
You'll find you've much in little here !
A nobler ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim : 120
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,
Set every inch of sail upon her."
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all; and interlards
His speech with uncouth terms of art, 125
Accomplished in the showman's part;
And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out—"Tis there, the quarter-deck
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
A sight that would have roused your
blood! 130

One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burned like a fire among his men;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and *thus* came we!"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,
The dancers all were gathered round, 136
And such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a nibbling mouse;
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,
The Sailor through the story runs 140
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the night
And terror of that marvellous night !
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure," 145
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length !
To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,
Her bulwark and her tower of strength !"
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
The mastiff, from beneath the waggon,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon, 151
Rattled his chain;—'twas all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul !
He heard the monitory growl;
Heard—and in opposition quaffed 155
A deep, determined, desperate draught !
Nor did the battered Tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led; 160
Wheeled her back in full apparel;
And so, flag flying at mast head,

Re-yoked her to the Ass:—anon
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay, 165
Again behold them on their way !

Canto Third.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
When they the wished-for greeting heard,
The whip's loud notice from the door,
That they were free to move once more.
You think, those doings must have bred 5
In them disheartening doubts and dread;
No, not a horse of all the eight,
Although it be a moonless night,
Fears either for himself or freight;
For this they know (and let it hide, 10
In part, the offences of their guide)
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
Is worth the best with all their pains;
And, if they had a prayer to make,
The prayer would be that they may take
With him whatever comes in course, 16
The better fortune or the worse;
That no one else may have business near
them,
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So forth in dauntless mood they fare, 20
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
The triumph of your late devotion !
Can aught on earth impede delight,
Still mounting to a higher height; 25
And higher still—a greedy flight !
Can any low-born care pursue her,
Can any mortal clog come to her?
No notion have they—not a thought,
That is from joyless regions brought ! 30
And, while they coast the silent lake,
Their inspiration I partake;
Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
With their enraptured vision see—
O fancy—what a jubilee ! 35
What shifting pictures—clad in gleams
Of colour bright as feverish dreams !
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
Involved and restless all—a scene
Pregnant with mutual exaltation, 40
Rich change, and multiplied creation !
This sight to me the Muse imparts;—
And then, what kindness in their hearts !

What tears of rapture, what vow-making,
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing, 46
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing !
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, "That Ass of thine, 50
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine :
 If he were tethered to the waggon,
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging ;
 And we, as brother should with brother,
 Might trudge it alongside each other !" 55

Forthwith, obedient to command,
 The horses made a quiet stand ;
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
 The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed 60
 With dread of what will happen next ;
 And thinking it but sorry cheer
 To have such company so near !

This new arrangement made, the Wain
 Through the still night proceeds again ;
 No moon hath risen her light to lend ; 66
 But indistinctly may be kenned
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

"Thy wife and child are snug and
 warm, 70
 Thy ship will travel without harm ;
 I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and
 stature :

And this of mine—this bulky creature
 Of which I have the steering—this,
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss ! 75

We want your streamers, friend, you
 know ;

But, altogether as we go,
 We make a kind of handsome show !
 Among these hills, from first to last,
 We've weathered many a furious blast ;
 Hard passage forcing on, with head 81
 Against the storm, and canvas spread.
 I hate a boaster ; but to thee
 Will say't, who know'st both land and
 sea,

The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine
 Is hardly worse beset than mine, 86
 When cross-winds on her quarter beat ;
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,

I stagger onward—heaven knows how ;
 But not so pleasantly as now : 90
 Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,
 And many a foundrous pit surrounded !
 Yet here we are, by night and day
 Grinding through rough and smooth our
 way ; 94
 Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;
 And long shall be so yet—God willing !"

"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and
 foul—

But save us from yon screeching owl !"
 That instant was begun a fray
 Which called their thoughts another way :
 The Mastiff, ill-conditioned carl ! 101
 What must he do but growl and snarl,
 Still more and more dissatisfied
 With the meek comrade at his side !
 Till, not incensed though put to proof, 105
 The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,
 Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;
 And so were better manners bred,
 And all was calmed and quieted.

"Yon screech-owl," says the Sailor,
 turning 110
 Back to his former cause of mourning,
 "Yon owl !—pray God that all be well !
 'Tis worse than any funeral bell ;
 As sure as I've the gift of sight,
 We shall be meeting ghosts to-night !" 115
 —Said Benjamin, "This whip shall lay
 A thousand, if they cross our way.
 I know that Wanton's noisy station,
 I know him and his occupation ;
 The jolly bird hath learned his cheer 120
 Upon the banks of Windermere ;
 Where a tribe of them make merry,
 Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry ;
 Hallooing from an open throat,
 Like travellers shouting for a boat. 125
 —The tricks he learned at Windermere
 This vagrant owl is playing here—
 That is the worst of his employment :
 He's at the top of his enjoyment !"

This explanation stilled the alarm, 130
 Cured the foreboder like a charm ;
 This, and the manner, and the voice,
 Summoned the Sailor to rejoice ;
 His heart is up—he fears no evil
 From life or death, from man or devil ;

He wheels—and, making many stops, 136
Brandished his crutch against the moun-
tain tops ;

And, while he talked of blows and scars,
Benjamin, among the stars,
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ; 140
Such retreating and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars !

Canto Fourth.

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,
Beguile the remnant of the night ;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind along ;
While to the music, from on high, 5
The echoes make a glad reply.—
But the sage Muse the revel heeds
No farther than her story needs ;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end. 10
—Blithe spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unreprieved farewell ;
To quit the slow-paced waggon's side, 15
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Greta for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale ; 20
And Ghimmer-crag,¹ his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other :—
And, while she roves through St. John's
Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,
By sheep-track or through cottage lane, 25
Where no disturbance comes to intrude
Upon the pensive solitude,
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
With the rude shepherd's favoured glance,
Beholds the faeries in array, 30
Whose party-coloured garments gay
The silent company betray :
Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight !
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the band take flight.
—Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell 36
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;

Thence look thou forth o'er wood and
lawn

Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;
Across yon meadowy bottom look, 40
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;
And see, beyond that hamlet small
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made ! 45
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford ; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy,
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed 50
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;
Which soon the morning shall enfold,
From east to west, in ample vest 55
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;
Even while I speak, their skirts of grey
Are smitten by a silver ray ; 60
And, lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours
sweep

Along—and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
The stately waggon is ascending, 65
With faithful Benjamin attending,
Apparent now beside his team—
Now lost amid a glittering steam :
And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
By this time near their journey's end ; 70
And, after their high-minded riot,
Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;
As if the morning's pleasant hour
Had for their joys a killing power.
And sooth for Benjamin a vein 75
Is opened of still deeper pain,
As if his heart by notes were stung
From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;
As if the warbler lost in light
Reproved his soarings of the night, 80
In strains of rapture pure and holy
Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;
But the horses stretch and pull ;

¹ The crag of the ewe lamb.

With increasing vigour climb,
Eager to repair lost time ;
Whether, by their own desert,
Knowing what cause there is for shame,
They are labouring to avert
As much as may be of the blame,
Which, they foresee, must soon alight
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite
Of all his failings, they love best ;
Whether for him they are distress ;
Or, by length of fasting roused,
Are impatient to be housed :
Up against the hill they strain
Tugging at the iron chain,
Tugging all with might and main,
Last and foremost, every horse
To the utmost of his force !
And the smoke and respiration,
Rising like an exhalation,
Blend with the mist—a moving shroud
To form, an undissolving cloud ;
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
Takes delight to play upon.
Never golden-haired Apollo,
Pleased some favourite chief to follow
Through accidents of peace or war,
In a perilous moment threw
Around the object of his care
Veil of such celestial hue ;
Interposed so bright a screen—
Him and his enemies between !

Alas ! what boots it?—who can hide,
When the malicious Fates are bent
On working out an ill intent ?
Can destiny be turned aside ?
No—sad progress of my story !
Benjamin, this outward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
Sour and surly as the north ;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
And to hear what thou canst say ;
If, as needs he must forbode,
Thou hast been loitering on the road !
His fears, his doubts, may now take
flight—
The wished-for object is in sight ;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;

85 Which he stifles, moody man !
With all the patience that he can ;
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting.

90 There he is—resolved to stop,
Till the waggon gains the top ;
But stop he cannot—must advance :
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
Espies—and instantly is ready,
Self-collected, poised, and steady :
95 And, to be the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attending cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
100 Erect his port, and firm his going ;
So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;
And the morning light in grace
Strikes upon his lifted face,
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his trespasses betray.
But what can all avail to clear him,
Or what need of explanation,
155 Parley or interrogation ?
For the Master sees, alas !
That unhappy Figure near him,
Limping o'er the dewy grass,
Where the road it fringes, sweet,
160 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;
And, O indignity ! an Ass,
By his noble Mastiff's side,
Tethered to the waggon's tail :
And the ship, in all her pride,
165 Following after in full sail !
Not to speak of babe and mother ;
Who, contented with each other,
And snug as birds in leafy arbour,
Find, within, a blessed harbour !
170

With eager eyes the Master pries ;
Looks in and out, and through and
through ;
Says nothing—till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound where plainly might be read
175 What feats an Ass's hoof can do !
But drop the rest :—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unsealed ;
All past forgiveness it repealed ;
180 And thus, and through distempered blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,

The patient, and the tender-hearted,
 Was from his team and waggon parted ;
 When duty of that day was o'er, 185
 Laid down his whip—and served no more.—
 Nor could the waggon long survive,
 Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :
 It lingered on ;—guide after guide
 Ambitiously the office tried ; 190
 But each unmanageable hill
 Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—
 And sure it is that through this night,
 And what the morning brought to light,
 Two losses had we to sustain, 195
 We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN !

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
 The gift of this adventurous song ;
 A record which I dared to frame, 199
 Though timid scruples checked me long ;
 They checked me—and I left the theme
 Untouched ;—in spite of many a gleam
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,
 Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
 Upon the side of a distant hill : 205
 But Nature might not be gainsaid ;
 For what I have and what I miss
 I sing of these ;—it makes my bliss !
 Nor is it I who play the part,
 But a shy spirit in my heart, 210
 That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;
 Or haunts me with familiar face,
 Returning, like a ghost unlaid,
 Until the debt I owe be paid. 215
 Forgive me then ; for I had been
 On friendly terms with this Machine :
 In him, while he was wont to trace
 Our roads, through many a long year's
 space,
 A living almanack had we ; 220
 We had a speaking diary,
 That in this uneventful place,
 Gave to the days a mark and name
 By which we knew them when they came.

—Yes, I, and all about me here, 225
 Through all the changes of the year,
 Had seen him through the mountains go,
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
 Majestically huge and slow :
 Or with a milder grace adorning 230
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid
 plain
 The moving image to detain ;
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ; 235
 When little other business stirred,
 And little other sound was heard ;
 In that delicious hour of balm,
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,
 While yet the valley is arrayed, 240
 On this side with a sober shade ;
 On that is prodigally bright—
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.
 —But most of all, thou lordly Wain !
 I wish to have thee here again, 245
 When windows flap and chimney roars,
 And all is dismal out of doors ;
 And, sitting by my fire, I see
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train !
 Unworthy successors of thee, 250
 Come straggling through the wind and
 rain :
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,
 Beneath my windows, one by one,
 See, perched upon the naked height
 The summit of a cumbrous freight, 255
 A single traveller—and there
 Another ; then perhaps a pair—
 The lame, the sickly, and the old ;
 Men, women, heartless with the cold ;
 And babes in wet and starveling plight ;
 Which once, be weather as it might, 261
 Had still a nest within a nest,
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !
 Then most of all, then far the most,
 Do I regret what we have lost ; 265
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—
 And of his stately Charge, which none
 Could keep alive when He was gone !

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I.

THERE WAS A BOY.

[Composed November or December, 1798.
Published 1800.]

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye
cliffs
And islands of Winander !—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone, 5
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering
lake ;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his
mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, 10
That they might answer him.—And they
would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering
peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes
loud
Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse
wild 15
Of jocund din ! And, when there came a
pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill :
Then sometimes, in that silence, while he
hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice 20
Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven
received
Into the bosom of the steady lake. 25

This boy was taken from his mates, and
died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred : the church-
yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school ; 30
And through that churchyard when my
way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he
lies !

II.

TO THE CUCKOO.

[Composed March 23–26, 1802.—Published 1807.]

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?)
While I am lying on the grass 5
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.
Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.
Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;
The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ; 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

III.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

[Composed January 25, 1798.—Published 1815.]

—THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the
Moon,

Which through that veil is indistinctly
seen,

A dull, contracted circle, yielding light 5
So feebly spread that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant,
tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he
treads

His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards ; he looks up—the clouds
are split 11

Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the
heavens.

There in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark
abyss 16

Drive as she drives : how fast they wheel
away,

Yet vanish not !—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent ;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant ; and the vault, 20
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,

Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes ; and the mind,

Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene. 26

IV.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

[Composed ? — Published 1842.]

—NOT a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around,
the trees

Are steadfast as the rocks ; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar, 5
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motion-
less.

And yet, even now, a little breeze, per-
chance

Escaped from boisterous winds that rage
without,

Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt, 10
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash ! that, pendent from the
brow

Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony 15
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe
his thoughts.

V.

YEW-TREES.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1815.]

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the
midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore :
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that
crossed the sea 6

And drew their sounding bows at Azin-
cour,

Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree ! a living thing 10
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note

Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
 Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
 Huge trunks! and each particular trunk
 a growth 16

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
 Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
 That threaten the profane; a pillared
 shade, 20

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
 hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
 tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
 With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
 May meet at noontide; Fear and trem-
 bling Hope, 26

Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
 And Time the Shadow;—there to celebrate,
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship; or in mute repose 31
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost
 caves.

VI.

NUTTING.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

—It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my
 steps 7

Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure
 quaint,

Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off
 weeds

Which for that service had been hus-
 banded, 10

By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—
 and in truth

More ragged than need was! O'er path-
 less rocks,

Through beds of matted fern, and tangled
 thickets, 15

Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, un-
 gracious sign

Of devastation; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters
 hung, 20

A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the
 heart

As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers
 I played; 26

A temper known to those who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose
 leaves 30

The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And—with my cheek on one of those green
 stones 35

That, fleeced with moss, under the shady
 trees,

Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
 sheep—

I heard the murmur and the murmuring
 sound,

In that sweet mood when pleasure loves
 to pay

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, 40
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent
 things,

Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and
 bough, with crash 44

And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being: and unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the
 past,

Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,

I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding
sky.—

Then, dearest Maiden, move along these
shades 54

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

VII.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

[Composed 1799 (? 1804).—Published 1845.]

———BROOK and road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several
hours

At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed, 5
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and
forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears, 10

Black drizzling crags that spake by the
wayside

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light— 15

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end. 20

VIII.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1807.]

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

IX.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart":—
These notes of thine—they pierce and
pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce! 5
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves. 10

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed: 16
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me! 20

X.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This Child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own. 5

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse: and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power 11
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs; 15
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall
 lend
 To her; for her the willow bend; 20
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's
 form
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face. 30

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live 35
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene; 40
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

XI.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force; 5
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

XII.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1807.]

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay: 10
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay, 15
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

XIII.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

[Composed 1797.—Published 1800.]

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-
 light appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has
 sung for three years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and
has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails
her? She sees 5
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Loth-
bury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail; 10
And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise, 15
And the colours have all passed away
from her eyes!

XIV.

POWER OF MUSIC.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith
may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of
old;—
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet
with the same
In the street that from Oxford hath bor-
rowed its name.

His station is there; and he works on the
crowd, 5
He sways them with harmony merry and
loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to
the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and
him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire
is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have
bliss; 10
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious
have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer
oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the
clouds of the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-
browed Jack, 15
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket
on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing
in haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time
runs to waste;
The Newsmen is stopped, though he stops
on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—
he's in the net! 20

The Porter sits down on the weight which
he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither
her store;—
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at
ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates
not his din; 25
His hat gives him vigour, with boons
dropping in,
From the old and the young, from the
poorest; and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the
hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so
thankful a band; 30
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the
while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they
praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
 Can he keep himself still, if he would?
 oh, not he! 35
 The music stirs in him like wind through
 a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his
 crutch; like a tower
 That long has leaned forward, leans hour
 after hour!—
 That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is
 bound,
 While she dandles the Babe in her arms
 to the sound. 40
 Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a
 stream;
 Here are twenty souls happy as souls in
 a dream:
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they
 care not for you,
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye
 pursue!

XV.

STAR-GAZERS.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here!
 we must not pass it by;
 A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed
 to the sky:
 Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of
 little boat,
 Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on
 Thames's waters float.
 The Showman chooses well his place, 'tis
 Leicester's busy Square; 5
 And is as happy in his night, for the
 heavens are blue and fair;
 Calm, though impatient, is the crowd;
 each stands ready with the fee,
 And envies him that's looking;—what an
 insight must it be!
 Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause?
 Shall thy Implement have blame,

A boaster that, when he is tried, fails, and
 is put to shame? 10
 Or is it good as others are, and be their
 eyes in fault?
 Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon
 resplendent vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good
 as we have here?
 Or gives a thing but small delight that
 never can be dear?
 The silver moon with all her vales, and
 hills of mightiest fame, 15
 Doth she betray us when they're seen? or
 are they but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is
 and strong,
 And bounty never yields so much but it
 seems to do her wrong?
 Or is it that, when human Souls a journey
 long have had
 And are returned into themselves, they
 cannot but be sad? 20

Or must we be constrained to think that
 these Spectators rude,
 Poor in estate, of manners base, men of
 the multitude,
 Have souls which never yet have risen,
 and therefore prostrate lie?
 No, no, this cannot be;—men thirst for
 power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought
 the blissful mind employ 25
 Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave
 and steady joy,
 That doth reject all show of pride, admits
 no outward sign,
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent
 and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they
 who pry and pore
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem less
 happy than before: 30
 One after One they take their turn, nor
 have I one espied
 That doth not slackly go away, as if dis-
 satisfied.

XVI.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE
FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

[Composed April 16, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ; 5
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one ! 10
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon :
There's joy in the mountains ; 16
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone ! 20

XVII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

LYRE ! though such power do in thy magic
live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive : 5
Check with thy notes the impulse which,
betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to
aid.
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
Of contemplation, the calm port 10
By reason fenced from winds that sigh
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we should
part,
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
Where all things are so fair, 15

Enough by her dear side to breathe the
air

Of this Elysian weather ;
And on or in, or near, the brook, espy
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensively ;
And downward Image gaily vying 21
With its upright living tree
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue
sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean
eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance 25
Cast up the Stream or down at her be-
seeching,

To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily
distrest

By ever-changing shape and want of rest ;
Or watch, with mutual teaching,
The current as it plays 30
In flashing leaps and stealthy
creeps

Adown a rocky maze ;
Or note (translucent summer's happiest
chance !)

In the slope-channel floored with pebbles
bright,

Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
So vivid that they take from keenest
sight 36

The liquid veil that seeks not to hide
them.

XVIII.

BEGGARS.

[Composed March 13, 14, 1802.—Published 1807.]

SHE had a tall man's height or more ;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow, 5
And on her head a cap as white as new-
fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown :
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered, fit person for a Queen 10
To lead those ancient Amazonian files ;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian
isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
 And begged an alms with doleful plea
 That ceased not; on our English land 15
 Such woes, I knew, could never be;
 And yet a boon I gave her, for the
 creature
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious
 feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
 And soon before me did espy 20
 A pair of little Boys at play,
 Chasing a crimson butterfly;
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the
 gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown 25
 With leaves of laurel stuck about;
 And while both followed up and down,
 Each whooping with a merry shout,
 In their fraternal features I could trace
 Unquestionable lines of that wild Sup-
 pliant's face. 30

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
 For finest tasks of earth or air:
 Wings let them have, and they might flit
 Precursors to Aurora's car,
 Scattering fresh flowers; though happier
 far, I ween, 35
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock
 and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
 Each ready with a plaintive whine!
 Said I, "not half an hour ago
 Your Mother has had alms of mine." 40
 "That cannot be," one answered—"she is
 dead:"—
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neither
 hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
 "Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;
 It was your Mother, as I say!" 45
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,
 "Come! come!" cried one, and without
 more ado
 Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants
 flew!

XIX.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1827.]

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?
 For whose free range the dædal earth
 Was filled with animated toys,
 And implements of frolic mirth;
 With tools for ready wit to guide; 5
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,
 More fresh, more bright, than princes
 wear;
 For what one moment flung aside,
 Another could repair;
 What good or evil have they seen 10
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?
 I ask—but all is dark between!

They met me in a genial hour,
 When universal nature breathed 15
 As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
 A time to overrule the power
 Of discontent, and check the birth
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
 The most familiar bane of life 20
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed
 Mortality to Earth!
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran
 clear;
 The lambs from rock to rock were bound-
 ing; 25
 With songs the budded groves resound-
 ing;
 And to my heart are still endeared
 The thoughts with which it then was
 cheered;
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
 Or, if such faith must needs deceive— 31
 Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
 Associates in that eager chase;
 Ye, who within the blameless mind
 Your favourite seat of empire find— 35
 Kind Spirits! may we not believe
 That they, so happy and so fair
 Through your sweet influence, and the
 care

Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
 From touch of *deadly* injury? 40
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
 For mercy and immortal bloom?

XX.

GIPSIES.

[Composed 1807.—Published 1807.]

YET are they here the same unbroken
 knot

Of human Beings, in the self-same spot !
 Men, women, children, yea the frame
 Of the whole spectacle the same !

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding
 light, 5

Now deep and red, the colouring of night;
 That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
 Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours
 are gone, while I

Have been a traveller under open sky, 10
 Much witnessing of change and cheer,
 Yet as I left I find them here !

The weary Sun betook himself to rest ;—
 Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,

Outshining like a visible God 15
 The glorious path in which he trod.

And now, ascending, after one dark hour
 And one night's diminution of her power,

Behold the mighty Moon ! this way
 She looks as if at them—but they 20

Regard not her ;—oh, better wrong and
 strife

(By nature transient) than this torpid
 life ;

Life which the very stars reprove
 As on their silent tasks they move !

Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or
 earth ! 25

In scorn I speak not ;—they are what their
 birth

And breeding suffer them to be ;
 Wild outcasts of society !

XXI.

RUTH.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
 Her Father took another Mate ;

And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill, 5
 In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods ;
 Had built a bower upon the green, 10
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seemed to live ; her thoughts her
 own ;

Herself her own delight ; 15
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay ;
 And, passing thus the live-long day,
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's
 shore—

A military casque he wore, 20
 With splendid feathers drest ;
 He brought them from the Cherokees ;
 The feathers nodded in the breeze,
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
 But no ! he spake the English tongue, 26
 And bore a soldier's name ;
 And, when America was free
 From battle and from jeopardy,
 He 'cross the ocean came. 30

With hues of genius on his cheek
 In finest tones the Youth could speak :
 —While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 And streams that murmur as they run, 35
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth ! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he ;
 And, when he chose to sport and play, 40
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear ; 45
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout !
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town, 51
 To gather strawberries all day long ;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change 55
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range
 Of intermingling hues ;
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews. 60

He told of the magnolia, spread
 High as a cloud, high over head !
 The cypress and her spire ;
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem 65
 To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie 70
 As quietly as spots of sky,
 Among the evening clouds.

“How pleasant,” then he said, “it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade 75
 To wander with an easy mind ;
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade !

“What days and what bright years ! Ah
 me !
 Our life were life indeed, with thee 80
 So passed in quiet bliss,
 And all the while,” said he, “to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this !”

And then he sometimes interwove 85
 Fond thoughts about a father's love :
 “For there,” said he, “are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun. 90

“Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
 My helpmate in the woods to be,
 Our shed at night to rear ;
 Or run, my own adopted bride,
 A sylvan huntress at my side, 95
 And drive the flying deer !

“Beloved Ruth !”—No more he said.
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
 A solitary tear :
 She thought again—and did agree 100
 With him to sail across the sea,
 And drive the flying deer.

“And now, as fitting is and right,
 We in the church our faith will plight,
 A husband and a wife.” 105
 Even so they did ; and I may say
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day
 Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
 Delighted all the while to think 110
 That on those lonesome floods,
 And green savannahs, she should share
 His board with lawful joy, and bear
 His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told, 115
 This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
 And, with his dancing crest,
 So beautiful, through savage lands
 Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
 Of Indians in the West. 120

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
 The tumult of a tropic sky,
 Might well be dangerous food
 For him, a Youth to whom was given
 So much of earth—so much of heaven, 125
 And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
 Irregular in sight or sound
 Did to his mind impart
 A kindred impulse, seemed allied 130
 To his own powers, and justified
 The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
 The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
 Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ; 135
 The breezes their own languor lent ;
 The stars had feelings, which they sent
 Into those favoured bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits I ween
 That sometimes there did intervene 140
 Pure hopes of high intent :
 For passions linked to forms so fair
 And stately needs must have their share
 Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
 With men to whom no better law
 Nor better life was known ;
 Deliberately, and undeceived,
 Those wild men's vices he received,
 And gave them back his own. 145

His genius and his moral frame
 Were thus impaired, and he became
 The slave of low desires :
 A Man who without self-control
 Would seek what the degraded soul 155
 Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
 Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
 Had loved her, night and morn :
 What could he less than love a Maid 160
 Whose heart with so much nature played ?
 So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
 "O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
 Encompassed me on every side 166
 When I, in confidence and pride,
 Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world—
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled 170
 To music suddenly :
 I looked upon those hills and plains,
 And seemed as if let loose from chains,
 To live at liberty.

"No more of this ; for now, by thee 175
 Dear Ruth ! more happily set free
 With nobler zeal I burn ;
 My soul from darkness is released,
 Like the whole sky when to the east
 The morning doth return." 180

Full soon that better mind was gone :
 No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
 They stirred him now no more ;
 New objects did new pleasure give,
 And once again he wished to live 185
 As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
 They for the voyage were prepared,
 And went to the sea-shore,
 But, when they thither came, the Youth
 Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth 191
 Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had,
 That she in half a year was mad,
 And in a prison housed ; 195
 And there, with many a doleful song
 Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
 She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew, 200
 Nor pastimes of the May ;
 —They all were with her in her cell ;
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell
 Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
 There came a respite to her pain ; 206
 She from her prison fled ;
 But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
 And where it liked her best she sought
 Her shelter and her bread. 210

Among the fields she breathed again :
 The master-current of her brain
 Ran permanent and free ;
 And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
 There did she rest ; and dwell alone 215
 Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
 And airs that gently stir
 The vernal leaves—she loved them still ;
 Nor ever taxed them with the ill 221
 Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;
 But, till the warmth of summer skies
 And summer days is gone, 225
 (And all do in this tale agree)
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
 And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
 And Ruth will, long before her day, 230
 Be broken down and old :
 Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
 Of mind than body's wretchedness,
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food, 235
 She from her dwelling in the wood
 Repairs to a road-side ;
 And there she begs at one steep place
 Where up and down with easy pace
 The horsemen-travellers ride. 240

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away ; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers :
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk 245
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned 250
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be, 255
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

XXII.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

Composed May 3—July 4, 1802.—Published 1807.

I.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all
night ;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove
broods ; 5
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie
chatters ;
And all the air is filled with pleasant
noise of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of
doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on
the moors 10
The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet she from the plashy
earth
Raises a mist ; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she
doth run.

III.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor ; 15
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar ;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
The pleasant season did my heart employ :
My old remembrances went from me
wholly ; 20
And all the ways of men, so vain and
melancholy.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low ; 25
To me that morning did it happen so ;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came ;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew
not, nor could name.

V.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky ;
And I bethought me of the playful
hare : 30
Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
Far from the world I walk, and from all
care ;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and po-
verty. 35

VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood ;
As if all needful things would come un-
sought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his
call 41
Love him, who for himself will take no
heed at all ?

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous
Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his
pride ;

Of Him who walked in glory and in joy 45
Following his plough, along the moun-
tain-side:

By our own spirits are we deified :
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
But thereof come in the end despondency
and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, 50
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts
had striven,

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares : 55
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
grey hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come,
and whence ; 60
So that it seems a thing endued with
sense :

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun
itself ;

X.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor
dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age : 65
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his
frame had cast. 70

XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and
pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,

That heareth not the loud winds when
they call ; 76
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned,
As if he had been reading in a book : 81
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

XIII.

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly
drew : 86
And him with further words I thus be-
spoke,
"What occupation do you there pursue ?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise 90
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid
eyes.

XIV.

His words came feebly, from a feeble
chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance
drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above
the reach 95
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man
their dues.

XV.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor : 100
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor
to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice
or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest
maintenance. 105

XVI.

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream; 110
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

XVII.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills; 115
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
 —Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 “How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”

XVIII.

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide 121
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 “Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay; 125
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually, 130
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and, when he ended, 136
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 “God,” said I, “be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!” 140

XXIII.

THE THORN.

Composed 1798.—Published 1798.

I.

“THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say
 How it could ever have been young,
 It looks so old and grey.
 Not higher than a two years' child 5
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
 No leaves it has, no prickly points;
 It is a mass of knotted joints,
 A wretched thing forlorn.
 It stands erect, and like a stone 10
 With lichens is it overgrown.

II.

“Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
 With lichens to the very top,
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
 A melancholy crop: 15
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
 So close, you'd say that they are bent
 With plain and manifest intent
 To drag it to the ground; 20
 And all have joined in one endeavour
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

III.

“High on a mountain's highest ridge,
 Where oft the stormy winter gale
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds 25
 It sweeps from vale to vale;

Not five yards from the mountain path,
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;
 And to the left, three yards beyond,
 You see a little muddy pond 30
 Of water—never dry,
 Though but of compass small, and
 bare
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

IV.

“And, close beside this aged Thorn,
 There is a fresh and lovely sight, 35
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
 Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colours there you see,
 All colours that were ever seen ;
 And mossy network too is there, 40
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been ;
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

V.

“Ah me ! what lovely tints are there 45
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
 Green, red, and pearly white !
 This heap of earth o’ergrown with
 moss,
 Which close beside the Thorn you
 see, 50
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
 Is like an infant’s grave in size,
 As like as like can be :
 But never, never any where,
 An infant’s grave was half so fair. 55

VI.

“Now would you see this aged Thorn,
 This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
 You must take care and choose your
 time
 The mountain when to cross.
 For oft there sits between the heap, 60
 So like an infant’s grave in size,
 And that same pond of which I spoke,
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
 And to herself she cries,
 ‘Oh misery ! oh misery ! 65
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !’

VII.

“At all times of the day and night
 This wretched Woman thither goes ;
 And she is known to every star,
 And every wind that blows ; 70
 And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
 When the blue daylight’s in the skies,
 And when the whirlwind’s on the hill,
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And to herself she cries, 75
 ‘Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !’”

VIII.

“Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top 80
 Does this poor Woman go ?
 And why sits she beside the Thorn
 When the blue daylight’s in the sky
 Or when the whirlwind’s on the hill.
 Or frosty air is keen and still, 85
 And wherefore does she cry ?—
 O wherefore ? wherefore ? tell me why
 Does she repeat that doleful cry ?”

IX.

“I cannot tell ; I wish I could ;
 For the true reason no one knows : 90
 But would you gladly view the spot,
 The spot to which she goes ;
 The hillock like an infant’s grave,
 The pond—and Thorn, so old and grey ;
 Pass by her door—’tis seldom shut— 95
 And if you see her in her hut—
 Then to the spot away !
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there.”

X.

“But wherefore to the mountain-top 100
 Can this unhappy Woman go,
 Whatever star is in the skies,
 Whatever wind may blow ?”
 “Full twenty years are past and gone
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray) 105
 Gave with a maiden’s true good-will
 Her company to Stephen Hill ;
 And she was blithe and gay,
 While friends and kindred all approved
 Of him whom tenderly she loved. 110

XI.

"And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church 115
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast, 120
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII.

"They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen. 125
What could she seek?—or wish to hide?
Her state to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often was she sober sad
From her exceeding pain. 130
O guilty Father—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

XIII.

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one 135
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought 140
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV.

"More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you; 145
For what became of this poor child
No mortal ever knew;
Nay—if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And if 'twas born alive or dead, 150
Far less could this with proof be said;
But some remember well
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XV.

"And all that winter, when at night 155
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the
dark,
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head: 160
Some plainly living voices were;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray. 165

XVI.

"But that she goes to this old Thorn,
The Thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true. 170
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height:—
A storm came on, and I could see 175
No object higher than my knee.

XVII.

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and
rain:
No screen, no fence could I discover;
And then the wind! in sooth, it was
A wind full ten times over. 180
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain;
And, as I am a man, 185
Instead of jutting crag I found
A Woman seated on the ground.

XVIII.

"I did not speak—I saw her face;
Her face!—it was enough for me;
I turned about and heard her cry, 190
'Oh misery! oh misery!'
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go;
And when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake, 195
As all the country know,

She shudders, and you hear her cry,
'Oh misery ! oh misery !'"

XIX.

"But what's the Thorn? and what the pond?

And what the hill of moss to her? 200

And what the creeping breeze that comes
The little pond to stir?"

"I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the pond, 205
Which is a little step beyond:

But all and each agree,
The little Babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XX.

"I've heard, the moss is spotted red 210
With drops of that poor infant's blood;

But kill a new-born infant thus,
I do not think she could!

Some say if to the pond you go,
And fix on it a steady view, 215

The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby's face,

And that it looks at you;
When'er you look on it, 'tis plain

The baby looks at you again. 220

XXI.

"And some had sworn an oath that she
Should be to public justice brought;

And for the little infant's bones
With spades they would have sought.

But instantly the hill of moss 225
Before their eyes began to stir!

And, for full fifty yards around,
The grass—it shook upon the ground!

Yet all do still aver
The little Babe lies buried there, 230

Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII.

"I cannot tell how this may be,
But plain it is the Thorn is bound

With heavy tufts of moss that strive
To drag it to the ground; 235

And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,

By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry, 240
'Oh misery ! oh misery !
Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'"

XXIV.

HART-LEAP WELL.

[Composed January or February, 1800.—Published 1800.]

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,

And now, as he approached a vassal's door,

"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard 5

And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey;

Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;

The horse and horseman are a happy pair; 10

But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes

roar;

But horse and man are vanished, one and all; 15

Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:

Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their
kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain
strain. 20

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid
them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings
stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one
by one,
The dogs are stretched among the moun-
tain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the
race? 25
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly
chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-
side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled, 30
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying
dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a
thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor
boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his
horn, 35
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter
leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious
feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving
sleet. 40

Upon his side the Hart was lying
stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a
hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath
had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling
still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest, 45
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south,
and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling
spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter
found 50
Three several hoof-marks which the hunt-
ed Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried,
“Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this
lofty brow 55
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

“I’ll build a pleasure-house upon this
spot,
And a small harbour, made for rural joy;
’Twill be the traveller’s shed, the pilgrim’s
cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy. 60

“A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the
same,
From this day forth, shall call it HART-
LEAP WELL.

“And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises
known, 65
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn
stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf
have grazed.

“And in the summer-time, when days are
long,
I will come hither with my Paramour; 70
And with the dancers and the minstrel’s
song
We will make merry in that pleasant
bower.

“Till the foundations of the mountains
fail
My mansion with its harbour shall endure; —

The joy of them who till the fields of
Swale, 75
And them who dwell among the woods
of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart
stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above
the spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he
had said;
And far and wide the fame thereof did
ring. 80

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had
steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter
reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.
And, near the fountain, flowers of stature
tall 85
With trailing plants and trees were inter-
twined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were
long, 89
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's
song
Made merriment within that pleasant
bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of
time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme, 95
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade, 99
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a
well.

What this imported I could ill divine: 105
And, pulling now the rein my horse to
stop,

I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms
nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny
green; 110
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath
been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not
here, 115
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb
attired,
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then en-
quired. 120

The Shepherd stopped, and that same
story told
Which in my former rhyme I have re-
hearsed.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is
curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen
wood— 125
Some say that they are beeches, others
elms—

These were the bower; and here a man-
sion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the
stream; 130
But as to the great Lodge! you might as
well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor
sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous
groan. 135

"Some say that here a murder has been
done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for
my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in
the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the crea-
ture's brain have past! 141
Even from the topmost stone, upon the
steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at
this last—
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate
race; 145
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love
this place,
And come and make his death-bed near
the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he
sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-
tide; 150
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's
side.

"In April here beneath the flowering
thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols
sing;
And he perhaps, for aught we know, was
born 155
Not half a furlong from that self-same
spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant
shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all
are gone." 160

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken
well;
Small difference lies between thy creed
and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy di-
vine.

"The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the
groves, 166
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he
loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind,
before,
This is no common waste, no common
gloom; 170
But Nature, in due course of time, once
more
Shall here put on her beauty and her
bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may
be known;
But at the coming of the milder day 175
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels." 180

XXV.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM
CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD,
THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND
HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Composed 1807.—Published 1807.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel
sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the
Song.—

The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

"From town to town, from tower to
tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower. 6
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming: 10

Both roses flourish, red and white :
 In love and sisterly delight
 The two that were at strife are blended,
 And all old troubles now are ended.—
 Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her 15
 Who is the flower of Lancaster !
 Behold her how She smiles to-day
 On this great throng, this bright array !
 Fair greeting doth she send to all
 From every corner of the hall ; 20
 But chiefly from above the board
 Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
 A Clifford to his own restored !

“They came with banner, spear, and
 shield ;
 And it was proved in Bosworth-field. 25
 Not long the Avenger was withstood—
 Earth helped him with the cry of blood :
 St. George was for us, and the might
 Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
 Loud voice the Land has uttered forth, 30
 We loudest in the faithful north :
 Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
 Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;
 Our strong-abodes and castles see
 The glory of their loyalty. 35

“How glad is Skipton at this hour—
 Though lonely, a deserted Tower ;
 Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and
 groom :
 We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
 How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
 Of years be on her !—She shall reap 41
 A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
 As in a dream her own renewing.
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad, I deem,
 Beside her little humble stream ; 45
 And she that keepeth watch and ward
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;
 They both are happy at this hour,
 Though each is but a lonely Tower : —
 But here is perfect joy and pride 50
 For one fair House by Emont's side,
 This day, distinguished without peer,
 To see her Master and to cheer—
 Him, and his Lady-mother dear !

“Oh ! it was a time forlorn 55
 When the fatherless was born—
 Give her wings that she may fly,

Or she sees her infant die !
 Swords that are with slaughter wild
 Hunt the Mother and the Child. 60
 Who will take them from the light ?
 —Yonder is a man in sight—
 Yonder is a house—but where ?
 No, they must not enter there.
 To the caves, and to the brooks, 65
 To the clouds of heaven she looks ;
 She is speechless, but her eyes
 Pray in ghostly agonies.
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
 Maid and Mother undefiled, 70
 Save a Mother and her Child !

“Now Who is he that bounds with joy
 On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy ?
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that
 pass
 Light as the wind along the grass. 75
 Can this be He who hither came
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread ! 79
 God loves the Child ; and God hath willed
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,
 The Lady's words, when forced away
 The last she to her Babe did say :
 'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
 I may not be ; but rest thee, rest, 85
 For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

“Alas ! when evil men are strong
 No life is good, no pleasure long.
 The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves, 90
 And quit the flowers that summer brings
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.
 —Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise ! 95
 Hear it, good man, old in days !
 Thou tree of covert and of rest
 For this young Bird that is distrest ;
 Among thy branches safe he lay,
 And he was free to sport and play, 100
 When falcons were abroad for prey.

“A recreant harp, that sings of fear
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear !
 I said, when evil men are strong,
 No life is good, no pleasure long, 105

A weak and cowardly untruth !
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
 And thankful through a weary time,
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.
 —Again he wanders forth at will, 110
 And tends a flock from hill to hill :
 His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien ;
 Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state !
 Yet lacks not friends for simple glee, 116
 Nor yet for higher sympathy.
 To his side the fallow-deer
 Came, and rested without fear ;
 The eagle, lord of land and sea, 120
 Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
 And both the undying fish that swim
 Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;
 The pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality ; 125
 And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
 Moved to and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
 Upon the mountains visitant ;
 He hath kenned them taking wing : 130
 And into caves where Faeries sing
 He hath entered ; and been told
 By Voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 The face of thing that is to be ; 135
 And, if that men report him right,
 His tongue could whisper words of might.
 —Now another day is come,
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
 He hath thrown aside his crook, 140
 And hath buried deep his book ;
 Armour rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—
 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
 Bear me to the heart of France, 145
 Is the longing of the Shield—
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory !
 Happy day, and mighty hour, 150
 When our Shepherd in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored
 Like a re-appearing Star,
 Like a glory from afar, 155
 First shall head the flock of war !"

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not
 know
 How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's
 heart was framed :
 How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
 tamed. 160

Love had he found in huts where poor men
 lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and
 rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
 In him the savage virtue of the Race, 165
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were
 dead :
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-
 hearth ;
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more
 and more ; 170
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name
 he bore.

XXVI.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
 ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
 THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

[Composed July 13, 1798.—Published 1798.]

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with
 the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-
 springs
 With a soft inland murmur.¹—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and
 connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

¹ The river is not affected by the tides a few
 miles above Tintern.

These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, II
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines 15
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, 20
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind, 29
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift, 36
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world, 40
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep 45
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,

We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft— 50
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods, 56
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first 66

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man 70
Flying from something that he dreads than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint 75
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love, 80
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this 85
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would
believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times 90

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime 95
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels 100
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world 105

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half
create,¹

And what perceive; well pleased to re-
cognise

In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul 110

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
catch 116

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,

My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I
make, 121

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform 125
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life, 131
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, 140
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance—

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came 152
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs, 157

And this green pastoral landscape, were
to me

More dear, both for themselves and for
thy sake!

¹ This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

XXVII.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath
flown,

And is descending on his embassy ;
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens
to espy !

'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glit-
tering crown,

First admonition that the sun is down ! 5
For yet it is broad day-light : clouds
pass by ;

A few are near him still—and now the sky,
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.

O most ambitious Star ! an inquest
wrought

Within me when I recognised thy light ;
A moment I was startled at the sight : 11
And, while I gazed, there came to me a
thought

That I might step beyond my natural race
As thou seem'st now to do ; might one day
trace

Some ground not mine ; and, strong her
strength above, 15

My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
'Tread there with steps that no one shall
reprove !

XXVIII.

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS
COMMENCEMENT.¹ REPRINTED FROM

"THE FRIEND."

[Composed 1804.—Published October 26, 1809 (*The
Friend*) ; ed. 1815.]

OH ! pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in love !
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven !—Oh !
times, 5

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways

¹ This and the Extract, page 89, and the first
Piece of this Class, are from the unpublished
Poem of which some account is given in the
Preface to *THE EXCURSION*.

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !
When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights,

When most intent on making of herself to
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her
name !

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole
earth,

The beauty wore of promise, that which
sets

(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself) 16
The budding rose above the rose full
blown.

What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of ? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams, 21

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found
there 26

As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it ;—they, too, who, of gentle
mood,

Had watched all gentle motions, and to
these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild, 30

And in the region of their peaceful
selves ;—

Now was it that both found, the meek and
lofty

Did both find, helpers to their heart's
desire,

And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
wish ;

Were called upon to exercise their skill, 35
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where !

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all ! 40

XXIX.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

YES, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply 5
To a babbling wanderer sent ;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal Life ?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures ! 10
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence ;
Echoes from beyond the grave, 15
Recognised intelligence !

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;
For of God,—of God they are. 20

XXX.

TO A SKYLARK¹.

[Composed 1825.—Published 1827.]

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound ?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground ?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at
will, 5

Those quivering wings composed, that
music still !

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine ; 10

Type of the wise who soar, but never
roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home !

XXXI.

LAODAMIA.

[Composed 1814.—Published 1815.]

“WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-
spired ;

And from the infernal Gods, ’mid shades
forlorn

Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I
required

Celestial pity I again implore ;— 5
Restore him to my sight—great Jove,
restore !”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward
lifts her hands ;

While, like the sun emerging from a
cloud,

Her countenance brightens—and her eye
expands ; 10

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows ;

And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O
joy !

What doth she look on ?—whom doth she
behold ?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ? 15
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?

It is—if sense deceive her not—’tis He !
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her
with his wand

That calms all fear ; “Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer, 20

Laodamia ! that at Jove’s command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper
air :

He comes to tarry with thee three hours’
space ;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face !”

¹ For Stanza ii. of this poem, omitted in 1845
and 1849–50, see note 2, page 153.—ED.

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her
 Lord to clasp; 25
 Again that consummation she essayed;
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
 And re-assume his place before her sight.
 “Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone! 31
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
 rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon; and blest a sad
 abode.” 36
 “Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
 But in reward of thy fidelity. 40
 And something also did my worth obtain;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.
 “Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore-
 told
 That the first Greek who touched the
 Trojan strand
 Should die; but me the threat could not
 withhold: 45
 A generous cause a victim did demand;
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.”
 “Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest,
 best!
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
 Which then, when tens of thousands were
 deprest 51
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here
 thou art—
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.
 “But thou, though capable of sternest
 deed, 55
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath
 decreed
 Thou shouldst elude the malice of the
 grave:
 Rédundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian
 air. 60

“No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow
 this;
 Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
 side!
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nup-
 tial kiss
 To me, this day, a second time thy bride!”
 Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
 Parcæ threw 65
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.
 “This visage tells thee that my doom is
 past:
 Nor should the change be mourned, even
 if the joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish. Earth de-
 stroys 70
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
 Calm pleasures there abide—majestic
 pains.
 “Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
 Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the
 soul; 75
 A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
 Thy transports moderate; and meekly
 mourn
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—”
 “Ah wherefore?—Did not Hercules by
 force
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
 tomb 80
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
 bloom?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
 years,
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
 peers. 84
 “The Gods to us are merciful—and they
 Yet further may relent: for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
 sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
 And though his favourite seat be feeble
 woman's breast. 90

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"
 he said,—
 She looked upon him and was calmed and
 cheered;
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
 In his deportment, shape, and mien,
 appeared
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, 95
 Brought from a pensive though a happy
 place.
 He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and
 pure;
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
 The past unsighed for, and the future
 sure; 100
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;
 Of all that is most beauteous—imaged
 there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air, 105
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the
 brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.
 Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
 earned
 That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain
 delight,
 While tears were thy best pastime, day
 and night;
 "And while my youthful peers before my
 eyes 115
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
 By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
 Chieftains and kings in council were de-
 tained;
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.
 "The wished-for wind was given :—I then
 revolved 121
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be

The foremost prow in pressing to the
 strand,— 125
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
 sand.
 "Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal life,
 The paths which we had trod—these foun-
 tains, flowers; 131
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished
 towers.
 "But should suspense permit the Foe to
 cry,
 "Behold they tremble!—haughty their
 array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to die?"
 In soul I swept the indignity away: 136
 Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
 thought,
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.
 "And Thou, though strong in love, art all
 too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek 141
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sym-
 pathised;
 Be thy affections raised and solemnised.
 "Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
 end; 147
 For this the passion to excess was driven—
 That self might be annulled: her bondage
 prove
 The fetters of a dream opposed to love."—
 Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-
 appears! 151
 Round the dear Shade she would have
 clung—'tis vain:
 The hours are past—too brief had they
 been years;
 And him no mortal effort can detain:
 Swift, toward the realms that know not
 earthly day, 155
 He through the portal takes his silent way.
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She
 lay.

Who leads them on?—The anxious people
 see
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
 And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad!
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or
 fear 26
 The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
 Salute those strangers as a holy train
 Or blest procession (to the Immortals
 dear)
 That brought their precious liberty again.
 Lo! when the gates are entered, on each
 hand, 31
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled
 with wine
 In seemly order stand,
 On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
 He looks on festal ground with fruits
 bestrown; 36
 And flowers are on his person thrown
 In boundless prodigality;
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from
 prayer,
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care, 40
 As if a very Deity he were!

III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and
 mourn
 Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit
 dreads
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks
 and shades! 45
 For him who to divinity aspired,
 Not on the breath of popular applause,
 But through dependence on the sacred
 laws
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom
 dwelt retired,
 Intent to trace the ideal path of right 50
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway
 paved with stars)
 Which Dion learned to measure with
 sublime delight;—
 But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;
 And, following guides whose craft holds
 no consent

With aught that breathes the ethereal
 element, 55
 Hath stained the robes of civil power
 with blood,
 Unjustly shed, though for the public
 good.
 Whence doubts that came too late, and
 wishes vain,
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
 And oft his cogitations sink as low 60
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
 But whence that sudden check? that
 fearful start!
 He hears an uncouth sound—
 Anon his lifted eyes 65
 Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky
 bound,
 A Shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and
 round!
 A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
 And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
 Like Auster whirling to and fro, 71
 His force on Caspian foam to try;
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops 75
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit
 reaping,
 The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
 Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
 No pause admitted, no design avowed! 80
 "Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"
 Exclaimed the Chieftain—"let me rather
 see
 The coronal that coiling vipers make;
 The torch that flames with many a lurid
 flake,
 And the long train of doleful pageantry 85
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies
 haunt;
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge
 to flee,
 Move where the blasted soil is not
 unworn,
 And, in their anguish, bear what other
 minds have borne!"

V.

But Shapes, that come not at an earthly
call, 90

Will not depart when mortal voices bid ;
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not
fall !

Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Im-
plement

Obeys a mystical intent ! 95
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere ;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear ;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that
look 100
Which no philosophy can brook !

VI.

Ill-fated Chief ! there are whose hopes are
built

Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ;
Who, through the portal of one moment's
guilt,

Pursue thee with their deadly aim ! 105
O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking
blade,

Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust !
Shuddered the walls—the marble city
wept— 110

And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim
slept,

As he had fallen in magnanimity ;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change ;
too just 115

To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by
mistrust.

So were the hopeless troubles, that in-
volved

The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of princely
state, 120

He left this moral grafted on his Fate ;
" Him only pleasure leads, and peace
attends,

Him, only him, the shield of Jove de-
fends,

Whose means are fair and spotless as his
ends."

XXXIII.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

I.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills :
Where, save the rugged road, we find 5
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man ; if stone or rock
Seem not his handy-work to mock
By something cognizably shaped ;
Mockery—or model roughly hewn, 10
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped :
Altars for Druid service fit ;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies 15
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument ;
Green moss-grown tower ; or hoary tent ;
Tents of a camp that never shall be
razed—
On which four thousand years have
gazed ! 20

II.

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes !
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership !
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall 25
To feed the insatiate Prodigal !
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and
fields,
All that the fertile valley shields ;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake, 30
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time ;—
O care ! O guilt !—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue 35
At once all memory of You,—

Most potent when mists veil the sky,
 Mists that distort and magnify,
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
 breeze,
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies ! 40

III.

List to those shriller notes !—*that* march
 Perchance was on the blast,
 When, through this Height's inverted
 arch,

Rome's earliest legion passed !
 —They saw, adventurously impelled, 45
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,
 This block—and yon, whose church-like
 frame

Gives to this savage Pass its name.
 Aspiring Road ! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn, 50
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide :
 And I (as all men may find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And they have panted up the hill 55
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint ;
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow
 That choice lacked courage to bestow ! 60

IV.

My Soul was grateful for delight
 That wore a threatening brow ;
 A veil is lifted—can she slight
 The scene that opens now ?
 Though habitation none appear, 65
 The greenness tells, man must be there ;
 The shelter—that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live ;
 Where Toil pursues his daily round ;
 Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove, 71
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 —Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below ;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps 75
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou desolate Domain !
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
 Carols like a shepherd-boy ;
 And who is she?—Can that be Joy ! 80

Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide ;
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the
 wicked dare, 85
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion
 fair !"

XXXIV.

TO ENTERPRISE.

[Composed 1820 (?).—Published 1822.]

KEEP for the Young the impassioned
 smile
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee
 stand
 High on that chalky cliff of Britain's
 Isle,
 A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
 (Perchance the pages that relate 5
 The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,
 And drop thy pointing finger bright
 As the first flash of beacon light ;
 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
 Nor turn thy face away 11
 From One who, in the evening of his day,
 To thee would offer no presumptuous
 hymn !

I.

Bold Spirit ! who art free to rove
 Among the starry courts of Jove, 15
 And oft in splendour dost appear
 Embodied to poetic eyes,
 While traversing this nether sphere,
 Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
 Daughter of Hope ! her favourite Child,
 Whom she to young Ambition bore, 21
 When hunter's arrow first defiled
 The grove, and stained the turf with gore ;
 Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
 On broad Euphrates' palmy shore, 25
 And where the mightier Waters burst
 From caves of Indian mountains hoar !
 She wrapped thee in a panther's skin ;
 And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
 The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare 30
 From her rock-fortress in mid air,

With infant shout ; and often sweep,
 Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain ;
 Or, tired with sport, wouldest sink asleep
 Upon the couchant lion's mane ! 35
 With rolling years thy strength increased ;
 And, far beyond thy native East,
 To thee, by varying titles known
 As variously thy power was shown,
 Did incense-bearing altars rise, 40
 Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
 From suppliants panting for the skies !

II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
 No more by step of Demi-god
 Mounting from glorious deed to deed 45
 As thou from clime to clime didst lead ;
 Yet still the bosom beating high,
 And the hushed farewell of an eye
 Where no procrastinating gaze
 A last infirmity betrays, 50
 Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
 Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
 By thy divinity impelled,
 The Stripling seeks the tented field ;
 The aspiring Virgin kneels ; and, pale 55
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
 A soft and tender Heroine
 Vowed to severer discipline ;
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy, 60
 And of the ocean's dismal breast
 A play-ground,—or a couch of rest ;
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain
 The Chamois-chaser awed in vain 65
 By chasm or dizzy precipice ;
 And hast Thou not with triumph seen
 How soaring Mortals glide between
 Or through the clouds, and brave the light
 With bolder than Icarian flight ? 70
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive—
 Where winds and waters cease to strive—
 For no unholy visitings,
 Among the monsters of the Deep ;
 And all the sad and precious things 75
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep ?
 Or adverse tides and currents headed,
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
 In never-slackening voyage go
 Straight as an arrow from the bow ; 80

And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores ?
 —Within our fearless reach are placed
 The secrets of the burning Waste ;
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead, 85
 Nile trembles at his fountain head ;
 Thou speak'st—and lo ! the polar Seas
 Unbosom their last mysteries.
 —But oh ! what transports, what sublime
 reward,
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou
 prepare 90
 For philosophic Sage ; or high-souled
 Bard
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely
 woods,
 Hath fed on pageants floating through
 the air,
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods ;
 Nor grieves—tho' doomed thro' silent
 night to bear 95
 The domination of his glorious themes,
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams !

III.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
 From source still deeper, and of higher
 worth,
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to
 control, 100
 And in due season send the mandate
 forth ;
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to
 crouch no more.

IV.

Dread Minister of wrath !
 Who to their destined punishment dost
 urge 105
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of
 hardened heart !
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
 When they in pomp depart
 With trampling horses and refulgent
 cars— 110
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ;
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown
 strands ;
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—

An Army now, and now a living hill
That a brief while heaves with convulsive
throes— 115
Then all is still;
Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless
snows!

v.

Back flows the willing current of my Song:
If to provoke such doom the Impious
dare, 120
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
—Bold Goddess! range our Youth among;
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran Few have pride 125
In thoughts whose sternness makes them
sweet;
In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
When fields are naked far and wide, 130
And withered leaves, from earth's cold
breast
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can
find rest.

vi.

But if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,
One rarely absent from thy train 135
More humble favours may obtain
For thy contented Votary.
She who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn 140
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling
lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn;
She who inspires that strain of joyance
holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the
melancholy, 145
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead
for me;
And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
On busy days, with thankful nights, be
mine. 150

vii.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide earth's storehouse fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails) 155
Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile!—
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest of his name, 160
Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!

XXXV.

TO —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF
HELVELLYN.

[Composed 1816.—Published 1820.]

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!
Potent was the spell that bound thee 5
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.
Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there! 10
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!
And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean 15
Gleaming like a silver shield!
Maiden! now take flight;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit
Sweep their length of snowy line; 20
Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!
Thine are all the choral¹ fountains 25
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

¹ "Choral", edd. 1820, 1827; "coral", 1832-1849.—Ed.

To Niphates' top invited,
 Whither spiteful Satan steered; 30
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth re-appeared;
 For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee 35
 To confess their majesty!

XXXVI.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING
 LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

[Composed 1801 (?).—Published *Morning Post*,
 February 11, 1802; ed. 1807.]

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
 —There is a nest in a green dale,
 A harbour and a hold;
 Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
 Thy own heart-stirring days, and be 5
 A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
 And treading among flowers of joy
 Which at no season fade,
 Thou, while thy babes around thee cling, 10
 Shalt show us how divine a thing
 A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
 Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
 A melancholy slave; 15
 But an old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

XXXVII.

WATER FOWL.

[Composed 1812 (?).¹—Published 1823; ed. 1827.]

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe
 the evolutions which these visitants sometimes
 perform, on a fine day towards the close of
 winter."—*Extract from the Author's Book on*
the Lakes (edition of 1823.—Ed.).

¹ These lines form portion of *The Recluse*,
Book I., much of which was undoubtedly com-
 posed in 1800. In 1836 Wordsworth assigned them
 to the year 1812; but his memory on such mat-
 ters was treacherous, and it is quite possible that
 they were written as far back as 1800.—Ed.

MARK how the feathered tenants of the
 flood,
 With grace of motion that might scarcely
 seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong
 Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
 (And sometimes with ambitious wing that
 soars 5

High as the level of the mountain-tops)
 A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—
 Their own domain; but ever, while intent
 On tracing and retracing that large round,
 Their jubilant activity evolves 10
 Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
 Upward and downward, progress intricate
 Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
 Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—

Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
 But lo! the vanished company again 16
 Ascending; they approach—I hear their
 wings,

Faint, faint at first; and then an eager
 sound,

Past in a moment—and as faint again!
 They tempt the sun to sport amid their
 plumes; 20

They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
 To show them a fair image; 'tis themselves,
 Their own fair forms, upon the glimmer-
 ing plain,

Painted more soft and fair as they descend
 Almost to touch;—then up again aloft, 25
 Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
 As if they scorned both resting-place and
 rest!

XXXVIII.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK
 COMB².

[Composed 1813.—Published 1815.]

THIS Height a ministering Angel might
 select:

For from the summit of BLACK COMB
 (dread name

² Black Comb stands at the southern extremity
 of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater
 extent of ground than any other mountain in
 those parts; and, from its situation, the summit
 commands a more extensive view than any other
 point in Britain.

Derived from clouds and storms!) the
amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low
dusky tracts, 5
Where Trent is nursed, far southward!
Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with
these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give
birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and
Clyde:— 10
Crowding the quarter whence the sun
comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags;
beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western
base,
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and
stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle 16
That, as we left the plain, before our
sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting
slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that
streak 20
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast? 25
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-
swain
(Like the bright confines of another
world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look home-
ward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how
serene
The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's
works, 30
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing
sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

XXXIX.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ———.

[Composed 1819.—Published 1820.]

THOSE silver clouds collected round the
sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming
less
To overshadow than multiply his beams
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our
human sense 5
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now,
attired
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use 10
Was fashioned; whether by the hand of
Art,
That eastern Sultan, amid flowers en-
wrought
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with
the chase. 15
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of the
groves,
Approach;—and, thus invited, crown with
rest
The noon-tide hour: though truly some
there are
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid 20
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking
sound
(Above the general roar of woods and
crags)
Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note!
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have
deemed) 25
The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost
Haunts the old trunk; lamenting deeds
of which
The flowery ground is conscious. But no
wind 30

Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
 Not even a zephyr stirs;—the obnoxious
 Tree
 Is mute; and, in his silence, would look
 down,
 O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
 On thy reclining form with more delight 35
 Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
 Seem to participate, the while they view
 Their own far-stretching arms and leafy
 heads
 Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
 That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying
 stream ! 40

XL.

THE TRIAD.

[Composed 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Keepsake*);
 ed. 1832.]

Show me the noblest Youth of present
 time,
 Whose trembling fancy would to love
 give birth;
 Some God or Hero, from the Olympian
 clime
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see 5
 The brightest star of ages yet to be,
 And I will mate and match him blissfully.
 I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
 Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier
 power)
 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless
 wood, 10
 Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral
 bower;
 Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision still,
 Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
 The chaster coverts of a British hill.

“Appear!—obey my lyre's command ! 15
 Come, like the Graces, hand in hand !
 For ye, though not by birth allied,
 Are Sisters in the bond of love;
 Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
 Presume those interweavings to reprove 20
 In you, which that fair progeny of Jove
 Learned from the tuneful spheres that
 glide
 In endless union, earth and sea above.”

—I sing in vain;—the pines have hushed
 their waving:
 A peerless Youth expectant at my side, 25
 Breathless as they, with unabated craving
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
 And, with a wandering eye that seems to
 chide,
 Asks of the clouds what occupants they
 hide:—
 But why solicit more than sight could
 bear, 30
 By casting on a moment all we dare?
 Invoke we those bright Beings one by
 one;
 And what was boldly promised, truly
 shall be done.

“Fear not a constraining measure !
 —Yielding to this gentle spell, 35
 Lucida ! from domes of pleasure,
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
 Come to regions solitary,
 Where the eagle builds her aery,
 Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell !” 40
 —She comes !—behold
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-white
 sail !
 Nearer she draws ; a breeze uplifts her
 veil ;
 Upon her coming wait
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale 45
 As e'er, on herbage covering earthy mould,
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
 His richest splendour—when his veering
 gait
 And every motion of his starry train
 Seem governed by a strain 50
 Of music, audible to him alone.

“O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest
 throne !
 Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is un-
 known ; 55
 What living man could fear
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou
 near,
 Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
 That its fair flowers may from his cheek
 Brush the too happy tear? 60

—Queen, and handmaid lowly !

Whose skill can speed the day with lively
cares,

And banish melancholy

By all that mind invents or hand prepares ;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its
smile 65

And in its silence even, no heart is proof ;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would
reconcile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of
Wallace— 70

Who that hath seen thy beauty could
content

His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly
day ?

Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were
bent

To take thee in thy majesty away ? 75

—Pass onward (even the glancing deer

Till we depart intrude not here ;)

That mossy slope, o'er which the wood-
bine throws

A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose !”

Glad moment is it when the throng 80

Of warblers in full concert strong

Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout

The lagging shower, and force coy Phæbus
out,

Met by the rainbow's form divine,

Issuing from her cloudy shrine ;— 85

So may the thrillings of the lyre

Prevail to further our desire,

While to these shades a sister Nymph I
call.

“Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,

Come, youngest of the lovely Three, 90

Submissive to the might of verse

And the dear voice of harmony,

By none more deeply felt than Thee !”

—I sang ; and lo ! from pastimes virginal

She hastens to the tents 95

Of nature, and the lonely elements.

Air sparkles round her with a dazzling
sheen ;

But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture
green !

And, as if wishful to disarm

Or to repay the potent Charm, 100

She bears the stringèd lute of old romance,

That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,

And soothed war-wearied knights in raft-
ered hall.

How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee !

So tripped the Muse, inventress of the
dance ; 105

So, truant in waste woods, the blithe
Euphrosyne !

But the ringlets of that head

Why are they ungarlanded ?

Why bedeck her temples less

Than the simplest shepherdess ? 110

Is it not a brow inviting

Choicest flowers that ever breathed,

Which the myrtle would delight in

With Idalian rose enwreathed ?

But her humility is well content 115

With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)

FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom
worn—

Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets ! let her fly,

Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and
height ! 120

For She, to all but those who love her, shy,

Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's
sight ;

Though, where she is beloved and loves,

Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves ;

Her happy spirit as a bird is free, 125

That rifles blossoms on a tree,

Turning them inside out with arch
audacity.

Alas ! how little can a moment show

Of an eye where feeling plays

In ten thousand dewy rays ; 130

A face o'er which a thousand shadows go !

—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's
side ;

And there (while, with sedater mien,

O'er timid waters that have scarcely left

Their birthplace in the rocky cleft 135

She bends) at leisure may be seen

Features to old ideal grace allied,

Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—

Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth ;

The bland composure of eternal youth !

What more changeful than the sea? 141
But over his great tides
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant
is as he.

High is her aim as heaven above, 145
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest
rill:

Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to *her* charity no bar, 150
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law! 155
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, aught ensue
Untoward or unfit;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure, 160
Sheds round the transient harm or vague
mischance

A light unknown to tutored elegance:
Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushes;
And the fault (if fault it be) 165
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter-loving gaiety,
And kindle sportive wit—
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains
free,

As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint
vagary, 171
And heard his viewless bands
Over their mirthful triumph clapping
hands.

“Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn 175
Touched by the skylark’s earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman’s gentle fortitude, 181
Each grief, through meekness, settling
into rest.

—Or I would hail thee when some high-
wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.” 186

Her brow hath opened on me—see it
there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves. 190
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield 195
Its homage offered up in purity.
What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e’er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels
mused? 200

Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon
to melt
On the flower’s breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate’er their
hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glisten-
ing, 205
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens
true

Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner
weeps on— 210
And without wrong are cropped the mar-
ble tomb to strew.

The Charm is over; the mute Phantoms
gone,
Nor will return—but droop not, favoured
Youth;

The apparition that before thee shone
Obedeyed a summons covetous of truth. 215
From these wild rocks thy footsteps I
will guide
To bowers in which thy fortune may be
tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy
happy Bride.

XLI.

THE WISHING-GATE.

[Composed 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Keepsake*);
ed. 1832.]

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old
highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which,
time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-
gate, from a belief that wishes formed or in-
cluded there have a favourable issue.

HOPE rules a land for ever green :
All powers that serve the bright-eyed
Queen

Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way. 6

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife ;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart, 10
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor, were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate ; 15
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate !

Enquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place, 20
Ere northward they retired ;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell ;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair, 25
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content—
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove. 30

Yea ! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes, 35
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim ?
The local Genius ne'er befriends 40
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shaine.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot ; 45
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past, 50
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed 55
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate. 60

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*, 65
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws ;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply ;
Time pressing on with starry crest 70
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

XLII.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
Released from fear and doubt ;
And the bright landscape too must lie, 5
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained 10
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear; 15
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot, 20
So confident a token
Of coming good;—the charm is fled;
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word; 25
Could he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given? 30

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air 35
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
Though the most easily beguiled 40
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here, 45
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await 50
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face 55
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale. 60
That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory 65
Shall bid a kind farewell!¹

XLIII.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

[Composed 1831.—Published 1835.]

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock 5
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own; 10
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root, 15
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall; 20
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain; 25
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
The sunny vale looked gay;
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay. 30

¹ See Note, p. 901.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
 Like Thee, in field and grove
 Revive unenvied ;—mightier far,
 Than tremblings that reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope, 35
 Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
 Their moral element, 40
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called 45
 Shall rise, and breathe again ;
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high, 50
 The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die ;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity.

XLIV.

PRESENTIMENTS.

[Composed 1830.—Published 1835.]

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
 Who deem that ye from open light
 Retire in fear of shame ;
 All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
 Of vulgar sense,—and, being such, 5
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
 Were mine in early days ;
 And now, unforced by time to part 10
 With fancy, I obey my heart,
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
 Too potent over nerve and blood,
 Lurk near you—and combine 15
 To taint the health which ye infuse ;
 This hides not from the moral Muse
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers !
 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours 20
 Builds castles, not of air :
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will
 Flow from your visionary skill,
 And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift, 25
 That no philosophy can lift,
 Shall vanish, if ye please,
 Like morning mist : and, where it lay,
 The spirits at your bidding play
 In gaiety and ease. 30

Star-guided contemplations move
 Through space, though calm, not raised
 above
 Prognostics that ye rule ;
 The naked Indian of the wild,
 And haply too the cradled Child, 35
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
 Number their signs or instruments ?
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,
 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds, 40
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
 Ye feelingly reprove ; 45
 And daily, in the conscious breast,
 Your visitations are a test
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless
 scope
 To an exulting Nation's hope 50
 Oft, startled and made wise
 By your low-breathed interpretations,
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war, 55
 Pervade the lonely ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurled ;
 For dancers in the festive hall
 What ghastly partners hath your call
 Fetched from the shadowy world. 60

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,
 Emboldened by a keener sense ;

That men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year : 65
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds she stands,
Sage Spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
Whose wisdom fixed the scale 75
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail.

XLV.

VERNAL ODE.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

"Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam
in minimis." PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green
were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One 5
Whose countenance bore resemblance to
the sun,

When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure
light.

Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by de-
grees) 11

Till he had reached a summit sharp and
bare,

Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the
noontide breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east 16
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's
power,

Where nothing was; and firm as some old
Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming
shower! 20

II.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the
strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

"No wintry desolations, 25
Scorching blight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's enquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue 30
Profound of night's ethereal blue;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—
Some fixed, some wandering with no
timid curb;

But wandering star and fixed, to mortal
eye,
Blended in absolute serenity, 35
And free from semblance of decline;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal
hour,
Her darkness splendour gave, her silence
power,
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

III.

"What if those bright fires 40
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass
away

Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand
bestows, 45

Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.
—And though to every draught of vital
breath,

Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,

The melancholy gates of Death 50
Respond with sympathetic motion;

Though all that feeds on nether air
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,
 Grows but to perish, and entrust
 Its ruins to their kindred dust; 55
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
 Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
 Amid the unfathomable deeps;
 And saves the peopled fields of earth
 From dread of emptiness or dearth. 60
 Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the
 sky

The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive;
 Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
 Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath
 viewed 65

Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;
 Wherever sportive breezes bend
 Their course, or genial showers descend!
 Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit 71
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to
 range!"

IV.

O, nursed at happy distance from the
 cares 75
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral
 Muse!
 That to the sparkling crown Urania
 wears,
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
 Preferr'st a garland culled from purple
 heath,
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning
 dews; 80
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed
 to me?
 And was it granted to the simple ear
 Of thy contented Votary
 Such melody to hear!
 Him rather suits it, side by side with
 thee, 85
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
 While thy tired lute hangs on the haw-
 thorn-tree,
 To lie and listen—till o'er-drowsèd sense
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence—

To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee. 90
 —A slender sound! yet hoary Time
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
 Of all his years;—a company
 Of ages coming, ages gone;
 (Nations from before them sweeping, 95
 Regions in destruction steeping,)
 But every awful note in unison
 With that faint utterance, which tells
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
 For the pure keeping of those waxen
 cells; 100
 Where She—a statist prudent to confer
 Upon the common weal; a warrior bold,
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
 And armed with living spear for mortal
 fight;

A cunning forager 105
 That spreads no waste; a social builder;
 one
 In whom all busy offices unite
 With all fine functions that afford de-
 light—
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet
 dwells!

V.

And is She brought within the power 110
 Of vision?—o'er this tempting flower
 Hovering until the petals stay
 Her flight, and take its voice away!—
 Observe each wing!—a tiny van!
 The structure of her laden thigh, 115
 How fragile! yet of ancestry
 Mysteriously remote and high;
 High as the imperial front of man;
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak; 120
 The white plumes of the floating swan;
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
 At which the desert trembles.—Humming
 Bee!
 Thy sting was needless then, perchance
 unknown, 125
 The seeds of malice were not sown;
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness
 free,
 And no pride blended with their dignity.
 —Tears had not broken from their source;
 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean
 den; 130

The golden years maintained a course
 Not undiversified though smooth and
 even;
 We were not mocked with glimpse and
 shadow then,
 Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with
 men;
 And earth and stars composed a universal
 heaven! 135

XLVI.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

[Composed 1832.—Published 1835.]

"Not to the earth confined,
 Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing
 Powers,
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
 They wander with the breeze, they wind
 Where'er the streams a passage find;
 Up from their native ground they rise 5
 In mute aerial harmonies;
 From humble violet—modest thyme—
 Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
 As if no space below the sky
 Their subtle flight could satisfy: 10
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with
 pride
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-
 showers,
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves 15
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
 The birds pour forth their souls in notes
 Of rapture from a thousand throats—
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,
 While there the music runs to waste, 20
 With bounty more and more enlarged,
 Till the whole air is overcharged;
 Give ear, O Man! to their appeal,
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel. 25

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
 So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
 In strains that from their solemn height
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight;

While incense from the altar breathes 30
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
 Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
 Around angelic Forms, the still
 Creation of the painter's skill, 35
 That on the service wait concealed
 One moment, and the next revealed.
 —Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
 And for no transient ecstasies!
 What else can mean the visual plea 40
 Of still or moving imagery—
 The iterated summons loud,
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng
 Hurrying the busy streets along? 45

Alas! the sanctities combined
 By art to unsensualise the mind
 Decay and languish; or, as creeds
 And humours change, are spurned like
 weeds:
 The priests are from their altars thrust;
 Temples are levelled with the dust; 51
 And solemn rites and awful forms
 Founder amid fanatic storms.
 Yet evermore, through years renewed
 In undisturbed vicissitude 55
 Of seasons balancing their flight
 On the swift wings of day and night,
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
 Wide open for the scattered Poor.
 Where flower-breathed incense to the
 skies 60
 Is wafted in mute harmonies;
 And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
 Chime forth unwearied canticles, 65
 And vapours magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head—
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the eternal Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields, 70
 Divine monition Nature yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart: 75
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

XLVII.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has
taken flight,

By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
How far off yet a glimpse of morning
light,

And if to lure the truant back be well,
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke, 5
That, answering to thy touch, will sound
the hour;

Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock,
For service hung behind thy chamber-
door;

And in due time the soft spontaneous
shock,

The double note, as if with living power,
Will to composure lead—or make thee
blithe as bird in bower. 11

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests
howl,

Or nipping frost remind thee trees are
bare,

How cattle pine, and droop the shivering
fowl,

Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice
beguiled, 16

Thou wilt salute old memories as they
throng

Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding
groves among,

Will make thee happy, happy as a child;
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers,
and song, 21

And breathe as in a world where nothing
can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns
the day

And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept
away, 25

Must come un hoped for, if they come
again;

Know—that, for him whose waking
thoughts, severe

As his distress is sharp, would scorn my
theme,

The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his
dream, 30

Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and
gleam,

To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some
haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the
grace

Of Heaven doth in such wise, from hum-
blest springs, 35

Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,

Well may our hearts have faith that
blessings come,

Streaming from founts above the starry
sky,

With angels when their own untroubled
home 40

They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for
whom?

Yea, both for souls who God's forbear-
ance try,

And those that seek his help, and for his
mercy sigh.

XLVIII.

TO THE CLOUDS.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless
brow

Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
Oh whither with such eagerness of speed?

What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind, 6

Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea

Children, thus post ye over vale and
height

To sink upon your mother's lap—and
rest? 10

Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first
mine eyes

Beheld in your impetuous march the
likeness

Of a wide army pressing on to meet
 Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
 But your smooth motions suit a peaceful
 aim; 15
 And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, com-
 pares
 Your squadrons to an endless flight of
 birds
 Aerial, upon due migration bound
 To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
 In caravan your hasty pilgrimage 20
 To pause at last on more aspiring heights
 Than these, and utter your devotion there
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubi-
 lant,
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord
 the Sun,
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp 25
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and
 stand
 Poising your splendours high above the
 heads
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen
 God?
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eager-
 ness of speed?
 Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone,
 are fled, 30
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass
 That loads the middle heaven; and clear
 and bright
 And vacant doth the region which they
 thronged
 Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
 Down to the unapproachable abyss, 35
 Down to that hidden gulf from which
 they rose
 To vanish—fleet as days and months and
 years,
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
 The lingering world, when time hath
 ceased to be. 40
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted
 trees,
 And see! a bright precursor to a train
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
 That sullenly refuses to partake
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount of
 life 45
 Invisible, the long procession moves

Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
 Which they are entering, welcome to
 mine eye
 That sees them, to my soul that owns in
 them,
 And in the bosom of the firmament 50
 O'er which they move, wherein they are
 contained,
 A type of her capacious self and all
 Her restless progeny.
 A humble walk
 Here is my body doomed to tread, this
 path,
 A little hoary line and faintly traced, 55
 Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's
 foot
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them
 both.
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
 Admit no bondage and my words have
 wings.
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid
 harp, 60
 To accompany the verse? The mountain
 blast
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall
 sweep
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and bil-
 lowy lake,
 And search the fibres of the caves, and
 they
 Shall answer, for our song is of the
 Clouds, 65
 And the wind loves them; and the gentle
 gales—
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked
 lawn
 With annual verdure, and revive the
 woods,
 And moisten the parched lips of thirsty
 flowers—
 Love them; and every idle breeze of air
 Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon
 and stars 71
 Keep their most solemn vigils when the
 Clouds
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or
 when they lie,
 As if some Protean art the change had
 wrought, 75

In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Light-
nings!

Ye are their perilous offspring; and the
Sun—

Source inexhaustible of life and joy, 80
And type of man's far-darting reason,
therefore

In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blazing intellectual deity—

Loves his own glory in their looks, and
showers

Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood 85
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched—too transient, were they not
renewed

From age to age, and did not, while we
gaze

In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not
power 90

To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain
thought!

Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

XLIX.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

THE gentlest Poet, with free thoughts
endowed,

And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with
disdain

That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name; 6
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers
might own

As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling
sway

Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime
they 11

Through India's spicy regions wing their
way,

Might bow to as their Lord. What
character,

O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny 15
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy
brown,

Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended; 20
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
Glance on the conscious plumes touched
here and there?

Full surely, when with such proud gifts
of life

Began the pencil's strife, 25
O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous
wrong

Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view; 30
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love,
to vie,

Or made with hope to please that inward
eye 34

Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth
a place.

L.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,
UPON THE RHINE.)

[Composed 1828.—Published 1835.]

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings

Might bear thee to this glen,

With faithful memory left of things

To pencil dear and pen,

Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring
Rhine, 5

And all his majesty—

A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name;
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
 Thy inspirations give—
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy, 15
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
 How beautiful his eyes,
 That blend the nature of the star
 With that of summer skies! 20
 I speak as if of sense beguiled;
 Uncounted months are gone,
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
 That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow, 25
 The smooth transparent skin,
 Refined, as with intent to show
 The holiness within;
 The grace of parting Infancy
 By blushes yet untamed; 30
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,
 Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
 As flowers, stand side by side;
 Their soul-subduing looks might cheat 35
 The Christian of his pride:
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
 Upon them not forlorn,
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn. 40

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
 Of poverty and wrong,
 Doth here preserve a living light,
 From Hebrew fountains sprung;
 That gives this ragged group to cast 45
 Around the dell a gleam
 Of Palestine, of glory past,
 And proud Jerusalem!

LI.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

[Composed 1828.—Published 1835.]

ARGUMENT.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual
 functionary, in communion with sounds, indi-
 vidual, or combined in studied harmony.—
 Sources and effects of those sounds (to the

close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,
 whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—
 Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—
 how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza).—
 The mind recalled to sounds acting casually
 and severally.—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that
 these could be united into a scheme or system
 for moral interests and intellectual contempla-
 tion.—(Stanza 12th).—The Pythagorean theory
 of numbers and music, with their supposed
 power over the motions of the universe—ima-
 ginations consonant with such a theory.—Wish
 expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some
 degree, by the representation of all sounds
 under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator.
 —(Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and
 the planetary system—the survival of audible
 harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature,
 as revealed in Holy Writ.

I.

THY functions are ethereal,
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
 Organ of vision! And a Spirit ærial
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
 To enter than oracular cave; 6
 Strict passage, through which sighs are
 brought,
 And whispers for the heart, their slave;
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air, 10
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
 Into the ambush of despair;
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn
 aisle,
 And requiems answered by the pulse that
 beats 15
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired
 powers;
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian
 mountains,
 They lull perchance ten thousand thou-
 sand flowers. 20
 That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
 How fearful to the desert wide!
 That bleat, how tender! of the dam
 Calling a straggler to her side.

Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul 25
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-
bird, toll!

At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy
fear, 30

To sailor's prayer breathed from a darken-
ing sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded
meadows 35

Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves,
reborn—

On with your pastime! till the church-
tower bells

A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony. 40

Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one 45

Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the vete-
ran's mirth; 50

Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath,
that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green
earth.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid
oar,

And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore, 55
And mitigates the harshest clime.

Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine 60

Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the
mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own
clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation 65
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful
haste

Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a
blast

Piping through cave and battlemented
tower;

Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power 71
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!

Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with
plumeless heads?— 75

Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they
move

Fanned by the plausive wings of Love. 80

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings
with praises,

And blackening clouds in thunder speak
of God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense 85
Thy votaries, woefully resigned

To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;

But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried; 90

And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience—stay

The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array

Knit every thought the impending issue
needs, 95

Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's
brain, 100

Transmute him to a wretch from quiet
hurled—

Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway 105
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or awed he weeps, struggling to quell
dismay.

Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty,
Truth 111
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted
lover, 115

To the first leagues of tutored passion
climb,

When Music deigned within this grosser
sphere

Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mould. 120

Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and weal: 125
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper
arch

Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic
verse

Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The Gift to king Amphien
That walled a city with its melody 130
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill,
Arion!

Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace
he craves,

Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round. 135

Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One docile as a managed horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides; 141
So shall he touch at length a friendly
strand,

And he, with his preserver, shine star-
bright

In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds 145
Couched in the shadow of Mænalian
pines,

Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the
leopards,

That in high triumph drew the Lord of
vines,

How did they sparkle to the cymbal's
clang!

While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang 151

This way and that, with wild-flowers
crowned.

To life, to *life* give back thine ear:

Ye who are longing to be rid

Of fable, though to truth subservient,
hear 155

The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;

The convict's summons in the steeple's
knell;

"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward
shore,

Repeated—heard, and heard no more! 160

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,

Vast is the compass and the swell of
notes:

From the babe's first cry to voice of regal
city,

Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats

Far as the woodlands—with the trill to
blend 165
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no
scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite 170
Powers that survive but in the faintest
dream
Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured minstrelsies through ages
wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell 175
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are con-
trolled,
As sages taught, where faith was found
to merit
Initiation in that mystery old. 180
The heavens, whose aspect makes our
minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with
mist, 185
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear 190
Strains that support the Seasons in their
round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and
chords;

Unite, to magnify the Ever-living, 195
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of
words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing
mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune 200
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work by flaming Sera-
phim
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls, 205
All worlds, all natures, mood and mea-
sure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation,
poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man his earth-born chro-
nicler; 210
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim fore-
seeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied, 215
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and
tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife, 221
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though
earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve,
her stay
Is in the WORD, that shall not pass
away.

Peter Bell,

A T A L E.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1819.]

“What’s in a Name?”

“Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!”

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., P.L.,
ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*:—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or rather to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted that to you, as a Master in that province of the art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

THERE’S something in a flying horse,
There’s something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I’ll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon. 5

And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon:
Fast through the clouds my Boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon! 10

The woods, my Friends, are round you
roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger’s in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me! 15

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast
To see how ye are all distressed,
Till my ribs ached I’d laugh at you! 20

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne’er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other. 25

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars. 30

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her:
Up goes my little Boat so bright! 35

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all; have shot

High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not ! 40

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them ;—
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them. 45

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers ;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours ? 50

Then back to Earth, the deargreen Earth :—
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be ;
I've left my heart at home. 55

See ! there she is, the matchless Earth !
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the grey clouds ; the Alps are here,
Like waters in commotion ! 60

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands ;
That silver thread the river Dnieper ;
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen ;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her ! 65

And see the town where I was born !
Around those happy fields we span
In boyish gambols ;—I was lost
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man. 70

Never did fifty things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never ;—
How tunelessly the forests ring !
To hear the earth's soft murmuring
Thus could I hang for ever ! 75

"Shame on you !" cried my little Boat,
"Was ever such a homesick Loon,
Within a living Boat to sit,
And make no better use of it ;
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon !

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
Fluttered so faint a heart before ;—
Was it the music of the spheres
That overpowered your mortal ears ?
—Such din shall trouble them no more. 85

"These nether precincts do not lack
Charms of their own ;—then come with
me,

I want a comrade, and for you
There's nothing that I would not do ;
Nought is there that you shall not see. 90

"Haste ! and above Siberian snows
We'll sport amid the boreal morning ;
Will mingle with her lustres gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning. 95

"I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray ;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa. 100

"Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things ;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings ! 105

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore !" 110

"My little vagrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part ;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces—then adieu ! 115

"Temptation lurks among your words ;
But, while these pleasures you're pur-
suing
Without impediment or let,
No wonder if you quite forget
What on the earth is doing. 120

"There was a time when all mankind
Did listen with a faith sincere
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed ;
Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed
The wonders of a wild career. 125

"Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)
Take with you some ambitious Youth !
For, restless Wanderer ! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate. 130

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. 135

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power. 140

"These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create? 145

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear. 150

"But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight! 155

"To the stone-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come: his daughter Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower. 160

"With these are many more convened;
They know not I have been so far;—
I see them there, in number nine,
Beneath the spreading Weymouth-pine!
I see them—there they are! 165

"There sits the Vicar and his Dame;
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the Tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter." 170

Off flew the Boat—away she flees,
Spurning her freight with indignation!
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table
Limped on with sore vexation. 175

"O, here he is!" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden-door;
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them or more! 180

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—
Be thankful we again have met;—
Resume, my Friends! within the shade
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
The well-remembered debt." 185

I spake with faltering voice, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;
But straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale. 190

PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river-side
Groaned the poor Beast—alas! in vain;
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again. 195

"Hold!" cried the Squire, "against the
rules

Of common sense you're surely sinning;
This leap is for us all too bold;
Who Peter was, let that be told,
And start from the beginning." 200

—"A Potter,¹ Sir, he was by trade,"
Said I, becoming quite collected;
"And wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected. 205

"He, two-and-thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover;
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover. 210

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
A far-renowned alarum! 215

¹ In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.

220

"And he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain-rills,
Had danced his round with Highland
lasses;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

225

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire
dales,
Among the rocks and winding *scars*;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars:

230

"And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay;—
Sure never man like him did roam!

235

"As well might Peter in the Fleet
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor;—
He travelled here, he travelled there;—
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

240

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

245

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

250

"Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

255

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

260

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

265

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

275

"Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

280

"Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and
twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

285

"Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

290

"A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

295

"To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

300

"His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

305

"He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait. 310

"His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his '*whens*' and '*hows*,'
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun. 315

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!" 320

ONE NIGHT, (and now, my little Bess!
We've reached at last the promised Tale;)
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale, 325

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known. 330

He trudged along through copse and
brake
He trudged along o'er hill and dale;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale. 335

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way;
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray. 340

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed, 346
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath;—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return! 350

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends. 355

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay;
But through the dark, and through the
cold,

And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way 360

Right through the quarry;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue and grey, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view. 365

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round. 370

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen:—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here, 376
No hermit with his beads and glass?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook?
Does no one live near this green grass?

Across the deep and quiet spot 381
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass. 385

"A prize!" cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near:
There's not a single house in sight,
No woodman's hut, no cottage light—
Peter, you need not fear! 390

There's nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one Beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream. 395

His head is with a halter bound ;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the Creature's back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side ;
But still the Ass his station kept. 400

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
But still the heavy-headed Thing
Stood just as he had stood before ! 405

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
"There is some plot against me laid ;"
Once more the little meadow-ground
And all the hoary cliffs around
He cautiously surveyed. 410

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near !
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear. 415

Thought Peter, What can mean all this ?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here !
—Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear. 420

Suspicion ripened into dread ;
Yet, with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide
He dealt a sturdy blow. 425

The poor Ass staggered with the shock ;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees ; 430

As gently on his side he fell ;
And by the river's brink did lie ;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye. 435

'Twas but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe ;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and
clear. 440

Upon the Beast the sapling rings ;
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they
stirred ;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third. 445

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans ;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is,—how lean
And sharp his staring bones ! 450

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay :—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation. 455

The meagre beast lay still as death ;
And Peter's lips with fury quiver ;
Quoth he, "You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass like a log
Head-foremost down the river !" 460

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray ! 465

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like. 470

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again. 475

Among the rocks and winding crags ;
Among the mountains far away ;
Once more the Ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ! 481
Or whence the might of this strange sound ?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to
glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around— 485

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !
Threat has he none to execute ;
"If any one should come and see
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
"I'm helping this poor dying brute." 490

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes ;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies. 495

His scorn returns—his hate revives ;
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize
With malice—that again takes flight ;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees. 500

Is it the moon's distorted face ?
The ghost-like image of a cloud ?
Is it a gallows there portrayed ?
Is Peter of himself afraid ?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud ? 505

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies ?
Such as pursue their feared vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ? 510

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren ?

Never did pulse so quickly throb, 516
And never heart so loudly panted ;
He looks, he cannot choose but look ;
Like some one reading in a book—
A book that is enchanted. 520

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell !
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear !
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon ! 525

He looks, he ponders, looks again ;
He sees a motion—hears a groan ;
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And back he falls, as if his life were flown !

PART SECOND.

WE left our Hero in a trance, 531
Beneath the alders, near the river ;
The Ass is by the river-side,
And, where the feeble breezes glide,
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.

A happy respite ! but at length 536
He feels the glimmering of the moon ;
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly
sighing—

To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon ! 540

He lifts his head, he sees his staff ;
He touches—'tis to him a treasure !
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell—
A thought received with languid pleasure !

His head upon his elbow propped, 546
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed. 550

Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound !
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound. 555

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise ! 560

His staring bones all shake with joy,
And close by Peter's side he stands :
While Peter o'er the river bends,
The little Ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands. 565

Such life is in the Ass's eyes,
Such life is in his limbs and ears ;
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The veriest coward ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears. 570

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned ;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined. 575

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again;
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
The man who had been four days dead,
Head-foremost from the river's bed
Uprises like a ghost!

580

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter pass
Some poignant twitches, fast and faster;
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

585

The meagre shadow that looks on—
What would he now? what is he doing?
His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
He on his knees hath laid him down,
As if he were his grief renewing;

590

But no—that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows well as he can:
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
I'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to this poor drowned man.

595

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away,
Leaving the body on the grass.

600

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past;
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast:

605

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart;
The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is reached; but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

610

When hark a burst of doleful sound!
And Peter honestly might say,
The like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
A rover—night and day!

615

'Tis not a plover of the moors,
'Tis not a bittern of the fen;
Nor can it be a barking fox,
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen!

620

The Ass is startled—and stops short
Right in the middle of the thicket;
And Peter, wont to whistle loud
Whether alone or in a crowd,
Is silent as a silent cricket.

625

What ails you now, my little Bess?
Well may you tremble and look grave!
This cry—that rings along the wood,
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave:

630

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away!

635

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent
dead:

640

His father!—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running over the open plains.

645

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distressed
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan!

650

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible.

655

But Peter—when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase—
It wrought in him conviction strange;

660

A faith that for the dead man's sake,
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.

665

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home
Is striving stoutly as he may ;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still ;
And now at last it dies away. 670

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach. 675

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if it from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern. 680

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey-win-
dows,
And castles all with ivy green ! 685

And while the Ass pursues his way
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change counte-
nance,
And look at Peter Bell ! 690

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation,—
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night will meet his fate—
And so he sits in expectation ! 695

The strenuous Animal hath clomb
With the green path ; and now he wends
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends. 700

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased ?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste. 705

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress ;
“Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness !” 710

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass. 715

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain. 720

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan ;
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair ?
He knows not how the blood comes there—
And Peter is a wicked man. 725

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Ass's head ;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled ; 730

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass !
And once again those ghastly pains,
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,
And through his brain like lightning
pass. 735

PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room ; 740

Bending, as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again ;
—The light had left the lonely taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain ! 750

The godly book was in his hand—
And on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A word—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul. 755

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart. 760

Dread Spirits! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering colour, form, and stature!
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are. 765

Yet, potent Spirits! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence! 770

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well;
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell 775

Your presence often have I felt
In darkness and the stormy night;
And with like force, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency 779
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try,
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell! 785

—O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labour might prevent!
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument. 790

I've played, I've danced, with my nar-
ration;
I loitered long ere I began:
Ye waited then on my good pleasure;
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can! 795

Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;

And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain. 800

By this his heart is lighter far;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount. 805

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;
“Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet,” quoth
he,
“This poor man never but for me
Could have had Christian burial. 810

“And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here has been some wicked dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought;
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the steal-
ing!” 815

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks. 820

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head and *grin-*
ned. 825

Appalling process! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood;
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood. 830

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road, 835

Rolled audibly!—it swept along,
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!—
’Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground. 840

Small cause of dire effect ! for, surely,
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter. 845

But as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn ;
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their post ;
So he, beneath the gazing moon !— 850

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove ; 855

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower—
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees. 860

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife ! 865

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din. 870

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found ;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While-as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound. 875

For well did Peter know the sound ;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise. 880

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course ;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse. 885

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child ;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild ! 890

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell ;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell. 895

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or
snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day. 900

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life ;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife. 905

A mother's hope is hers ;—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn ;
From Scripture she a name did borrow ;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn. 910

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part ;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart. 915

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell. 920

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature, 924
Not four yards from the broad highway :

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other ;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
“ My mother ! oh my mother ! ” 930

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition ;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision ! 935

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betrayed ;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade : 940

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle—List !
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock ! 945

“Repent ! repent !” he cries aloud,
“While yet ye may find mercy ;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might ;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive ! 950

“Repent ! repent ! though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot ;
And though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow !” 955

Even as he passed the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears ;
And they such joyful tidings were,
The joy was more than he could bear !—
He melted into tears. 960

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness !
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower !
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt ;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing, power ! 965

Each fibre of his frame was weak ;
Weak all the animal within ;
But, in its helplessness, grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin. 970

'Tis said, meek Beast ! that, through Heaven's grace,
He not unmoved did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
For lasting impress, by the Lord
To whom all human-kind shall bow ; 975

Memorial of his touch—that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem,
By an immeasurable stream
Of shouting people deified ! 980

Meanwhile the persevering Ass
Turned towards a gate that hung in view
Across a shady lane ; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through. 985

And up the stony lane he goes ;
No ghost more softly ever trod ;
Among the stones and pebbles he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod. 990

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim,—
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door. 995

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's home .
He listens—not a sound is heard
Save from the trickling household rill ;
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,
Forthwith a little Girl appeared. 1000

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather :
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam ;
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
“My father ! here's my father !” 1005

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright :
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another ! 1010

And instantly upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell ;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight. 1015

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused ;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind, 1020

He raised her up ; and while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly. 1025

“Oh ! God be praised—my heart’s at
ease—
For he is dead—I know it well !”
—At this she wept a bitter flood ;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell. 1030

He trembles—he is pale as death ;
His voice is weak with perturbation ;
He turns aside his head, he pauses ;
Poor Peter from a thousand causes
Is crippled sore in his narration. 1035

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground ;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river’s bed
In which he had been drowned. 1040

A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands ;
She sees ’tis he, that ’tis the same ;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands. 1045

“O wretched loss—untimely stroke !
If he had died upon his bed !
He knew not one forewarning pain ;
He never will come home again—
Is dead, for ever dead !” 1050

Beside the Woman Peter stands ;
His heart is opening more and more ;
A holy sense pervades his mind ;
He feels what he for human-kind
Has never felt before. 1055

At length, by Peter’s arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground—
“Oh, mercy ! something must be done,
My little Rachel, you must run,—
Some willing neighbour must be found.

“Make haste—my little Rachel—do, 1061
The first you meet with—bid him come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
Will help to bring the body home.” 1065

Away goes Rachel weeping loud ;—
An Infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry ;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
“Seven are they, and all fatherless !” 1070

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man’s heart is a holy thing ;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits 1076
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start ;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief. 1080

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o’er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And on the pillow lays her burning
head. 1085

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees. 1090

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep !
The trance is passed away—he wakes ;

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass 1096
Yet standing in the clear moonshine ;
“When shall I be as good as thou ?
Oh ! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine !” 1100

But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes, escaped from fields and
floods;— 1105

With weary pace is drawing nigh;
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving! 1110

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times! 1115

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;

And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
“Oh! God, I can endure no more!” 1120

—Here ends my Tale: for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass, 1126
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The Widow and her family. 1130

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man. 1135

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

TO —.

[Composed 1826 (?).—Published 1827.]

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air ;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone 5
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
O chief of Friends ! such feelings I present 10
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion ; but the hope is dear
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild
content !

PART I.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
room ; A
And hermits are contented with their
cells ; B
And students with their pensive citadels ;
Maidens at the wheel, the weaver at his
loom, C
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for
bloom, D
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells, E
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove
bells : F
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me, G
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be
bound H
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ; I
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much
liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have
found.

II.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of
those who may have happened to be enamoured
of some beautiful place of Retreat, in the Coun-
try of the Lakes.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with
brightening eye !
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own
dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the Abode ;—forbear to
sigh, 5
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's
book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were
thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof,
window, door, 10
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine ;
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from
the day
On which it should be touched, would
melt away.

III.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

"BELOVED Vale !" I said, "when I shall
con
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my peers

Will press me down : to think of what is
gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have
one." 5
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped
no tears;
Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had
I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost
I stood, of simple shame the blushing
Thrall; 10
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields
so small!
A Juggler's balls old Time about him
tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed;
and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

IV.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1842.]

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should
rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I
might dwell
In neighbourhood with One to me most
dear,
That undivided we from year to year 5
Might work in our high Calling—a bright
hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free
scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honoured
BEAUMONT! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain
implore 10
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

V.

[Composed 1801.—Published 1815.]

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;

And that inspiring Hill, which "did
divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide," 5
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in
crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to
Thee, 10
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural so-
vereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than
Castaly.

VI.

[Composed 1801.—Published 1820.]

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the
hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious
will; 5
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is
brought
Often than Ganges or the Nile; a
thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year
treads on year;
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst
say 10
That, while ten thousand pleasures dis-
appear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at
her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float 5

Gently along; regardless who shall chide
 If the heavens smile, and leave us free to
 glide,
 Happy Associates breathing air remote
 From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the
 Muse,
 Why have I crowded this small bark with
 you 10
 And others of your kind, ideal crew!
 While here sits One whose brightness
 owes its hues
 To flesh and blood; no Goddess from
 above,
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?

VIII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

THE fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
 The sweetest notes must terminate and
 die;
 O Friend! thy flute has breathed a
 harmony
 Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
 Such strains of rapture as¹ the Genius
 played 5
 In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit
 high;
 He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
 Never before to human sight betrayed.
 Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening
 spread!
 The visionary Arches are not there, 10
 Nor the green Islands, nor the shining
 Seas;
 Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
 Whence I have risen, uplifted on the
 breeze
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

IX.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,
 Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

[Composed August, 1811.—Published 1815.]

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power
 could stay
 Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious
 shape;

Nor would permit the thin smoke to
 escape,
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the
 day;
 Which stopped that band of travellers on
 their way, 5
 Ere they were lost within the shatly
 wood;
 And showed the Bark upon the glassy
 flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering
 bay.
 Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-
 tide, Even,
 Do serve with all their changeful
 pageantry; 10
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
 given
 To one brief moment caught from fleeting
 time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

X.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful mur-
 murings—
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other
 jar?"
 "Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
 From its own country, and forgive the
 strings."
 A simple answer! but even so forth
 springs, 5
 From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
 The Poetry of Life, and all that
 Art
 Divine of words quickening insensate
 things.
 From the submissive necks of guiltless
 men
 Stretched on the block the glittering axe
 recoils; 10
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the
 toils
 Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then
 That the poor Harp distempered music
 yields
 To its sad Lord, far from his native
 fields?

¹ See the "Vision of Mirza" in the "Spectator."

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XI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819¹.]

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
 From this low threshold daily meets my
 sight;
 When I step forth to hail the morning
 light;
 Or quit the stars with a lingering fare-
 well—how
 Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow? 5
 How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?
 —By planting on thy naked head the crest
 Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
 Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
 That doth presume no more than to sup-
 ply 10
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring
 stream
 Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
 Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a
 gleam
 Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

XII.

TO SLEEP.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee,
 These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
 love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding
 Dove,
 A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art
 to me 5
 A Fly, that up and down himself doth
 shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
 Now on the water vexed with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a
 child: 10
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my
 foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled:

O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XIII.

TO SLEEP.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,
 Sleep!
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
 names;
 The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and
 deep!
 Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost
 steep 5
 In rich reward all suffering; Balm that
 tames
 All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and
 aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I
 alone,
 I surely not a man ungently made, 10
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is
 crost?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee
 prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted
 most!

XIV.

TO SLEEP.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
 seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
 pure sky;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet
 do lie 5
 Sleepless! and, soon the small birds'
 melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
 trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights
 more, I lay

¹ This, and eleven other Sonnets here marked simply "1819," appeared in the vol. containing *The Waggoner*, which was published in the summer of 1819 shortly after *Peter Bell*.—Ed.

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth: ¹⁰
So do not let me wear to-night away: ¹⁰
Without Thee what is all the morning's
wealth? ¹⁰
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health! - ¹⁰

XV.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpleal
shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a
thing ^a
As this low structure, for the tasks of
Spring ⁵
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant
swell
Of the brisk wayes, yet here consents to
dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brood-
ing wing. ¹⁰
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing
yew-tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow
crown ¹⁰
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,
sighed ¹⁰
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous
pride! ¹⁰

XVI.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE
COMPLETE ANGLER."

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless
sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage
benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and
line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort ⁴
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—

He found the longest summer day too
short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford
brook— ¹⁰
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from
every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

XVII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

[Composed 1811.—Published 1820.]

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius
made
That work a living landscape fair and
bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy
childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep
embayed, ⁵
With green hills fenced, with ocean's mur-
mur lulled;"
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet
culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive
shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head un-
graced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts
meek and still, ¹⁰
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock
shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Gron-
gar Hill!

XVIII.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE
PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was
writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"
A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER
BELL;
Not negligent the style;—the matter?—
good

As aught that song records of Robin
Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scot-
tish dell;
But some (who brook those hackneyed
themes full well, 5
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their
blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a
harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath
and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy
choice, 10
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of
men
To thee appear not an unmeaning
voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and
rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

XIX.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready
friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is
mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could
suit
Her froward mood, and softliest repre-
hend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used
to lend, 5
More efficaciously than aught that
flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to
compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled with-
out end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce
and rest
From her own overflow, what power
sedate 10
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too
blest.

XX.

TO S. H.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

Excuse is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with
dust o'erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—
tho' near,
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear, 5
When twilight shades darken the moun-
tain's head.
Even She who toils to spin our vital
thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so
dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Hea-
ven protect 10
Its own; though Rulers, with undue
respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient
heart.

XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF
WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

With each recurrence of this glorious
morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-
dame
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour un-
worn:
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had
shorn, 5
And she who span it culled the daintiest
fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of
Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the platted
thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O
green dales! 10

Sad may *I* be who heard your sabbath
chime
When Art's abused inventions were un-
known;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all
your own;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's
scales!

XXII.

DECAY OF PIETY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

ORT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed
my cheek,
Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to
the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the House of
Prayer would seek:
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or
hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured
stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were
known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds, IO
Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy
clouds
That, struggling through the western sky,
have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

XXIII.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE
OF A FRIEND¹ IN THE VALE OF GRAS-
MERE, 1812.

[Composed 1812.—Published 1815.]

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands
gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or
grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;

¹ The poet's wife's brother, Thomas Hutchinson, who married Mary Monkhouse, November 1, 1812.—Ed.

Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride
display 5
Even for such promise:—serious is her
face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts
keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid
appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife: IO
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can
be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the
Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

I.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

YES! hope may with my strong desire
keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath
God made 4
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle
hearts, 9
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the
power
Of outward change, there blooms a death-
less flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXV.

FROM THE SAME.

II.

[Composed probably 1805.—Published 1807.]

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of
thine,
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,

And hope of endless peace in me grew
bold:
Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward
course must hold; 5
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and
weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time
depend. 11
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true
love,
That kills the soul: love better than
is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven
above.

XXVI.

FROM THE SAME. TO THE SUPREME BEING.

III.

[Composed 1805. Published 1807.]

THE prayers I make will then be sweet
indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st
it may: 6
Unless Thou show to us thine own true
way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must
lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts
into my mind 9
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou un-
bind,
That I may have the power to sing of
Thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

XXVII.

[Composed later than June, 1812.—Published
1815.]

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with
whom

But Thee¹, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
mind— 5
But how could I forget thee? Through
what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's
return 9
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever
bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood for-
lorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
more;
That neither present time, nor years un-
born
Could to my sight that heavenly face
restore.

XXVIII.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a
throne
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes
did shroud—
Nor view of who might sit thereon al-
lowed;
But all the steps and ground about were
strown
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and
bone 5
Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before
that cloud,
"Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we
groan."
Those steps I clomb; the mists before me
gave
Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave, 11
With her face up to heaven; that seemed
to have

¹ Catherine, the poet's second daughter, born
September 6, 1808, died June 5, 1812. See the
poem, *Characteristics of a Child Three Years
Old*, page 80.—Ed.

Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore-
gone ;
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

II.

[Composed November, 1836.—Published 1837.]

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes
had seen
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy
mien—
When thou, dear Sister ! wert become
Death's Bride :
No trace of pain or languor could abide 5
That change:—age on thy brow was
smoothed—thy cold
Wan cheek at once was privileged to
unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly
burn ; 10
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of
thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return :
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased
to mourn.

XXX.

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
Sea : 5
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with
me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought, 10
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year ;

And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

XXXI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship
must go ?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array ;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
What boots the enquiry ?—Neither friend
nor foe 5
She cares for ; let her travel where she
may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?
And, almost as it was when ships were
rare, 10
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here
and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and some-
thing dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

XXXII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far
and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it
showed ;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew
not why.
A goodly Vessel did I then espy 5
Come like a giant from a haven broad ;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look ; 10
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer :
When will she turn, and whither ? She
will brook
No tarrying ; where She comes the winds
must stir :
On went She, and due north her journey
took.

XXXIII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

XXXIV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1823 (Joanna Baillie's *Poetic Miscellanies*); ed. 1827.]

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;
How quickly from that aery hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground 5
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye 10
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;

Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

XXXV.

[Composed probably 1815.—Published 1815.]

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days 5
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined: 10
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

XXXVI.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem— 5
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great, 10
In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays.
Of higher mood, which now I meditate;—

It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived,
Youth!
To think how much of this will be thy
praise.

PART II.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this
key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from
Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and
when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his
hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he
blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

II.

[Composed December 1806.—Published 1807.]

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy
rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a
wood!
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-
flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn
stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile
pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering
Mountebanks,—
When she stands cresting the Clown's
head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,

Such place to me is sometimes like a
dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts,
link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with
such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious
stream.

III.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

[Composed December 1815.—Published February
4, 1816 (*The Champion*); March 31, 1816 (*The
Examiner*); vol. of 1816.]

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative
Art
(Whether the instrument of words she
use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest
part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure
distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright re-
ward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
ness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

IV.

[Composed 1814.—Published 1815.]

FROM the dark chambers of dejection
freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise: the gales of youth
shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove de-
creed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of
air,

Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 Which heavenward they direct.—Then
 droop not thou, 10
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

V.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild
 With ready sunbeams every straggling
 shower;
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
 For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields
 half-tilled 5
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy
 flower,
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant
 thy power,
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
 Ah! show that worthier honours are thy
 due;
 Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper
 heart; 10
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
 And, if there be a joy that slights the
 claim
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

VI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

I WATCH, and long have watched, with
 calm regret
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering
 quire!
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and
 yet;
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet 5
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright
 attire,
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
 Then pays submissively the appointed
 debt

To the flying moments, and is seen no
 more.
 Angels and gods! We struggle with our
 fate, 10
 While health, power, glory, from their
 height decline,
 Depressed; and then extinguished; and
 our state,
 In this, how different, lost Star, from
 thine,
 That no to-morrow shall our beams re-
 store!

VII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
 Strains—which, as sage Antiquity be-
 lieved,
 By waking ears have sometimes been
 received
 Wafted adown the wind from lake or
 stream;
 A most melodious requiem, a supreme 5
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
 By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
 For is she not the votary of Apollo?
 And knows she not, singing as he in-
 spires, 10
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial
 Hollow¹
 Of the dull earth partakes not, nor de-
 sires?
 Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the im-
 mortal quires!
 She soared—and I awoke, struggling in
 vain to follow.

VIII.

RETIREMENT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

IF the whole weight of what we think and
 feel,
 Save only far as thought and feeling
 blend
 With action, were as nothing, patriot
 Friend!

¹ See the "Phædo" of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

From thy remonstrance would be no
appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weal 5
Of her own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall compre-
hend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot
heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign
bliss:
Here, with no thirst but what the stream
can slake, 10
And started only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincum-
bered Mind,
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven
amiss.

IX.

[Composed ?.—Published 1823 (Joanna Baillie's
Poetic Miscellanies); ed. 1827.]

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous
swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions
strange—
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord
dwell, 5
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or
grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endea-
vour,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—11
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm for
ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and
lowly.

X.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

MARK the concentrated hazels that en-
close
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the
ray

Of noontide suns:—and even the beams
that play
And glance, while wantonly the rough
wind blows,
Are seldom free to touch the moss that
grows 5
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds
repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye
trees!
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive like-
ness keep 10
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty
sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence
bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

XI.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE
HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

[Composed October 4, 1802.—Published 1807.]

DARK and more dark the shades of even-
ing fell;
The wished-for point was reached—but at
an hour
When little could be gained from that
rich dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands
tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous
power 5
Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its
tower
Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting
isle,
With groves that never were imagined,
lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for
the eye 11
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the
sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

XII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

—“they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.”

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive
mood

We turned, departing from that solemn
sight:

A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily
wooded!

But now upon this thought I cannot
brood; 5

It is unstable as a dream of night;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built
dome,

Though clad in colours beautiful and
pure, 10

Find in the heart of man no natural
home:

The immortal Mind craves objects that
endure:

These cleave to it; from these it cannot
roam,

Nor they from it: their fellowship is
secure.

XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

[Composed December, 1815.—Published February
11, 1816 (*The Examiner*); vol. of 1816.]

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,

With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping
air,

Sent from some distant clime where
Winter wilds

His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields 5
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers
beware;

And whispers to the silent birds, “Pre-
pare

Against the threatening foe your trustiest
shields.”

For me, who under kindlier laws belong

To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystal-
line sky, 11

Announce a season potent to renew,
’Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys
of song,

And nobler cares than listless summer
knew.

XIV.

NOVEMBER I.

[Composed December, 1815.—Published January
28, 1816 (*The Examiner*); vol. of 1816.]

How clear, how keen, how marvellously
bright

The effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,

Which, strewn with snow smooth as the
sky can shed,

Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now
would tread, 6

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering
head—

Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unswapt, unstained? Nor shall the aerial
Powers 10

Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with wel-
come flowers.

XV.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

[Composed February, 1819.—Published in *Peter
Bell* vol. 1819.]

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to
the care

Of the fierce wind, while mid-day light-
nings prowled

Insidiously, untimely thunders growled; 5
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied num-
bers, tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,

And shivering wolves, surprised with
darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant did appear
Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of
purest sky, 11
An azure disc—shield of 'Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

XVI.

TO A SNOWDROP.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows,
and white as they
But harder far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day
by day
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,
waylay 5
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a
friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-
eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavish-
ing 10
On the soft west-wind and his frolic
peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger
of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

XVII.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar character from other Writers; transcribed by a female friend.

[Composed ?.—Published 1820.]

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid
store

Of genuine crystals, pure as those that
pave
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to
lave 5
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to
explore
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's
shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were re-
signed;
And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and
clear 10
From stain or taint; in which thy blame-
less mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not
austere;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musing, it may enter here.

XVIII.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

[Composed January or February, 1807.—Published 1807.]

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the
grove
While I was shaping beds for winter
flowers;
While I was planting green unfading
bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the warm
alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy
wove 5
The dream, to time and nature's blended
powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall
rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly
shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn
gloom 10
Or of high gladness you shall hither
bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmur-
ing pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XIX.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—’t was rightly
said;*

Whom could the Muses else allure to
tread

Their smoothest paths, to wear their
lightest chains?

When happiest Fancy has inspired the
strains, 5

How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social
board,

Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand
clear,

At last, of hindrance and obscurity, 10
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of
morn;

Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin’s eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed
thorn.

XX.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815].

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly
said,

“Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art
bright!”

Forthwith that little cloud, in ether
spread

And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent
head 5

Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder’s sight
As if to vindicate her beauty’s right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.

Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown
aside,

Went floating from her, darkening as it
went; 10

And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—
content

With one calm triumph of a modest
pride.

XXI.

[Composed not later than 1819.—Published 1820.]

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty
thing,

Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society

Survive, and Fortune’s utmost anger
try; 5

Like these frail snowdrops that together
cling,

And nod their helmets, smitten by the
wing

Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to
great

May lead the thoughts, thus struggling
used to stand 10

The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove’s
command,

Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

XXII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful
hour!

Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight

Day’s mutable distinctions.—Ancient
Power!

Thus did the waters gleam, the moun-
tains lower, 5

To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to
rest

On the bare rock, or through a leafy
bower

Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him
was seen

The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power!
brought forth; 11

These mighty barriers, and the gulf be-
tween;

The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and
earth!

XXIII¹.

[Composed perhaps 1802.—Published 1807.]

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou
 climb'st the sky,
 "How silently, and with how wan a
 face!"
 Where art thou? Thou so often seen on
 high
 Running among the clouds a Wood-
 nymph's race!
 Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's
 a sigh
 Which they would stifle, move at such a
 pace!
 The northern Wind, to call thee to the
 chase,
 Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I
 The power of Merlin, Goddess! this
 should be:
 And all the stars, fast as the clouds were
 riven,
 Should sally forth, to keep thee company,
 Hurrying and sparkling through the clear
 blue heaven;
 But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm
 be given,
 Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

XXIV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the
 stress
 Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
 Sullenly² glaring through sepulchral
 damp,
 So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess

¹ This poem originally consisted of fifteen lines: it was shortened and classed as a Sonnet in ed. 1820. See *Supplement*, page 629.—Ed.

² The collective edd. of the Poems from 1827 to 1849 read "suddenly"; edd. 1815, 1820, and the Sonnet-vol. of 1838 read "sullenly." The latter is undoubtedly the word intended by Wordsworth. Cf. "sullen fire," Misc. Son. II. vi. l. 7 (edd. 1819, 1820, 1827); "sullen star," *Excursion* IV. 487; and the "sullen light," i.e. the faintly glowing wick of an extinguished candle, spoken of in Wordsworth's reply to the letter of *Mathetes* (*The Friend*, iii. 48, ed. 1818).—Ed.

Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
 The lake below reflects it not; the sky
 Muffled in clouds, affords no company
 To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
 Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
 Which sends so far its melancholy light,
 Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
 A gay society with faces bright,
 Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they
 sing,
 While hearts and voices in the song unite.

XXV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1820.]

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's
 hand,
 And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
 Dwell, clothed in radiance, their im-
 mortal vest;
 Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow
 strand,
 A habitation marvellously planned,
 For life to occupy in love and rest;
 All that we see—is dome, or vault, or
 nest,
 Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage com-
 mand.
 Glad thought for every season! but the
 Spring
 Gave it while cares were weighing on my
 heart,
 'Mid song of birds, and insects murmur-
 ing;
 And while the youthful year's prolific
 art—
 Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was
 fashioning
 Abodes where self-disturbance hath no
 part.

XXVI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered
 bough,
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine
 warmed,
 Or moist with dew; what more un-
 sightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if
 formed,

Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow 5
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
 Fade and are shed, that from their timely
 fall 10
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may
 grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks
 shall call:
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

XXVII.

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[Composed ?.—Published 1819.]

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
 Strikes through the Traveller's frame
 with deadlier chill,
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,
 Or shining slope where he must never
 stray; 5
 So joys, remembered without wish or will,
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present
 ill,—
 On the crushed heart a heavier burthen
 lay.
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of
 my mind
 To fit proportion with my altered state!
 Quench those felicities whose light I find
 Reflected in my bosom all too late!— 12
 O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
 And, like mine eyes that stream with
 sorrow, blind!"

XXVIII.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

WHEN human touch (as monkish books
 attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury
 bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the
 dells,

And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy
 crest;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady
 blest 5
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved mistress: soon the music
 died,
 And Catherine said, *Here I set up my*
rest.
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long
 had sought
 A home that by such miracle of sound 10
 Must be revealed:—she heard it now,
 or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding
 thought;
 And there, a saintly anchoress, she
 dwelt
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy
 ground.

XXIX.

[Composed probably 1807.—Published 1807.]

— "gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name."

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares,
 and near,
 The poor old Man is greater than he
 seems:
 For he hath waking empire, wide as
 dreams;
 An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
 Rich are his walks with supernatural
 cheer; 5
 The region of his inner spirit teems
 With vital sounds and monitory gleams
 Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
 He the seven birds hath seen, that never
 part,
 Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their
 nightly rounds, 10
 And counted them: and oftentimes will
 start—
 For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S
 HOUNDS
 Doomed, with their impious Lord, the
 flying Hart
 To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

XXX.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath
a sky

As void of sunshine, when, from that
wide plain,

Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain, 5
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply ?

Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder
fly

The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and
field,

And the fair front of many a happy
Home; 10

Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they
wield,

And sick at heart of strife-ful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds re-
vealed.

XXXI.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1815.]

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth
pursue

Through rocky passes, among flowery
creeks,

And tracks thee dancing down thy water-
breaks; 5

If wish were mine some type of thee to
view,

Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human
cheeks,

Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst
thou be,—

Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints,
nor hairs: 10

It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in
thee

With purer robes than those of flesh and
blood,

And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

XXXII.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY
STREAM.

[Composed ?.—Published 1820.]

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white
fur!

Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet
hood!

Who, with a keenness not to be with-
stood,

Press the point home, or falter and
demur,

Checked in your course by many a teas-
ing burr; 5

These natural council-seats your acrid
blood

Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the
flood

Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the
brain,

Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy
gleams 10

That o'er the pavement of the surging
streams

Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched
themes!

XXXIII.

THIS AND THE TWO FOLLOWING WERE
SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS
OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN YORKSHIRE.[Composed 1818.—Published January, 1819 (*Black-
wood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean
haunts,

Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-
bearing plants,

Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursui-
vants: 6

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
And hart and hind and hunter with his
spear

Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt

In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benign;
 And, haply, far within the marble belt 11
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
 For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
 Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine¹.

XXXIV.

MALHAM COVE.

[Composed 1818.—Published January 1819 (*Blackwood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,

Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
 (Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)—
 Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,
 No mightier work had gained the plausive smile

Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
 Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid 10

In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and was,

Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
 Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass

Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

XXXV.

GORDALE.

[Composed 1818.—Published January, 1819 (*Blackwood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

AT early dawn, or rather when the air
 Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve

Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
 Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
 To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair 5
 Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave

¹ Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive

The local Deity, with oozy hair
 And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,

Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides 10

His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
 Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
 Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
 And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!

XXXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

[Composed July 31, 1802.—Published 1807.]

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie 6

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

TO —

[Composed probably 1827.—Published 1827.]

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
 That animates the scenes of public life²
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart 5

² This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

Have gained a sanction from thy falling
tears ;
Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity ; for, as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies : now
every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift
wheel 10
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !
So timely Grace the immortal wing may
heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

PART III.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the moun-
tain tops
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she
drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild
flowers deckt,
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades
protect 5
The lingering dew—there steals along, or
stops
Watching the least small bird that round
her hops,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
Her functions are they therefore less
divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave
intent 10
Her simplest fancies ? Should that fear
be thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest
shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent !

II.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's
Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal
hours

The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnaw-
ing tooth : 5
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and
towers !
Gardens and groves ! your presence over-
powers
The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold
exchange . 9
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious
street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

III.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could
allow
Such transport, though but for a 'mo-
ment's space ;
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crescent moon clove with its glitter-
ing prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady
bough ; . 5
But in plain daylight :—She, too, at my
side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !
Sweet Fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ; 10
Take from *her* brow the withering flowers
of eve,
And to that brow life's morning wreath
restore ;
Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

IV.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING
HENRY THE EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest
mould,

The vestments 'broidered with barbaric
pride:
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's
side, 5
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that ful-
gent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-
descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious
mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty
King, 10
We rather think, with grateful mind
sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of
good,
Which neither force shall check nor time
abate!

V.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE
THE THIRD).

(Composed 1820.—Published 1820.

WARD of the Law!—dread Shadow of a
King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately
room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in
gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could
fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering 5
Of Faith and Hope,—if thou, by nature's
doom,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow
cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-
flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding
sigh, 10
Yield to such after-thought the sole
reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation
hears
In this deep knell, silent for threescore
years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

VI.

JUNE, 1820.

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

FAME tells of groves—from England far
away—
Groves¹ that inspire the Nightingale to
trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying
lay;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay: 5
For I have heard the quire of Richmond
hill
Chanting with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant
day;
When, haply under shade of that same
wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing
oars 10
Plied steadily between those willowy
shores,
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons
stood—
Listening, and listening long, in raptur-
ous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors,

VII.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

[Composed 1820.—Published 1822 (*Ecclesiastical
Sketches*, note, p. 121); ed. 1827.]

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed
ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep
tends,
Garden, and that Domain where kindred,
friends, 5
And neighbours rest together, here con-
found
Their several features, mingled like the
sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub
and flower,

¹ Wallachia is the country alluded to.

Waft fragrant greetings to each silent
grave ; 10
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes
a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

VIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE
IN NORTH WALES.

[Composed probably September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roof-
less halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft be-
trayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to up-
braid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the
Thralls 4
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the towers
and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep
of shade,
Relic of Kings ! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time *loves* Thee ! at his call the Seasons
twine 11
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead
hoar ;
And, though past pomp no changes can
restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine !

IX.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

[Composed September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near
Llangollen, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite
Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION¹ flows ;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased
to see

¹ Glyn Myrr.

In Nature's face the expression of repose ;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose 5
To live and die, the peace of heaven his
aim ;

To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

GLYN CAFAILLGAROGH, in the Cambrian
tongue,

In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let
this spot 10

Be named ; where, faithful to a low-
roofed Cot,

On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of
Time !

X.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,
NORTH WALES, 1824.

[Composed September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

How art thou named ? In search of what
strange land,

From what huge height, descending ?
Can such force

Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with
hand 5

Desperate as thine ? Or come the in-
cessant shocks

From that young Stream, that smites the
throbbing rocks,

Of Viamala ? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn ; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing
above woods, 10

In pomp that fades not ; everlasting snows ;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their
repose ;

Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old !

XI.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

WILD Redbreast ! hadst thou at Je-
mima's lip

Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love
might say,

A half-blown rose had tempted thee
to sip
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is
the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose
head is grey, 5
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought—one mo-
tion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose
care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the
ground? 10
Who gives his Angels wings to speed
through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue
profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor
forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow
unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and
beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile, 5
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give
vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banish-
ment
From his loved home, and from heroic
toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round
us move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot
heal; 10
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to
prove
To fettered wretchedness that no Bas-
tile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of
love,
Though man for brother man has ceased
to feel.

XIII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

WHILE Anna's peers and early play-
mates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's
marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the
dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed— 5
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some
charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings
at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid
head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired com-
forter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for
her 10
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor
shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring
eyes.

XIV.

TO THE CUCKOO.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert
heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast
can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy
bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned,
unaired, 5
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick
man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile
declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile
search
May perish; time may come when never
more 10
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;

But, long as cock shall crow from house-
hold perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed
thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the
Spring !

XV.

TO —

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

"Miss not the occasion : by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

"WAIT, prithee, wait !" this answer Les-
bia threw

Forth to her Dove, and took no further
heed.

Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing
speed ;

But from that bondage when her thoughts
were freed 5

She rose, and toward the close-shut case-
ment drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favourite,
true

To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What
a shriek

Forced from that voice so lately tuned
to a strain 10

Of harmony !—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach ! for, from aloft, a Kite

Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its
ruthless beak

She could not rescue, perished in her
sight !

XVI.

THE INFANT M—— M——.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital
power

In painful struggles. Months each other
chase,

And nought untunes that Infant's voice ;
no trace 5

Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence of death
Could scarcely make more placid, heaven
more bright) 10

Might learn to picture, for the eye of
faith,

The Virgin, as she shone with kindred
light ;

A nursing couched upon her mother's
knee,

Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

XVII.

TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite

Than flesh and blood ; whene'er thou
meet'st my sight, 5

When I behold thy blanched unwithered
cheek,

Thy temples fringed with locks of gleam-
ing white,

And head that droops because the soul
is meek,

Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I com-
pare ;

That child of winter, prompting thoughts
that climb 10

From desolation toward the genial prime ;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's

misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal
light

As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XVIII.

TO ROTH A Q——.

[Composed some years after 1822.—Published 1827.]

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head
was grey

When at the sacred font for thee I stood ;
Pledged till thou reach the verge of
womanhood,

And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the
day

For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful moun-
tain Stream¹

Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mo-
ther's ear

After her throes, this Stream of name
more dear

Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial
theme

For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark
cell.

XIX.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE
CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Composed probably. 1828.—Published 1829 (*The
Keepsake*); ed. 1832.]

"*MISERRIMUS!*" and neither name nor
date,

Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon
the stone;

Nought but that word assigned to the
unknown,

That solitary word—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched
one,

Who chose his epitaph?—Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to
agitate,

And claim, among the dead, this awful
crown;

Nor doubt that He marked also for his
own

Close to these cloistral steps a burial-
place,

That every foot might fall with heavier
tread,

Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger,
pass

Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

¹ The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere
from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

XX.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT
BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

While poring Antiquarians search the
ground

Upturned with curious pains, the Bard,
a Seer,

Takes fire:—The men that have been
reappear;

Romans for travel girt, for business
gowned;

And some recline on couches, myrtle-
crowned,

In festal glee: why not? For fresh and
clear,

As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From
that mound

Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maxi-
mins,

Shrunk into coins with all their warlike
toil:

Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling
Twins

The unlettered ploughboy pities when
he wins

The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

XXI.

1830.

[Composed November, 1830.—Published 1835.]

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and
the pride

Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters
glide

Through fields whose thrifty occupants
abide

As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!

Yet He whose heart in childhood gave
her troth

To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest
farms,

May learn, if judgment strengthen with
his growth,

That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

XXII.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY
 DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

[Composed probably 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Keepsake*); ed. 1832.]

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen 'Tree; then, eager to fulfil 5
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
 And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again 10
 Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all, Eternity.

XXIII.

FILIAL PIETY¹.

[Composed probably 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Casket*); ed. 1832.]

On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool.
 UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth

¹ Thomas Scarisbrick was killed by a stroke of lightning while building a turf-stack between Ormskirk and Preston in 1779. His son James finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of the father. James died in 1824, leaving to his grandchildren goblets and decanters cut with a turf-stack between two trees. (See Mr. J. Bromley's letter to the *Athenæum*, May 17, 1890.)—Ed.

Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;

That Pile of Turf is half a century old:
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told 5
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
 'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth:
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
 Through reverence, touch it only to repair 10
 Its waste.—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
 In annual renovation thus it stands—
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

XXIV.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq.,
 for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

[Composed probably 1832.—Published 1835.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
 And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt 5
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
 And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
 Unrecognised through many a household tear 10
 More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew

By morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

XXV.

[Composed 1832 or 1833.—Published 1835.]

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

XXVI.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE
OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE
ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

[Composed June 11, 1831.—Published 1832.]

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave

The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

XXVII.

[Composed ?.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

XXVIII.

[Composed ?.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,
And wish the Lord of day his slow decline

Would hasten, that such pomp may float
on high ?
Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a
sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whensoever it may,
Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things
attune 11
Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient
bowers,
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

XXIX.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY
HAYDON.

[Composed August 31, 1840.—Published: vol. of
1842.]

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-
horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last
battle's wreck ;
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck ;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his
side 5
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how
firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride !
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence ! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's
rest, 10
As shows that time-worn face, for he such
seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of
faune
In Heaven ; hence no one blushes for thy
name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, di-
vinely blest !

XXX.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

[Composed May, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol.
of 1838.]

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just
begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.

Does joy approach ? they meet the coming
tide ;
And sullenness avoid, as now they
shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in
the sun 5
Couch near their dams, with quiet satis-
fied ;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his
side,
Varying its shape wherever he may
run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy
dew
All turn, and court the shining and the
green, 10
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers
are seen ;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be
true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new ?

XXXI.

[Composed ?.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

Lo ! where she stands fixed in a saint-like
trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast !
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance ;
But not the less—nay more—that counte-
nance, 5
While thus illumined, tells of painful
strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circum-
stance.
—Would She were now as when she hoped
to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who
tread 10
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed
well content,
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's
common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily
bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty
spent.

XXXII.

TO A PAINTER.

[Composed 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill
 portrayed;
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has
 made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot
 fade, 5
 And smiles that from their birthplace
 ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms
 be;
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant
 years,
 Or share with me, fond thought! that
 inward eye, 10
 Then, and then only, Painter! could thy
 Art
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight
 appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful
 heart.

XXXIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

[Composed 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank sur-
 prise
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so
 long.
 I see its truth with reluctant eyes;
 O, my Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it
 sprung, 5
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the
 young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more
 holy: 10
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal
 youth

Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that
 cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

XXXIV.

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, unde-
 prest,
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his
 strain
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
 And seems, as more incited, still more
 blest. 5
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside
 Prisoner's chain,
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front
 the blast,
 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through
 life's day, 11
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-
 built
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons
 past,
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social
 Lay.

XXXV.

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high dis-
 dain
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how
 subdued
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee
 restrain?
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein 5
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush
 attune
 His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her
 wane?
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster
 prove
 (The balance trembling between night
 and morn 10

No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
 He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven
 above,
 And earth below, they best can serve true
 gladness
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of
 sadness.

XXXVI.

[Composed 1837.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

OH what a Wreck! how changed in mien
 and speech!
 Yet—though dread Powers, that work in
 mystery, spin
 Entanglings of the brain; though shadows
 stretch
 O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far
 within
 Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin. 5
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn
 wretch,
 But delegated Spirits comforts fetch
 To Her from heights that Reason may
 not win.
 Like Children, She is privileged to hold
 Divine communion; both do live and
 move, 10
 Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways
 unfold,
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
 Love pitying innocence, not long to last,
 In them—in Her our sins and sorrows
 past.

XXXVII.

[Composed March 8, 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge
 and brake
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the
 boon:
 Great is their glee while flake they add to
 flake
 With rival earnestness; far other strife 5
 Than will hereafter move them, if they
 make
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life
 To pleasure snatched for reckless plea-
 sure's sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-born
 grief?
 Pains which the World inflicts can she
 requite? 10
 Not for an interval however brief;
 The silent thoughts that search for stead-
 fast light,
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her
 might,
 And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS.

[Composed May, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;
 And social Justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a
 shame;
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
 If, guarding grossest things from common
 claim 6
 Now and for ever, She, to works that
 came
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-
 lived fence.
 "What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it
 proved 10
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and
 loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
 No public harm that Genius from her
 course
 Be turned; and streams of truth dried
 up, even at their source!

XXXIX.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands
 have here
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn
 from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scat-
 tered knots,)

Each kind in several beds of one par-
terre;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer, 5
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may
requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks
apart,
Reader, farewell! My last words let them
be— 10
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy
heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

XL.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
D.D., MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his "Theophilus Anglicanus,"
recently published.

[Composed December 11, 1843.—Published 1845.]

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy
hand
Have I received this proof of pains be-
stowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the
road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine
command 5
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by
God!
So the bright faces of the young and
gay
Shall look more bright—the happy,
happier still; 10
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest
play,
Motions of thought which elevate the
will
And, like the Spire that from your classic
Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end and
way.

XLI.

TO THE PLANET VENUS,

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to
the Earth, January, 1838.

[Composed January, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-
vol. of 1838.]

WHAT strong allurements draws, what
spirit guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the
nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew
dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature
hides
Her treasures less and less.—Man now
presides 5
In power, where once he trembled in his
weakness;
Science advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and
meekness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure
and wise
More than in humbler times graced human
story; 10
That makes our hearts more apt to sym-
pathize
With heaven, our souls more fit for future
glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing
eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

XLII.

[Composed December 24, 1842.—Published 1845.]

WANSFELL!¹ this Household has a fa-
voured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee
with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a
note 5
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!)
thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast
brought

¹ The Hill that rises to the south-east, above
Ambleside.

Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are
 gone
 From every object dear to mortal sight, 10
 As soon we shall be, may these words
 attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts
 found rest.

XLIII.

[Composed January 1, 1843.—Published 1845.]

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide
 and high,
 Deep in the vale a little rural Town¹
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its
 own,
 That mounts not toward the radiant
 morning sky,
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy, 5
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares
 Troubles and toils that every day pre-
 pares.
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
 Endears that Lingerer. And how blest
 her sway,
 (Like influence never may my soul reject),
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith
 decked 11
 With glorious forms in numberless array,
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
 Gleams from a world in which the saints
 repose.

XLIV.

[Composed ?,—Published 1827.]

In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
 Rose out of darkness: the bright Work
 stood still;
 And might of its own beauty have been
 proud,
 But it was fashioned and to God was
 vowed 5
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit divine through forms of human art:

¹ Ambleside.

Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds
 blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
 And Love her towers of dread foundation
 laid 10
 Under the grave of things; Hope had her
 spire
 Star-high, and pointing still to some-
 thing higher;
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it
 said,
 "Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms
 when *we* build."

XLV.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND
 WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

[Composed October 12, 1844.—Published in pam-
 phlet *Kendal and Windermere Railway*, 1844;
 ed. 1845.]

Is then no nook of English ground secure
 From rash assault?² Schemes of retire-
 ment sown
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept
 pure
 As when their earliest flowers of hope
 were blown,
 Must perish;—how can they this blight
 endure? 5
 And must he too the ruthless change be-
 moan
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
 'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
 Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Or-
 rest-head
 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous
 glance: 10
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful ro-
 mance

² The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

Of nature ; and, if human hearts be dead,
 Speak, passing winds ; ye torrents, with
 your strong
 And constant voice, protest against the
 wrong.

XLVI.

[Composed 1844.—Published along with XLV.]

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times
 of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
 Intrenched your brows ; ye gloried in each
 scar :
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst
 of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall
 be sold, 6
 And clear way made for her triumphal car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms
 enfold !
 Hear ye that Whistle ? As her long-linked
 Train
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your
 view ? 10
 Yes, ye were startled ;—and, in balance
 true,
 Weighing the mischief with the promised
 gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call
 on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

XLVII.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

[Composed probably 1845.—Published 1845.]

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash
 undoing,
 Man left this Structure to become Time's
 prey,
 A soothing spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pur-
 suing.
 See how her ivy clasps the sacred Ruin, 5

Fall to prevent or beautify decay ;
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright,
 how gay,
 The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom
 renewing !
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the
 hour ;
 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first
 smile 10
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of you
 tall Tower,
 Whose cawing occupants with joy pro-
 claim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing
 but a name !

XLVIII.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

[Composed June 21, 1845.—Published 1845.]

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to
 THIS ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,
 they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard ; to grave demeanour all are
 bound ;
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful
 sound 5
 Hallows once more the long-deserted
 Quire
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, a-
 round.
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes ad-
 mire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how
 it was raised,
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and
 grace : 10
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
 And by the general reverence God is
 praised :
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
 While thus these simple-hearted men are
 moved ?

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

I.

DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST,
1803.

[Composed 1811¹.—Published 1827.]

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian
plains

Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to over-
leap 5

At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed
there.

Change for the worse might please, in-
cursion bold

Into the tracts of darkness and of cold: 10
O'er Limbo lake with aery flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my
mind,

Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me
cast, = 16

Some barrier with which Nature, from
the birth

Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on
earth.

O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,

But moved by choice; or, if constrained
in part,

Yet still with Nature's freedom at the
heart;— 24

To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.

—Then why these lingering steps?—A
bright adieu, 29

For a brief absence, proves that love is true;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

[Composed partly before 1807.—Published: vol.
of 1842.]

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,

So sadness comes from out the mould 5
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain; 10

And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to
stay;

With chastened feelings would I pay 15
The tribute due

To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

¹ Originally the opening lines of the *Epistle*
to Sir George Beaumont. See p. 521.—Ed.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth, 20
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow, 25
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave. 30

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth 34
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,— 40
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined, 45
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor Inhabitant below," 50
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
placed 55
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown. 60

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
Lies gathered to his Father's side,

Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied 65
Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harboured where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest; 70
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked oft-times in a devious race,
May He, who halloweth the place 75
Where Man is laid,
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, 80
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

III.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE
BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE POET'S
RESIDENCE.

[Finished 1839.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us
how—

With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro, 5
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
throng

Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung

In social grief— 10
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam 15
Of good and fair,

Let us beside the limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
 Think rather of those moments bright 20
 When to the consciousness of right
 His course was true,
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight
 And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand, 25
 Freely as in youth's season bland,
 When side by side, his Book in hand,
 We went to stray,
 Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay. 30

How oft inspired must he have trod
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
 There lurks his home; in that Abode,
 With mirth elate,
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood, 35
 The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
 Before it humbly let us pause,
 And ask of Nature from what cause
 And by what rules 40
 She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
 Are felt the flashes of his pen;
 He rules 'mid winter snows, and when 45
 Bees fill their hives;
 Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime, 50
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
 Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven 55
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever. 60

But why to Him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings
 bear
 On the frail heart the purest share

With all that live?—
 The best of what we do and are, 65
 Just God, forgive!¹

IV.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR
 FATHER.

[Composed partly 1803.—Published 1807².

"The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard.
 We looked at it with melancholy and painful re-
 flections, repeating to each other his own verses—
 "Is there a man whose judgment clear,' etc."

—*Extract from the Journal of
 my Fellow-traveller.*

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
 Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true;
 And more would grieve, but that it turns 6
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display; 10
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!
 But if the Poet's wit ye share, 15
 Like him can speed
 The social hour—of tenfold care
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake, 20
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue;
 And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire, 25
 And add your voices to the quire
 That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet;
 There seek the genius of your Sire,
 His spirit greet; 30

¹ See Note, p. 902.

² Stanzas ii., iii., iv., viii., published in 1807;
 stanzas i., v., vi., vii., published in 1827.—Ed.

Or where 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
He paid to Nature tuneful vows ;
Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs 35
 Upturned the soil ;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given ; 40
Nor deem that "light which leads astray
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;
Be independent, generous, brave ;
Your Father such example gave, 45
 And such revere ;
But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear !

V.

ELLEN IRWIN :

OR,

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE¹.

[Composed probably 1799 or 1800.—Published 1800.]

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle ;
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay, 5
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected ; 10
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth !
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely, 15
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,

To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
Reclined on flowers and mosses ? 20
Alas that ever he was born !
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing ;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling, 26
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin !
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same, 30
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love, 35
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain ;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent, 40

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
So, coming his last help to crave, 45
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling, 50
May in Kirkconnell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen :
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it, 55
And its forlorn *hic jacet* !

VI.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL,

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;

¹ The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

And these grey rocks; that household
lawn; 5
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode— 10
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light 15
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers; 20
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace 25
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress, 30
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred! 35
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach 40
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind— 45
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell; 50
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!

But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave 55
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be, 60
Thy Father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its
grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense. 65
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past, 70
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold, 75
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

VII.

GLEN ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

[Composed probably 1803.—Published 1807.]

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath 5
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and
rent
As by a spirit turbulent; 10
Where sights were rough, and sounds
were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;

But this is calm ; there cannot be 15
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
Or is it but a groundless creed ?
What matters it ?—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot 20
Was moved ; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell :
It is not quiet, is not ease ; 25
But something deeper far than these :
The separation that is here
Is of the grave ; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead :
And, therefore, was it rightly said 30
That Ossian, last of all his race !
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VIII.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

[Composed between 1803–1805.—Published 1807.]

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking
by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening
after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the
course of our Tour, we had been hospitably
entertained some weeks before, we met, in one
of the loneliest parts of that solitary region,
two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to
us, by way of greeting, "What, you are step-
ping westward ?"

"WHAT, you are stepping westward ?"—
"Yea."

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance : 5
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;
Behind, all gloomy to behold ; 10
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny :
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound ;
And seemed to give me spiritual right 15
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake :
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy : 20
Its power was felt ; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way, 26

IX.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

[Composed between 1803–1805.—Published 1807.]

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago : 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

X.

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE,
UPON LOCH AWE.

[Composed ll. 1-3, 1803; finished "long after."—
Published 1827.]

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the wind sweeps by and
sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor
theirs. 5
Oh! there is life that breathes not;
Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in
modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to
perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou,
from care
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in
place 11
And in dimension, such that thou might'st
seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign
Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered
harm;) 15
Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; submit-
ting
All that the God of Nature hath con-
ferred,

All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time 20
Impersonated in thy calm decay!
Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unre-
proved!
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening
light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene 26
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and
woods, unite
To pay thee homage; and with these are
joined,
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might
be called 30
Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed
Power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should
call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant
years! 35
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and sub-
dued 40
And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Cru-
sades! 1

XI.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

[Composed between September, 1803-April, 1805.
—Published 1807.]

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known;
his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine,
in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-
grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance,
which the traveller meets with in the High-
lands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!

¹ The tradition is, that the Castle was built by
a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Pales-
tine.

And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood ;
She has her brave ROB ROY ! 5
Then clear the weeds from off his
Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honour of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of
arm : 10
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy 15
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
As wise in thought as bold in deed :
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed. 20

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
They stir us up against our kind ;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion—make a law, 25
Too false to guide us or control !
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few : 30
These find I graven on my heart :
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they
live 35
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the
power, 40
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked ; 45
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit : 50
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights, 55
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow :
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. 60

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate ;
For Polity was then too strong—
He came an age too late ;

Or shall we say an age too soon ? 65
For, were the bold Man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains, 70
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined ;
But thought how wide the world, the
times 75
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth !
Judge thou of law and fact ! 80

"'Tis fit that we should do our part,
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old, 85
Of good things none are good enough :—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death : 90
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !
France would have had her present Boast,
And we our own Rob Roy ! 95

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
Here standing by thy grave. 100

For Thou, although with some wild
thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !
Hadst this to boast of ; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live 105
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's
hand ; 110
And all the oppressed, who wanted
strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights, 115
And by Loch Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are facès that attest the same ;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of ROB ROY's name. 120

XII.

SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

[Composed September 18, 1803.—Published 1807.]

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy
Lord !

Whom mere despite of heart could so
far please,

And love of havoc, (for with such disease

Fame taxes him,) that he could send
forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde, 5
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers
like these,

Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts
deplored

The fate of those old Trees ; and oft
with pain

The traveller, at this day, will stop and
gaze 10

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems
to heed :

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and
bays,

And the pure mountains, and the gentle
Tweed,

And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XIII.

YARROW UNVISITED.

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

See the various Poems the scene of which is laid
upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in particular,
the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning—
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !"

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled ;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled ;
And when we came to Clovenford, 5
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling, 10
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;
Each maiden to her dwelling !
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
But we will downward with the Tweed, 15
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryborough, where with chiming
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus ; 20

There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare, 25
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight
and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow; 30
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's
holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,¹ 35
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go, 45
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it: 50
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow! 56

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy; 60
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth hath something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

XIV.

SONNET.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

Six thousand veterans practised in war's
game,

Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirl-
wind came

The Highlanders, the slaughter spread
like flame; 5

And Garry, thundering down his moun-
tain-road,

Was stopped, and could not breathe
beneath the load

Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave. 10

O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of Eng-
land see;

And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

XV.

THE MATRON OF JEDEBOROUGH
AND HER HUSBAND.

[Composed between 1803–1805.—Published 1807.]

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into
private lodgings for a few days; and the fol-
lowing Verses were called forth by the char-
acter and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring
flowers,

And call a train of laughing Hours;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!

Take to thy heart a new delight; 5
If not, make merry in despite

That there is One who scorns thy power:—
But dance! for under Jedborough Tower
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years, 10
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !
 Him who is rooted to his chair !
 Look at him—look again ! for he 15
 Hath long been of thy family.
 With legs that move not, if they can,
 And useless arms, a trunk of man,
 He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
 A sight to make a stranger sigh ! 20
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :
 His world is in this single room :
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
 Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate 25
 Of him in that forlorn estate !
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower :
 She jocund as it was of yore, 30
 With all its bravery on ; in times
 When, all alive with merry chimes,
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
 It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due 35
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true !
 With admiration I behold
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
 The picture of a life well spent : 40
 This do I see ; and something more ;
 A strength unthought of heretofore !
 Delighted am I for thy sake ;
 And yet a higher joy partake :
 Our Human-nature throws away 45
 Its second twilight, and looks gay ;
 A land of promise and of pride
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
 Within himself as seems, composed ; 50
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
 The strife of happiness and pain,
 Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
 Of little infants, when their eyes
 Begin to follow to and fro 55
 The persons that before them go,
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
 Her buoyant spirit can prevail
 Where common cheerfulness would fail ;
 She strikes upon him with the heat 60
 Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;

An animal delight though dim !
 'Tis all that now remains for him !

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
 Some inward trouble suddenly 66
 Broke from the Matron's strong black
 eye—
 A remnant of uneasy light,
 A flash of something over-bright !
 Nor long this mystery did detain 70
 My thoughts ;—she told in pensive strain
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
 Ill health of body ; and had pined
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind. 75

So be it !—but let praise ascend
 To Him who is our lord and friend !
 Who from disease and suffering
 Hath called for thee a second spring ;
 Repaid thee for that sore distress 80
 By no untimely joyousness ;
 Which makes of thine a blissful state ;
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

XVI.

[Composed September 25, 1803.—Published 1815.]

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-
 dale !
 Say that we come, and come by this day's
 light ;
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
 height,
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;
 There let a mystery of joy prevail, 5
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not
 fail :
 And from that Infant's face let joy
 appear ; 9
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and
 wild—
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder
 cheer. 14

XVII.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

[Composed probably December, 1806.—Published
1807.]

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy !
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
This corner is your own. 5

There ! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly :
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy. 10

A *Highland* Boy !—why call him so ?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours !
He from his birth had lived. 15

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child. 20

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind ;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend ; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know. 25

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love :
For was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love. 30

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her. 35

A dog, too, had he ; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed ;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide. 40

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go ;
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy. 45

Yet he had many a restless dream ;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood. 50

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;
But one of mighty size, and strange ;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed. 55

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills,
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong : 60

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same ;
This did it when the earth was new ;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last. 65

And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands. 70

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share ;
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep. 75

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers ;
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm. 80

But what do his desires avail ?
For He must never handle sail ;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves. 85

His Mother often thought, and said,
 What sin would be upon her head
 If she should suffer this: "My Son,
 Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
 The danger is so great."

90

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
 Still sounding with the sounding tide,
 And heard the billows leap and dance,
 Without a shadow of mischance,
 Till he was ten years old.

95

When one day (and now mark me well,
 Ye soon shall know how this befell)
 He in a vessel of his own
 On the swift flood is hurrying down,
 Down to the mighty Sea.

100

In such a vessel never more
 May human creature leave the shore!
 If this or that way he should stir,
 Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
 For death will be his doom.

105

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
 The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
 Rare beasts, and birds with plumage
 bright;
 Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
 Are brought in ships from far.

110

Such gifts had those seafaring men
 Spread round that haven in the glen;
 Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
 And to the Boy they all were known—
 He knew and prized them all.

115

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
 Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
 A shell of ample size, and light
 As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
 That sportive dolphins drew.

120

And, as a Coracle that braves
 On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
 This shell upon the deep would swim,
 And gaily lift its fearless brim
 Above the tossing surge.

125

And this the little blind Boy knew;
 And he a story strange yet true
 Had heard, how in a shell like this
 An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
 Had stoutly launched from shore; 130

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian isles, where lay
 His father's ship, and had sailed far—
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful shell.

135

Our Highland Boy oft visited
 The house that held this prize; and, led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

140

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind;—
 A bold thought roused him, and he took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

145

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet; 151
 He felt the motion—took his seat;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked, and sucked him in.

155

And there he is in face of Heaven.
 How rapidly the Child is driven!
 The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

160

But when he was first seen, oh me
 What shrieking and what misery!
 For many saw; among the rest
 His Mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind Boy.

165

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy!
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

170

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!
 For, if good Angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This Child will take no harm.

175

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

180

And quickly with a silent crew
A boat is ready to pursue ;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running lake
They follow the blind Boy.

185

But soon they move with softer pace ;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar ;

190

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

195

With sound the least that can be made,
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near ;
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

200

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,
"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout ;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was "Keep away,
And leave me to myself !"

205

Alas ! and when he felt their hands—
You've often heard of magic wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
Or melt it into air :

210

So all his dreams—that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright—
All vanished ;—'twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

215

But hark ! a gratulating voice,
With which the very hills rejoice :
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Have watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

220

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

225

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little dog took part ;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

230

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

235

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again :
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;
She kissed him—how could she chastise ?
She was too happy far.

240

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

245

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell ;
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

250

Note.—It is recorded in "*Dampier's Voyages*,"
that a boy, son of the captain of a *Man-of-War*,
seated himself in a *Turtle-shell*, and floated in
it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay
at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In
deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have
substituted such a shell for the less elegant ves-
sel in which my blind Voyager did actually en-
trust himself to the dangerous current of *Loch*
Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON
ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND,
A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF
A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM
THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME
OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

[Composed perhaps 1814.—Published 1820.]

I.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking
fen,

Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore; 5
(Penance their trust, and prayer their
store;)

And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found;
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised. 10

II.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of
prey;

Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle 15
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom! 20

III.

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had
hurled,

Their habitation shook;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired 25
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied;
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge! 30

IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its
home 35

Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt! 40

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose
smile

Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring 45
To which he only dared to cling;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head

Beneath the change; who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with
shame. 50

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal
went

(So seemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him, free from all malicious taint, 55
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan! 60

VII.

Suns that through blood their western
harbour sought,

And stars that in their courses fought;
Towers rent, winds combating with
woods,

Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
And beast and bird that from the spell 65
Of sleep took import terrible;—

These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day! 70

VIII.

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and
toad,

Inheritors of his abode;
The otter crouching undisturbed,

In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,
O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene 75

Of aspect winning and serene;
For those offensive creatures shun

The inquisition of the sun!
And in this region flowers delight,

And all is lovely to the sight. 80

IX.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
When she applies her annual test

To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—

Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
His soul into the briar-rose; 86

Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den. 90

X.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen
spot

In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)

Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie 95
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;

Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage,
glowed,

Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak

A foil to his celestial cheek! 100

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

[Composed perhaps 1814.—Published 1820.]

—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the
name

Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

LORD of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone, 5
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep 10
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear; 15
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight; 20
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide 25
A Form not doubtfully descried :—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
To what untrodden shore ? 30

Less than divine command they spurn ;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show ;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold 35
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass, 40
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell 45
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

III.

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS
OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

[Composed 1814 (?).—Published 1827.]

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us
when we must expect it. We were first, how-
ever, conducted into a small apartment, where
the Gardener desired us to look at a picture
of Ossian, which, while he was telling the his-
tory of the young Artist who executed the
work, disappeared, parting in the middle—
flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and
lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apart-
ment, which was almost dizzy and alive with
waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions ; the
great cascade, opposite the window, which
faced us, being reflected in innumerable mir-

rors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Tra-
veller.*

WHAT He—who, mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their
forms !

What ! Ossian here—a painted Thrall, 5
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen ;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art ; 10
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder :
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;
One loud cascade in front, and lo ! 15
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts ! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood 21
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound !
What strife of colour, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem 25
Devised out of a sick man's dream !
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood ! 30

○ Nature—in thy changeeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor us 35
Thy servants, who can trifle thus ;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that
roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay, 40
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot ;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity ! 45

The Effigies¹ of a valiant Wight
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest
 On tombs, with palms together prest,
 But sculptured out of living stone, 50
 And standing upright and alone,
 Both hands with rival energy
 Employed in setting his sword free
 From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell; 55
 As if with memory of the affray
 Far distant, when, as legends say,
 The Monks of Fountain's thronged to
 force
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
 That in their keeping it might lie, 60
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.
 So had they rushed into the grot
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,
 And torn him from his loved retreat,
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat 65
 Still hint that quiet best is found,
 Even by the *Living*, under ground;
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
 Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
 There where you see his Image stand 70
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
 Which lingering Nid is proud to show
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude! 76
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,
 Might some aspiring artist dare
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present 80
 Of imitable lineament,
 And give the phantom an array
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
 Then let him hew with patient stroke
 An Ossian out of mural rock, 85
 And leave the figurative Man—
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep;
 With local sanctities in trust, 90
 More precious than a hermit's dust;

And virtues through the mass infused,
 Which old idolatry abused.
 What though the Granite would deny
 All fervour to the sightless eye; 95
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
 The wind might force the deep-grooved
 harp
 To utter melancholy moans 100
 Not unconnected with the tones
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
 While grove and river notes would lend,
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend!
 Vain pleasures of luxurious life, 105
 For ever with yourselves at strife;
 Through town and country both deranged
 By affectations interchanged,
 And all the perishable gauds
 That heaven-deserted man applauds; 110
 When will your hapless patrons learn
 To watch and ponder—to discern
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,
 Of admiration sprung from truth;
 From beauty infinitely growing 115
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
 To sound the depths of every Art
 That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-
 graced
 With baubles of theatric taste, 120
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
 On motley bands of alien flowers
 In stiff confusion set or sown,
 Till Nature cannot find her own,
 Or keep a remnant of the sod 125
 Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
 I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
 Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV.

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

[Composed 1814.—Published 1815.]

(See page 292.)

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!

¹ On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough.

O that some Minstrel's harp were near, 5
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings; 10
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's
Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills 15
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness; 20
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower 25
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning, 30
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove, 35
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow! 40

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:

Meek loveliness is round thee spread, 45
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature, 50
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story. 56

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in! 60
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day, 65
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason; 70
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives— 75
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure. 80

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go, 85
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

POEMS

DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

PART I.

I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,
AUGUST, 1802.

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the
west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's
brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem,
to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious
crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I⁵
think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and
shouldst wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her ban-
ners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she
lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one¹⁰
lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt
sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger
here.

II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

[Composed August, 1802.—Published January 29,
1803 (*Morning Post*¹); 1807.]

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low
degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick,
lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one
kind,⁵
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend
the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to
power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown¹⁰
In haste, nor springing with a transient
shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty
were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an
hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery
prone!

¹ This Sonnet (II.), as well as Nos. IV., V., VIII., IX.,
XVI. and XVII., appear in the *Morning Post* with
the signature W. L. D.,—initials which probably
stand for *Wordsworthius Libertati dedicavit*.—
Ed.

III.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD
LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802.

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

JONES! as from Calais southward you
and I

Went pacing side by side, this public
Way

Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous
day¹.

When faith was pledged to new-born
Liberty:

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky: 5
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, mirth,

Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
And now, sole register that these things
were,

Two solitary greetings have I heard, 10
"Good morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid
bare².

IV.

1801.

[Composed May 21, 1802.—Published September 6,
1802 (*Morning Post*); January 29, 1803 (*Ibid.*);
1807.]

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest
mood

Of that Man's mind—what can it be?
what food

Fed his first hopes? what knowledge
could he gain?

'Tis not in battles that from youth we
train 5

The Governor who must be wise and
good,

And temper with the sternness of the
brain

Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-
hood.

Wisdom doth live with children round
her knees:

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
talk 10

Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk

Of the mind's business: these are the
degrees

By which true Sway doth mount; this is
the stalk

True Power doth grow on; and her
rights are these.

V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

[Composed August 15, 1802.—Published February
26, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not
names:

This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established
sway—

Consul for life. With worship France
proclaims

Her approbation, and with pomps and
games. 5

Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my way

To the sea-coast, noting that each man
frames

His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder
time; 10

The senselessness of joy was then sub-
lime!

Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to
know

The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC³.

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published
1807.]

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in
fee;

And was the safeguard of the west: the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

¹ July 14, 1790

² See Note, p. 908

³ By the treaty of Campo Formio, 1797.—Ed.

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty. 4
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories
 fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength
 decay; 10
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final
 day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even
 the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed
 away.

VII.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published
 1807.]

THE Voice of song from distant lands
 shall call
 To that great King: shall hail the crownèd
 Youth
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
 By one example hath set forth to all
 How they with dignity may stand; or
 fall, 5
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it
 tend?
 And what to him and his shall be the
 end?
 That thought is one which neither can
 appal
 Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede
 hath done
 The thing which ought to be; is raised
 above 10
 All consequences: work he hath begun
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful
 son¹.

¹ See note.—W. (The "crownèd Youth" was
 Gustavus IV. of Sweden: born 1778; crownèd
 1792; abdicated 1809. See Part II., Sonnets xx.,
 xxx.—Ed.)

VIII.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE².

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published
 February 2, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
 men!
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his
 plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
 den;—
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not;
 do thou 6
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful
 brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
 behind
 Powers that will work for thee; air,
 earth, and skies; 10
 There's not a breathing of the common
 wind
 That will forget thee; thou hast great
 allies;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

[Composed September 1, 1802.—Published Feb-
 ruary 11, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that dis-
 graced those times, was the chasing of all
 Negroes from France by decree of the govern-
 ment: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one
 of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
 From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
 A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or
 aim 5

² François Dominique Toussaint, surnamed
 L'Ouverture, was governor of St. Domingo, and
 chief of the African slaves enfranchised by the
 decree of the French Convention (1794). He re-
 sisted Napoleon's edict re-establishing slavery in
 St. Domingo, was arrested and sent to Paris in
 June, 1802, and there died after ten months' im-
 prisonment in April, 1803.—Ed.

She sate, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same
No sign of answer made by word or face:
Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire 12
To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be
kind!

And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER,
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

[Composed August 30, 1802.—Published 1807.]

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once
more.

The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound

Of bells;—those boys who in yon meadow-
ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and
the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky
shore;— 5

All, all are English. Oft have I looked
round

With joy in Kent's green vales; but never
found

Myself so satisfied in heart before.

Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art
free, 10

My Country! and 'tis joy enough and
pride

For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the
grass

Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear,

The coast of France—the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-
hood.

I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood 5

Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is
there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and
waters roll, 10

Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One de-
cree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the
soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGA-
TION OF SWITZERLAND.

[Composed probably early in 1807.—Published
1807.]

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty
Voice:

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee 5
Thou fought'st against him; but hast
vainly striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft:

Then cleave, O cleave to that which still
is left; 10

For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would
it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as
before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by
thee!

XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must
look

For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest

For show; mean handy-work of crafts-
man, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like
a brook 5
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore: 10
Plain living and high thinking are no
more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household
laws.

XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this
hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and
pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English
dower 5
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea: 10
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV.

[Composed probably 1802.—Published 1807.]

GREAT men have been among us; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better
none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,

Young Vane, and others who called Mil-
ton friend.
These moralists could act and compre-
hend: 5
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was, that
would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then. 10
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

XVI.

[Composed 1802 or 1803.—Published April 16,
1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood," 4
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs
and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue 11
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we
are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

XVII.

[Composed 1802 or 1803.—Published September
17, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
depart
When men change swords for ledgers,
and desert

The student's bower for gold, some fears
unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what
thou art, 6
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who
find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of
men; 10
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

ONE might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land
Unfit for men; and that in one great
band
Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at
ease.
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and
breeze 5
Shed gentle favours: rural works are
there,
And ordinary business without care;
Spot rich in all things that can soothe
and please!
How piteous then that there should be
such dearth
Of knowledge; that whole myriads should
unite 10
To work against themselves such fell
despite:
Should come in frenzy and in drunken
mirth,
Impatient to put out the only light
Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

XIX.

[Composed 1803 (?).—Published 1807.]

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to
bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:

'Tis his who walks about in the open
air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must
wear 5
Their fetters in their souls. For who
could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition,
free
From self-reproach, reproach that he must
share
With Human-nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will
shine, 10
And know that noble feelings, manly
powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop
and pine;
And earth with all her pleasant fruits
and flowers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

THESE times strike monied worldlings
with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint
the air
With words of apprehension and de-
spair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the
affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day 5
And minds not stinted or untilled are
given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of
heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in
May.
What do we gather hence but firmer
faith
That every gift of noble origin 10
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual
breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and
death?

XXI.

[Composed probably 1803.—Published 1807.]

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou
shouldst wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food;
The truth should now be better under-
stood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have
seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have
been 5
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst
step between.
England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and
hate, 10
Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though
the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all
with Thee!

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

WHEN, looking on the present face of
things,
I see one man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story
rings 5
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing
great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But,
great God! 10
I measure back the steps which I have
trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the
strength
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts
sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

[Composed Oct. 1803.—Published 1807.]

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of
France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent! 5
They from their fields can see the coun-
tenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering
lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave
intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant
wreath; 10
Confirmed the charters that were yours
before;—
No parleying now. In Britain is one
breath;
We all are with you now from shore to
shore;—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

XXIV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837.]

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign
hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by
words,
Striking through English breasts the
anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon
cords? 6
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none
high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks
out 11
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the
sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

XXV.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION.

1803.

[Composed 1803.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!)
 the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take
 your stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's
 side,
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your
 pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might
 display 5
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pymys and Miltons of that
 day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder
 health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
 wealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear 10
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruit-
 less tear,
 Uncertain what to choose and how to
 steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober
 sense
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken
 all, 15
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's
 call;
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
 Or save this honoured Land from every
 Lord 19
 But British reason and the British sword.

XXVI.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1803 (*The Poetical Register*, iii. 340); 1804 (*The Anti-Gallican*); 1807.]

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won!
 On British ground the Invaders are laid
 low;
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them
 like snow,

And left them lying in the silent sun,
 Never to rise again!—the work is done. 5
 Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful
 show
 And greet your sons! drums beat and
 trumpets blow!
 Make merry, wives! ye little children,
 stun
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of
 your noise!
 Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine
 must be 10
 That triumph, when the very worst, the
 pain,
 And even the prospect of our brethren
 slain,
 Hath something in it which the heart
 enjoys:—
 In glory will they sleep and endless
 sanctity.

XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
 Another mighty Empire¹ overthrown!
 And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
 The last that dare to struggle with the
 Foe.
 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall
 know 5
 That in ourselves our safety must be
 sought;
 That by our own right hands it must be
 wrought;
 That we must stand unpropped, or be
 laid low.
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth not
 cheer!
 We shall exult, if they who rule the land
 Be men who hold its many blessings
 dear, 11
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
 Who are to judge of danger which they
 fear,
 And honour which they do not under-
 stand.

¹ Written after the overthrow of Prussia in the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.—Ed.

XXVIII.

ODE.

I.

[Composed probably January, 1816.—Published :
vol. of 1816.]

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic
wreath?

What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings
beneath!

But they are ever playing, 5
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is
fair,

And calls a look of love into her face, 10
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!

But She through many a change of form
hath gone, 15

And stands amidst you now an armed
creature,

Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced its way from birth to

birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a
terror to the Earth! 20

II.

I marked the breathings of her dragon
crest:

My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn up-
held, 25

Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at
rest,

Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery
west.

III.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God
defy! 30

And, wheresoe'er she spread her sove-
reignty,

Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not
to tell—

That Justice seemed to hear her final
knell?

Faith buried deeper in her own deep
breast 35

Her stores, and sighed to find them
insecure!

And Hope was maddened by the drops
that fell

From shades, her chosen place of short-
lived rest.

Shame followed shame, and woe sup-
planted woe—

Is this the only change that time can
show? 40

How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye
patient Heavens, how long?

—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong

Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of
right! 45

IV.

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,

The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,

Among the lurking powers 50
Of herbs and lowly flowers,

Or seek, from saints above, miraculous
aid—

That Man may be accomplished for a
task

Which his own nature hath enjoined;—
and why?

If, when that interference hath relieved
him, 55

He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and lie

Till the caves roar,—and imbecility
Again engendering anguish,

The same weak wish returns, that had
before deceived him. 60

V.

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st
not speed
The course of things, and change the
creed
Which hath been held aloft before men's
sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient
song, 65
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong.

PART II.

I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT
HISTORY¹.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian
ground,
And to the people at the Isthmian
Games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, pro-
claims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words
rebound 4
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was
rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the
sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and
still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's
ear: 10
Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be
so dear:
Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rap-
turous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and
Heaven.

¹ I.e. the proclamation of the Liberty of Greece
by T. Quintus Flamininus, the conqueror of Phi-
lip of Macedon (B.C. 196).—Ed.

II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1815.]

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams
of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isth-
mian Field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter
scorn.
" 'Tis known," cried they, "that he, who
would adorn 5
His envied temples with the Isthmian
crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Ma-
rathon, 10
Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath
bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pe-
lion's top."

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASS-
ING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF
THE SLAVE TRADE. MARCH, 1807.

[Composed March, 1807.—Published 1807.]

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to
climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by
thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent
prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sub-
lime, 5
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge
repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular
seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow
of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm 9
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn;

And thou henceforth wilt have a good
man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human
kind!

IV.

A PROPHECY.

FEBRUARY, 1807.

[Composed 1807.—Published 1807.]

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come
from you!

Thus in your books the record shall be
found,

"A watchword was pronounced, a potent
sound—

ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation,
true.

True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she
threw.

All power was given her in the dreadful
trance;

Those new-born Kings¹ she withered like
a flame."

—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and
shame

To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with
France,

First open traitor to the German name!

V.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE
LAKE.

[Composed 1807.—Published 1819.]

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these
waters, steeled

By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield

¹ i.e. The heads of twelve sovereign houses of the Empire who, by treaty signed at Paris (July 12, 1806) declared themselves finally severed from Germany, and united into the Confederation of the Rhine under the Protectorate of Napoleon. The *Bavarian* (line 12) was Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, with whom Napoleon (Dec. 11, 1806) concluded a treaty admitting him into the Confederation of the Rhine.—Ed.

A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed 6
At happy distance from earth's groaning
field,

Where ruthless mortals wage incessant
wars.

Is it a mirror?—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she
feeds

Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice
is near;

Great Pan himself low-whispering through
the reeds,

"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

VI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would
trace

Of the rash Spirit that still holds her
place,

Prompting the world's audacious vanities! 3
Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.

There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the
brute—

To chase mankind, with men in armies
packed

For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are
sacked!

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS EN-
GAGED IN WRITING A TRACT OCCASIONED
BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

[Composed November or December, 1808.—
Published 1815.]

Not 'mid the World's vain objects that
enslave

The free-born Soul—that World whose
vaunted skill

In selfish interest perverts the will,

Whose factions lead astray the wise and
brave—
Not there; but in dark wood and rocky
cave, 5
And hollow vale which foaming torrents
fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall
be still:
Here, mighty Nature! in this school
sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering
Spain; 10
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore
my way;
And look and listen—gathering, whence
I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can
restrain.

VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE
SAME OCCASION.

[Composed November or December, 1808.—
Published 1815.]

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the
Wind
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels
tost—
A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains
confined
Of business, care, or pleasure; or re-
signed 5
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impas-
sioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sus-
tain.
Like acceptance from the World will
find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall
drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows
past; 10
And to the attendant promise will give
heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild
blast,

Which, while it makes the heart with
sadness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall
succeed.

IX.

HOFER¹.

[Composed 1809.—Published Oct. 26, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phœbus through the gates
of morn 5
When dreary darkness is discomfited,
Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
From van to rear—and with one mind
would flee, 10
But half their host is buried:—rock on
rock
Descends:—beneath this godlike War-
rior, see!
Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to be-
mock
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X.

[Composed 1809.—Published October 26, 1809
(*The Friend*); 1815.]

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean
ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul un-
tamed;
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the moun-
tains named!
Through the long chain of Alps from
mound to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo,
bound; 5
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep; and
forest-lawn,

¹ Andreas Hofer, an innkeeper, led the Tyro-
lese for a time successfully, but was defeated by
the Bavarians in October 1809, and tried by court-
martial and shot in 1810.—ED.

Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps
resound
And babble of her pastime!—On, dread
Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy
flight, 10
Through hanging clouds, from craggy
height to height,
Through the green vales and through the
herdsman's bower—
That all the Alps may gladden in thy
might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809
(*The Friend*); 1815.]

THE Land we from our fathers had in
trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die;
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—
we must! 5
We read the dictate in the infant's eye;
In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the
heart! 10
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the
wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands,
to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

[Composed 1809.—Published November 16, 1809
(*The Friend*); 1815.]

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good
and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway
attest 5

Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty
Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow
say, 10
A few strong instincts and a few plain
rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have
wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and
thought?

XIII.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809
(*The Friend*); 1815.]

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is
true?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man pre-
vails?
Ah no! though Nature's dread protection
fails, 5
There is a bulwark in the soul. This
knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they
drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth
was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without
fear; 12
And wanderers of the street, to whom is
dealt
The bread which without industry they
find.

XIV.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809
(*The Friend*); 1815.]

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on
plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of
man
A Godhead, like the universal PAN;

But more exalted, with a brighter train :
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in
 vain, 5
 Showered equally on city and on field,
 And neither hope nor steadfast promise
 yield
 In these usurping times of fear and
 pain?
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it
 Heaven !
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal
 laws 10
 To which the triumph of all good is
 given,
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
 Even to the death :—else wherefore should
 the eye
 Of man converse with immortality ?

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE
TYROLESE.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809
 (*The Friend*) ; 1815.]

It was a *moral* end for which they
 fought ;
 Else how, when mighty Thrones were put
 to shame,
 Could they, poor Shepherds, have pre-
 served an aim,
 A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*
 sought ; 5
 For in their magnanimity and fame
 Powers have they left, an impulse, and a
 claim
 Which neither can be overturned nor
 bought.
 Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills
 repose !
 We know that ye, beneath the stern
 control 10
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvan-
 quished soul :
 And when, impatient of her guilt and
 woes,
 Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds !
 shall ye rise
 For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

[Composed 1809.—Published 1815.]

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;
 Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
 These desolate remains are trophies high
 Of more than martial courage in the breast
 Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
 Blood flowed before thy sight without
 remorse ;
 Disease consumed thy vitals ; War up-
 heaved 10
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic
 force :
 Dread trials ! yet encountered and sus-
 tained
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
 And law was from necessity received ¹.

XVII.

[Composed 1809 (?)—Published 1815.]

SAY, what is Honour ?—"Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim, 3
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence
 Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the
 scale 6
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
 Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
 Glory, and triumph. Yet with politics skill
 Endangered States may yield to terms
 unjust ; 10
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto
 the dust—
 A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil :
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII ².

[Composed October or November, 1809.—Pub-
 lished 1815.]

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,

¹ Saragossa surrendered February 20, 1809.—Ed.

² Written apparently on the occasion of the
 Peace of Vienna, signed Oct. 10, 1809.—Ed.

Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
 Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a
 strain 5
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube
 bore
 A weight of hostile corpses: drenched
 with gore
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped
 with slain.
 Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath
 sold! 10
 And her Tyrolean Champion we be-
 hold
 Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck
 cast,
 Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as
 bold,
 To think that such assurance can stand
 fast!

XIX.

[Composed after May, 1809.—Published 1815.]

BRAVE Schill¹! by death delivered, take
 thy flight
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and
 rest
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the
 Blest,
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark
 night: 5
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and
 sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
 Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there
 lives 10
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit,
 gives;
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble
 aim,
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth suc-
 ceed.

XX.

[Composed 1809.—Published 1815.]

CALL not the royal Swede² unfortunate,
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee;
 Who slighted fear; rejected steadfastly
 Temptation; and whose kingly name and
 state
 Have "perished by his choice, and not
 his fate!" 5
 Hence lives He, to his inner self en-
 deared;
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
 He sits a more exalted Potentate,
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should
 Heaven ordain
 That this great Servant of a righteous
 cause 10
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to
 endure,
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
 Admonished by these truths, and quench
 all pain
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

XXI.

[Composed 1809.—Published 1815.]

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath
 paid
 His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel-slight
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was
 made
 By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undis-
 mayed; 5
 And so hath gained at length a prosper-
 ous height,
 Round which the elements of worldly
 might
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are
 laid.
 O joyless power that stands by lawless
 force!
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and
 hate, 10.

¹ Killed at Stralsund, May 31, 1809.—ED.

² Gustavus IV. (see Part I., Sonnet VII.) abdi-
 cated early in 1809. In this and the following
 Sonnet he is contrasted with Napoleon. See
 Wordsworth's note to Sonnet VII., Part I. of this
 series.—ED.

Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;
 And, if old judgments keep their sacred
 course,
 Him from that height shall Heaven pre-
 cipitate
 By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.

[Composed probably 1809.—Published 1815.]

Is there a power that can sustain and
 cheer
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
 Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
 A dungeon dark ! where he must waste
 the year,
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds
 dear ; 5
 What time his injured country is a stage
 Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage
 Of righteous Vengeance side by side ap-
 pear,
 Filling from morn to night the heroic
 scene
 With deeds of hope and everlasting
 praise :— 10
 Say can he think of this with mind serene
 And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
 When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII.

1810.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

AH ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor
 pen
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave !
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the
 wave ?
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
 Of pitying human nature ? Once again 5

¹ Don Joseph Palafox-y-Melzi (1780–1847), famed for his stubborn defence of Saragossa, on the surrender of that fortress by the general to whom, owing to illness, he had been compelled to resign the command, was taken prisoner (February, 1809) and sent to Vincennes, where he was detained for nearly five years. On the restoration of Ferdinand VII. he was sent back to Madrid, and in 1814 was appointed Captain-General of Arragon ; but soon after retired into private life, from which he never again emerged.—*En.*

Methinks that we shall hail thee, Cham-
 pion brave,
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
 And through all Europe cheer desponding
 men
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the
 might
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs !—
 Smilingly 11
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that
 gleams,
 Like his own lightning, over mountains
 high,
 On rampart, and the banks of all her
 streams.

XXIV.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

In due observance of an ancient rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestments
 white ;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph
 bright, 5
 They bind the unoffending creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white
 rose :
 Then do a festal company unite
 In choral song ; and, while the uplifted
 cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne 10
 Uncovered to his grave : 'tis closed,—her
 loss
 The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs
 must mourn ;
 But soon, through Christian faith, is grief
 subdued :
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF
 THOSE FUNERALS.

1810.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815]

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our
 Foes
 With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
 Our ancient freedom : else 'twere worse
 than vain

To gather round the bier these festal
shows.

A garland fashioned of the pure white
rose

Becomes not one whose father is a
slave:

Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no
defence,

Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in
his account of Biscay, is a most venerable
natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella,
in the year 1476, after hearing Mass in the
church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired
to this tree, under which they swore to the
Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges).
What other interest belongs to it in the minds
of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice di-
vine

Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—
How canst thou flourish at this blighting
hour?

What hope, what joy can sunshine bring
to thee,

Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender
shower?

Stroke merciful and welcome would that
be

Which should extend thy branches on the
ground,

If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.

1810.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

WE can endure that He should waste our
lands,

Despoil our temples, and by sword and
flame

Return us to the dust from which we
came;

Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by
his hands

Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness

Where all the brave lie dead. But, when
of bands

Which he will break for us he dares to
speak,

Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless
his sway;

Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves
weak;

Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks
declare

That he has power to inflict what we lack
strength to bear.

XXVIII.

[Composed probably 1810.—Published 1815.]

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pre-
tence!

I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there
joined

Patience and temperance with this high
reserve,

Honour that knows the path and will not
swerve;

Affections which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth; and
throughout Spain

(Thanks to high God) forests of such re-
main:

Then for that Country let our hopes be
bold ;
For matched with these shall policy prove
vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her
gold.

XXIX.

1810.

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long
relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth :
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's
health ;
Which shall not fail, though poor men
cleave with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside, 5
In the thronged city, from the walks of
gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this
strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the
good 10
Of such high course was felt and under-
stood ;
Who to their Country's cause have bound
a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and
to heaven¹.

XXX.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

[Composed 1810 or 1811.—Published 1815.]

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march
by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad
height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dan-
gers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at
last, 5

Charged, and dispersed like foam : but as
a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are
chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope ; but they are
fled— 10
Gone are they, viewless as the buried
dead :
Where now ?—Their sword is at the Foe-
man's heart !
And thus from year to year his walk they
thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty
bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

1811.

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by
their Foes,
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war ; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country
bred 5
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like
those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose ;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian
fled.
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's
life
Redoubted Viriathus breathes again ; 10
And Mina², nourished in the studious
shade,
With that great Leader vies, who, sick of
strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

² Don Esprez y Mina, leader of the Guerillas of Navarre, had been educated for the priesthood. The "great Leader" (l. 12) is the Roman general Sertorius, whose romantic story profoundly stirred Wordsworth's imagination (See Prelude I, ll. 190–202). Viriathus (l. 10), the renowned shepherd-leader of the Lusitanians against the arms of Rome.—Ed.

¹ See Laborde's character of the Spanish people ; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

XXXII.

1811.

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space ;

But who the limits of that power shall
trace

Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may
chase, 6

No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the
wing

Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the
wind

Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and
near ; 11

No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXIII.

1811.

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this
praise,

That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink
from hope

In the worst moment of these evil days ;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that
Heaven lays, 5

For its own honour, on man's suffering
heart.

Never may from our souls one truth de-
part—

That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of
their guilt 10

For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood
is spilt,

And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

XXXIV.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812-13.

[Composed Feb., 1816.—Published : vol. of 1816.]

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the
sullen day,

In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed
by pain : 6

Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.

These emblems suit the helpless and for-
lorn, 11

But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter ! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the
Pole 15

They shrunk, insane ambition's barren
goal—

That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in
human pride !

As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior
youth ; 20

He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest
hold ;

Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly
runs ;

For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah ! why should hoary
Age be bold ? 25

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleetier far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch
freed,

And sent him forth, with squadrons of his
kind,

And bade the Snow their ample backs
bestride, 30

And to the battle ride.

M

No pitying voice commands a halt,
 No courage can repel the dire assault ;
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and
 blind,
 Whole legions sink—and, in one instant,
 find 35
 Burial and death : look for them—and
 descry,
 When morn returns, beneath the clear
 blue sky,
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

XXXV.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

[Composed 1816.—Published 1816.]

YE Storms, resound the praises of your
 King !
 And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
 Midway on some high hill, while father
 Time
 Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph
 sing ! 5
 Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and
 fruits, and flowers,
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety
 showers,
 And the dire flapping of his hoary
 wing !
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green
 grass ;
 With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report
 your gain ; 10
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,
 And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
 That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath
 slain
 That Host, which rendered all your boun-
 ties vain !

XXXVI.

[Composed November or December, 1822.—
Published 1827.]

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
 Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood
 Lavished in fight with desperate hardi-
 hood ;

The unfeeling Elements no claim shall
 raise
 To rob our Human-nature of just
 praise 5
 For what she did and suffered. Pledges
 sure
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure
 She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten
 ways
 Of Providence. But now did the Most
 High
 Exalt his still small voice ;—to quell that
 Host 10
 Gathered his power, a manifest ally ;
 He, whose heaped waves confounded the
 proud boast
 Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and
 Frost,
 “ Finish the strife by deadliest victory ! ”

XXXVII.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF
HOCHHEIM.[Composed 1820.—Published 1822 (*Memorials of
a Tour, &c.*).

ABRUPTLY paused the strife ;—the field
 throughout
 Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
 Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
 With breath suspended, like a listening
 scout.
 O Silence ! thou wert mother of a shout 5
 That through the texture of yon azure
 dome
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest
 home
 Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !
 The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through
 battle-smoke,
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the
 view, 10
 As if all Germany had felt the shock !
 —Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the
 charge renew
 Who have seen—themselves now casting
 off the yoke—
 The unconquerable Stream his course
 pursue.

XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

[Composed November, 1813.—Published 1815.]

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
bright,

Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and
flow

Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or
woe,

Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose
mind ensued, 6

Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from law-
less Might.

Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray
divine

To his forlorn condition! let thy grace 10
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's
space)

The triumphs of this hour¹; for they are
THINE!

XXXIX.

ODE.

1814.

[Composed Jan., 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

—Carmina possumus

Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,

Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis

Post mortem ducibus

—clarius indicant

Laudes, quam ————Pierides; neque,

Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,

Mercedem tuleris. —HOB. CAR. 8. LIB. 4. 11 sq.

I.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed
the latch

On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;

¹ i.e. the final overthrow of Napoleon at Leipzig, Oct. 16-19, 1813.—ED.

I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest
skill 6

Of pencil ever clothed with light and
shade;

An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer
rove; 10

Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect
bright;

And, here and there, between the pas-
toral downs,

The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only
shows! 15

But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that, in deep
repose,

And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till—through a portal in
the sky

Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a
storm, 20

Opening before the sun's triumphant
eye—

Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant must
be;

And, ere a thought could ask on what
intent 25

He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—

“Though from my celestial home,
Like a Champion, armed I come; 30

On my helm the dragon crest,

And the red cross on my breast;

I, the Guardian of this Land,

Speak not now of toilsome duty;

Well obeyed was that command— 35

Whence bright days of festive beauty;

Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which
summer gave

Have perished in the field;

But the green thickets plenteously shall
yield

Fit garlands for the brave, 40

That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Ma-
trons grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
And gather what ye find

Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
To deck your stern Defenders' modest
brows! 46

Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier meed,
And in due time shall share

Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen de-
creed, 51

In realms where everlasting freshness
breathes!"

II.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly
streaming,

And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain 55

Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from
the hands

Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, dight
In robes of dazzling white; 60

While from the crowd bursts forth a
rapturous noise

By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;

And grey-haired sires, on staffs sup-
ported, 65

Look round, and by their smiling seem
to say,

"Thus strives a grateful Country to
display

The mighty debt which nothing can
repay!"

III.

Anon before my sight a palace rose 69
Built of all precious substances,—so pure

And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure:

Entered, with streaming thousands,
through the gate,

I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome
of state,

A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate 75
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to
throw

Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral har-
mony, 80

Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath
the roaring sea.

—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the
verge

Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instru-
ment,

That kindled recollections 85
Of agonised affections;

And, though some tears the strain at-
tended,

The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV.

But garlands wither; festal shows de-
part, 90

Like dreams themselves; and sweetest
sound—

(Albeit of effect profound)
It was—and it is gone!

Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not
fade, 95

Those high achievements; even as she
arrayed

With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;

So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces 100

Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient
toil;

And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous
soil;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife, 105
And competent to shed a spark divine

Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all
eyes,

The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign! 110

V.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from
Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long de-
barred
From your first mansions, exiled all too
long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye went to
rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from
above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for
aye
Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love,
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless
fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul's de-
sires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may
hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often
sung
Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt
ear,
And give the treasure to our British
tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age
to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given
birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every
clime;
And the whole world, not envious but
admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,

A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting
Time—
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and
sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

XL.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE
DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE
DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

[Composed 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest
mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown
old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now
forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er
spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever
told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow
grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious,
brave!
The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow
bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest
Heaven!

XLI.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

[Composed 1816.—Published Feb. 4, 1816 (*The
Champion*); vol. of 1816.]

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of
birth,

So many objects to which love is due :
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature
true ;

But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war :
Hence hath your prowess quelled that
impious crew.

Heroes !—for instant sacrifice prepared ;
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph
bent

'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter
spared

To guard the fallen, and consummate the
event,

Your Country rears this sacred Monu-
ment !

XLII.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN
SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

[Composed Jan., 1816.—Published Feb. 4, 1816
(*The Champion*) ; vol. of 1816.]

OH, for a kindling touch from that pure
flame

Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,

In words like these : “Up, Voice of song !
proclaim

Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim : 5
For lo ! the Imperial City stands released
From bondage threatened by the em-
battled East,

And Christendom respire ; from guilt
and shame

Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
By one day's feat, one mighty victory. 10
—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every
tongue !

The Cross shall spread, the Crescent hath
waxed dim ;

He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is
sung,

HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD
BY HIM¹.”

¹ See Filicaja's Ode.

XLIII.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
FEBRUARY, 1816.

[Composed February, 1816.—Published : vol.
of 1816.]

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawn-
ing day,

Yet trained to judgments righteously
severe,

Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty sway :

He—whose experienced eye can pierce the
array

Of past events ; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things
appear,

Like mountain-tops whose mists have
rolled away—

Assailed from all encumbrance of our
time²,

He only, if such breathe, in strains
devout

Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hail, which from their peace-
ful clime

Angels might welcome with a choral
shout !

XLIV.

[Composed ? (perhaps 1816).—Published 1827.]

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have
temples rung

With impious thanksgiving, the Al-
mighty's scorn !

How oft above their altars have been
hung

Trophies that led the good and wise to
mourn

Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung !
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
Peace is sprung ;

In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms ! But, conscious that the
nerve

² “From all this world's encumbrance did him-
self assail.”—SPENSER.

Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear
to swerve ! 11

Be just, be grateful ; nor, the oppressor's
creed

Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

XLV.

ODE.

1815.

[Composed 1816.—Published : volume of 1816.]

I.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stooped to the Victory on that Belgic
field 5

Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,

With every help that ye from earth and
heaven may claim !

Bear through the world these tidings of
delight ! 10

—Hours, Days, and Months, have borne
them in the sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour ;

But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sad-
dening power. 16

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries
bleed—*

Lo, Justice triumphs ! Earth is freed !

Joyful annunciation !—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
North— 20

It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its
bridge—

The vast Pacific gladdens with the
freight—

Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing
road 25

Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the
West !—

—Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars
appear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and
where'er 30

The upturned soil receives the hopeful
seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the shades
of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
flight !

The eyes of good men thankfully give
heed,

And in its sparkling progress read 35
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless
meed :

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that
mighty feats are done ;

Even the proud Realm, from whose dis-
tracted borders

This messenger of good was launched
in air, 40

France, humbled France, amid her wild
disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth
declare,

That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-
plausible voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown ! 45
And well might it beseem that mighty
Town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures
flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat ;
If a new Temple lift her votive brow
High on the shore of silver Thames—to
greet 50

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within !—there
meet

Dependence infinite, proportion just ;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time
can trust 55

With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid ;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-
like sages, 61
England's illustrious sons of long, long
ages ;

Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;
Commemoration holy that unites 66
The living generations with the dead ;

By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie 70
Of sweet and threatening harmony ;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness ; 75
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,

Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt, or
bled 80
With medicable wounds, or found their
graves

Upon the battle field, or under ocean's
waves ;

Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall
celebrate ! 86

IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath ; 90
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints
with death ;

He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still
design,

Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can
drink 96

Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is
Thine !—

The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy
courts—

He hears the word—he flies—

And navies perish in their ports ; 100

For Thou art angry with Thine enemies !

For these, and mourning for our
errors,

And sins, that point their terrors,

We bow our heads before Thee, and we
laud

And magnify Thy name, Almighty God !

But Man is Thy most awful instru-
ment, 106

In working out a pure intent¹ ;

Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling
mail,

And for Thy righteous purpose they
prevail ;

Thine arm from peril guards the
coasts 110

Of them who in Thy laws delight :

Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful
fight,

Tremendous God of battles, Lord of
Hosts !

V.

Forbear :—to Thee—

Father and Judge of all, with fervent
tongue, 115

But in a gentler strain

Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong

(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain

Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—

To THEE—To THEE, 120

Just God of christianised Humanity,

Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks
ascend,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to
an end,

¹ Lines 106, 107 were, in 1845, substituted for the four following lines at which many had stumbled :—

"But Thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
—Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!"—ED.

And that we need no second victory !
 Blest, above measure blest, 125
 If on Thy love our Land her hopes shall
 rest,
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in
 pure good will.

XLVI.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR
 A GENERAL THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18,
 1816.

[Composed January, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

I.

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
 On hearts how'er insensible or rude ;
 Whether thy punctual visitations smite
 The haughty towers where monarchs
 dwell ; 5
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence
 bright
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the pea-
 sant's cell !
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
 In naked splendour, clear from mist or
 haze,
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
 Which even in deepest winter testify 11
 Thy power and majesty,
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
 —Well does thine aspect usher in this
 Day ;
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
 Submitted to the chains 16
 That bind thee to the path which God
 ordains
 That thou shalt trace,
 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou
 pass away !
 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty
 plains, 20
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
 Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
 Report of storms gone by
 To us who tread below), 25
 Do with the service of this Day accord.
 —Divinest Object which the uplifted eye

Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;
 Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights
 hast poured
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale ;
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal
 mould, 31
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored
 By pious men of old ;
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee
 hail !
 Bright be thy course to-day, let not this
 promise fail ! 35

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning
 hour,
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
 That stream in blithe succession from the
 throats 40
 Of birds, in leafy bower,
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
 —There is a radiant though a short-lived
 flame,
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east ;
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased ; 46
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as
 strong,
 A solid refuge for distress—
 The towers of righteousness ; 50
 He knows that from a holier altar came
 The quickening spark of this day's sacri-
 fice ;
 Knows that the source is nobler whence
 doth rise
 The current of this matin song ;
 That deeper far it lies 55
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III.

Have we not conquered?—by the venge-
 ful sword ?
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity ;
 That curbed the baser passions, and left
 free
 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Com-
 peers, 61
 Along a track of most unnatural years ;

In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal
beads

Of morning dew upon the untrodden
meads, 65

Shall live enrolled above the starry
spheres.

He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell

Of One whose spirit no reverse could
quell ; 70

Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and
prevailed

Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity ;

Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill 75

All martial duties to fulfil ;

Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;

In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at mid-
night

To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream— 80

Woe, woe to all that face her in the
field !

Appalled she may not be, and cannot
yield.

IV.

And thus is *miss'd* the sole true glory
That can belong to human story !

At which they only shall arrive 85
Who through the abyss of weakness
dive.

The very humblest are too proud of heart ;
And one brief day is rightly set apart
For Him who lifteth up and layeth low ;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but
that we survive. 91

V.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure !
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could
not tame

That soul of Evil—which, from Hell let
loose, 95

Had filled the astonished world with such
abuse

As boundless patience only could endure ?
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in
flame—

Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven ;—who never saw, may heave
a sigh ; 100

But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire

Of warfare waged with desperate mind 105
Against the life of virtue in mankind ;

Assaulting without ruth

The citadels of truth ;

While the fair gardens of civility,

By ignorance defaced, 110

By violence laid waste,

Perish without reprieve for flower or tree !

VI.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hopes that battened upon
scorn,

And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could
fill ; 116

Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient
skill,

And to celerities of lawless force ;
Which, spurning God, had flung away
remorse—

What could they gain but shadows of re-
dress ? 120

—So bad proceeded propagating worse ;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
When will your trials teach you to be
wise ? 125

—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies !

VII.

No more—the guilt is banished,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled ;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe
hath vanished,

Shaking the dust and ashes from her
head ! 130
—No more—these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous
measures 136
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred
pleasures?

VIII.

O Britain ! dearer far than life is dear,
If one there be 140
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never more
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents
roar.
As springs the lion from his den, 145
As from a forest-brake
Upstarts a glistening snake,
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared ;—
again
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
With all her armed Powers, 150
On that offensive soil, like waves upon
a thousand shores.
The trumpet blew a universal blast !
But Thou art foremost in the field :—
there stand :
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand !
All States have glorified themselves ;—
their claims 155
Are weighed by Providence, in balance
even ;
And now, in preference to the mightiest
names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !
Exalted office, worthily sustained ! 160

IX.

Preserve, O Lord ! within our hearts
The memory of Thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour !

Lodge it within us !—as the power of
light 165
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !
What offering, what transcendent monu-
ment
Shall our sincerity to Thee present ? 170
—Not work of hands ; but trophies that
may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the
Soul ;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts
teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by
each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth
gainsay 176
The outward service of this day ;
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;
Or thanks and praises to His throne
ascend 180
That He has brought our warfare to an
end,
And that we need no second victory !—
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who
dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible ; 185
But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er
shall be ;
Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity !
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undula-
tion ! 191
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of Thy moving spirit !
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one
of pure delight ; 195
Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour
arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in
prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For Thy protecting care, 200

Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal
Lord

For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

X.

But hark—the summons!—down the
placid lake 205

Floats the soft cadence of the church-
tower bells ;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams
would wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze
to shake

The drops that tip the melting icicles. 210
O, enter now his Temple gate !

Inviting words—perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the
aisle

Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,

While the tubed engine feels the inspiring
blast, 216

And has begun—its clouds of sound to
cast

Forth towards empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us humbler ceremonies now await ; 220

But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall
elevate :

For to a few collected in His name, 224
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ;—
Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice
aloud—

The Holy One will hear ! 230
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith
sincere,

Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
Of warnings—from the unprecedented
might,

Which, in our time, the impious have
disclosed ; 235

And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right ;

Of mysteries revealed,

And judgments unrepealed,

Of earthly revolution, 240

And final retribution,—

To his omniscience will appear

An offering not unworthy to find place,

On this high DAY of THANKS, before the
Throne of Grace !

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT¹.

1820.

DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO —.)

DEAR Fellow-travellers ! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature ; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought : Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty : she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory ;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the “meeting soul to pierce !”

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, Nov., 1821.

I.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

’TIS said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate’er on land is seen ;
But if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath
 rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through open-
 ing waves

6

To sink, and meet them in their fretted
 caves,

Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent !—Fear it
 not :

For they Earth’s fairest daughters do
 excel ;

10

Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry
 grot,

The undisturbed abodes where Sea-
 nymphs dwell !

II.

BRUGÈS.

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe
 of power :

The splendour fled ; and now the sunless
 hour,

That, slowly making way for peaceful
 night,

Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my
 sight

5

Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms

¹ These *Memorials* were published as a separate volume early in 1822. The poems were mostly written between January and November, 1821, the latest written of all, the *Dedication*, being dated November. To save needless repetition, none of the following poems will be furnished with the usual chronological note, except those to which the preceding observation does not apply. Where the usual note is wanting, the following general note may be taken as appropriate :—Composed 1821.—Published 1822.—Exceptions will be duly noted.—Ed.

Of future war. Advance not—spare to
 hide, 10
 O gentle Power of darkness! these mild
 hues;
 Obscure not yet these silent avenues
 Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
 Of nun-like females, with soft motion,
 glide!

III.

BRUGÈS.

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
 In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
 In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
 And with devout solemnities entwined—
 Mounts to the seat of grace within the
 mind: 5
 Hence Forms that glide with swan-like
 ease along,
 Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
 throng,
 To an harmonious decency confined:
 As if the streets were consecrated ground,
 The city one vast temple, dedicate 10
 To mutual respect in thought and deed;
 To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
 To social cares from jarring passions freed;
 A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV.

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS.

[Composed after July, 1828.—Published: vol.
 of 1835.]

In Brugès town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, halting in the shade 5
 Flung from a Convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.
 The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng; 10
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords,
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words 15
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire; 20
 But, where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise, 25
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be! 30
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole 35
 From the Maiden at my side;
 Less tribute could she pay than this.
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty? 40

V.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture
 wrought
 Of rainbow colours; One whose port was
 bold,
 Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
 hold
 The glittering crowns and garlands which
 it brought—
 Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
 She vanished; leaving prospect blank and
 cold 6
 Of wind-swept corn that wide around us
 rolled
 In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon must disap-
 pear:
 Yet a dread local recompense we found;
 While glory seemed betrayed, while
 patriot-zeal 11
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should*
 feel

With such vast hoards of hidden carnage
near,
And horror breathing from the silent
ground !

VI.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy
choose ?

Is this the stream, whose cities, heights,
and plains,

War's favourite playground, are with
crimson stains

Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew's ?

The Morn, that now, along the silver

MEUSE, 5

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the
swains

To tend their silent boats and ringing
wains,

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit
bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine
eyes

Turn from the fortified and threatening
hill, 10

How sweet the prospect of yon watery
glade,

With its grey rocks clustering in pensive
shade—

That, shaped like old monastic turrets,
rise

From the smooth meadow-ground, serene
and still !

VII.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charle-
maine ?

To sweep from many an old romantic
strain

That faith which no devotion may renew !
Why does this puny Church present to

view 5

Her feeble columns ? and that scanty
chair !

This sword that one of our weak times
might wear !

Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !

If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day, 10
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed
sway,

And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky cres-
cent bleach.

VIII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete

This Temple—Angels governed by a plan

Thus far pursued (how gloriously !) by
Man,

Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven ! But that aspir-
ing heat 5

Hath failed ; and now, ye Powers ! whose
gorgeous wings

And splendid aspect yon emblazonings

But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet

For you, on these unfinished shafts to try

The midnight virtues of your harmony :—

This vast design might tempt you to
repeat 11

Strains that call forth upon empyreal
ground

Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound

Of penetrating harps and voices sweet !

IX.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE
RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweep-
ing by,

As in a fit of Thespian jollity,

Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green
Earth reels :

Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels 5

The venerable pageantry of Time,

Each beetling rampart, and each tower
sublime,

And what the Dell unwillingly reveals

Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees
espied

Near the bright River's edge. Yet why
repine ? 10

To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—

Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring
the pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—that still is
mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

X.

HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH
THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF
HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let Thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
*Miserere Domine!*¹

XI.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life²! The wan-
dering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Cres-
cent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy,
free

To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a mo-
ment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that
gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to
meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot
their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden
Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with
stars.

XII.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,
LAUTERBRUNNEN.

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—
designed
For what strange service, does this con-
cert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of man-
kind!
'Mid fields familiarised to human
speech?—
No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous
beach—
More thrilling melodies; Witch answer-
ing Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more
musical:
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to
enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born,
WATERFALL³!

XIII.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River,
throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:

¹ See Note, p. 905.

² See Note, *ibid.*

³ See Note, p. 905.

But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
 Flowers we espy beside the torrent grow-
 ing ; 5
 Flowers that peep forth from many a
 cleft and chink,
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger,
 drink
 Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
 They suck—from breath that, threaten-
 ing to destroy, 9
 Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
 Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
 Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-
 trees nod
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's
 God,
 These humbler adorations will receive.

XIV.

MEMORIAL

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"DEM
 ANDENKEN
 MEINES FREUNDES
 ALOYS REDING
 MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Cap-
 tain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a
 courage and perseverance worthy of the cause,
 opposed the flagitious and too successful at-
 tempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their coun-
 try.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
 A gravelled pathway treading,
 We reached a votive Stone that bears
 The name of Aloys Reding.
 Well judged the Friend who placed it
 there 5
 For silence and protection ;
 And haply with a finer care
 Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West ;
 And, while in summer glory 10
 He sets, his sinking yields a type
 Of that pathetic story :

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
 Amid the grove to linger ;
 Till all is dim, save this bright Stone 15
 Touched by his golden finger.

XV.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE
 CATHOLIC CANTONS¹.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
 To wet with many a bitter shower,
 It ill befits us to disdain
 The altar, to deride the fane,
 Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust 5
 To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
 Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze :
 Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss ! 10
 And to the chapel far withdrawn,
 That lurks by lonely ways !

Where'er we roam—along the brink
 Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
 Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide,
 Whate'er we look on, at our side 16
 Be Charity !—to bid us think,
 And feel, if we would know.

XVI.

AFTER-THOUGHT².

[Composed 1832.—Published 1832.]

OH Life ! without thy chequered scene
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
 Success and failure, could a ground
 For magnanimity be found ;
 For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene ? 5
 Or whence could virtue flow ?

[Composed 1837.—Published 1837.]

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
 Nor while sin lasts must effort cease ;
 Heaven upon earth's an empty boast ;
 But, for the bowers of Eden lost, 10
 Mercy has placed within our reach
 A portion of God's peace.

¹ The three stanzas comprised under this title originally (1822) formed part of the poem No. xxiv. of this series, being the 5th, 4th, and 9th stanzas of that piece. In 1827 they were detached and arranged as now to form a separate poem. In 1832 a stanza (now stanza i. of *After-thought*, No. xvi.) was added to them. This again was taken from them in 1837, and formed, along with a second added stanza, into the independent poem entitled *After-thought*.—Ed.

² See Editor's note to No. xv.

XVII.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the Blest above
 But that they sing and that they love?"
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where those harvest-Damsels float
 Homeward in their rugged Boat, 6
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled—
 Each slumbering on some mountain's
 head),
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence is displayed. 10
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
 The rustic Maidens, every hand
 Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple, but a touching, song; 15
 To chant, as Angels do above,
 The melodies of Peace in love !

XVIII.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS¹.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
 The work of Fancy from her willing
 hands ;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic
 wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands.
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous
 Hill 6
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that
 changed their hues at will.
 Clouds do not name those Visitants ;
 they were 10
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in mid-
 dle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should
 raise
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent Apparition ! if in vain 15
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;

¹ See Note, p. 90.

And watch the slow departure of the
 train,
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain
 thirsted to detain.

XIX.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
 Than fairest Star, upon the height
 Of thy own mountain², set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
 What eye can look upon thy shrine 5
 Untroubled at the sight ?

These crowded offerings as they hang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs, 10
 Of many a deep and cureless pang
 And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
 As to a common centre, tend 15
 All sufferers that no more rely
 On mortal succour—all who sigh
 And pine, of human hope bereft,
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild !
 Though plenteous flowers around thee
 blow, 20
 Not only from the dreary strife
 Of Winter, but the storms of life,
 Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
 OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here, 25
 But down the irriguous valley hies,
 Thy very name, O Lady ! flings,
 O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
 A tender sense of shadowy fear,
 And chastening sympathies ! 30

Nor falls that intermingling shade
 To summer-gladness unkind :
 It chastens only to requite
 With gleams of fresher, purer, light ;
 While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade, 35
 More sweetly breathes the wind.

² Mount Righi.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love, 40
Deeming “the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.”

XX.

EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF
TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the
Linden Tree against which his Son is said to
have been placed, when the Father's archery
was put to proof under circumstances so famous
in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought
not here,

Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy
show,

While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, war- 6
riors old,

Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye
behold;

Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy
bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from
on high 10

Looks down—the bright and solitary
Moon,

Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze
of noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a 16
boon

Of saintly pleasure from these pictured
walls,

While on the warlike groups the mellow-
ing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their
trials come

Yield not to terror or despondency, 20

But face like that sweet Boy their mortal
doom,

Whose head the ruddy apple tops,
while he

Expectant stands beneath the linden
tree:

He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;

Assured that Heaven its justice will pro-
claim, 26

And to his Father give its own unerring
aim.

XXI.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though
lowly, bred

To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;

Equality by Prudence governèd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead; 5

And, therefore, art thou blest with peace,
serene

As that of the sweet fields and meadows
green

In unambitious compass round thee
spread.

Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian
steep,

Holding a central station of command, 10
Might well be styled this noble body's

HEAD;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrench-
ments deep,

Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom

keep!¹

XXII.

ON HEARING THE “RANZ DES VACHES” ON
THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss
affect

¹ Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

With tenderest passion; leaving him to
 pine
 (So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-
 breathed kine 5
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures
 decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not
 reject
 The tale as fabulous.—Here while I re-
 cline,
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain
 Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain
 named 10
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the Music's touching influence;
 And joys of distant home my heart en-
 chain.

XXIII.

FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was grow-

ing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's
 sulphurous blast,
 This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian
 stone
 So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
 To couch in this thicket of brambles
 alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the
 palm 5
 Of his half-open hand pure from blemish
 or speck;
 And the green, gilded snake, without
 troubling the calm
 Of the beautiful countenance, twine
 round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
 When winter the grove of its mantle
 bereaves, 10
 Some bird (like our own honoured red-
 breast) may strew
 The desolate Slumberer with moss and
 with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the
 brave,
 Nor to her was the dance of soft
 pleasure unknown:
 Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
 While the thrill of her fifes thro' the
 mountains was blown: 16

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless
 ascent:—
 O silence of Nature, how deep is thy
 sway,
 When the whirlwind of human destruc-
 tion is spent,
 Our tumults appeased, and our strifes
 passed away! 20

XXIV.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR.

SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2,000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice, 5
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?— 10
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all; 15
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Poms of this frail "spot 20
Which men call Earth," have yearned to
seek,

Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks, 25
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills! 30
He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf 35
Of fatal Austrian spears¹.

XXV.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill 5
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of Images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede; 10
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world! 16
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

II.

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy), 20
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,

¹ Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

Whose sentient tube instructs to time
 A purpose to a fickle clime :
 Whether thou choose this useful part, 25
 Or minister to finer art,
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see
 In the proud Isle of liberty ! 30
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
 With thoughts which no delights can
 chase,

Recall a Sister's last embrace,
 His Mother's neck entwine ;
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy 35
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired
 Boy !

III.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
 That beams from his ingenuous face,
 For this Adventurer scruples not 40
 To prophesy a golden lot ;
 Due recompense, and safe return
 To Como's steep—his happy bourne !
 Where he, aloft in garden-glade,
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig 45
 That ill supports the luscious fig ;
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes. 50
 —Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
 To share his wanderings ! him whose look
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
 So touchingly he smiled—
 As with a rapture caught from heaven—
 For unasked alms in pity given. 56

PART II.

I.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
 The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
 For Tell's dread archery renowned, 60
 Before the target stood—to claim
 The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
 A startling thunder quick and short !
 But, flying through the heights around, 65

Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard !" And, if there be a favoured hour
 When Heroes are allowed to quit 70
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,
 On their Descendants shedding grace—
 This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old 75
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astræa from the earth.
 —A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endued, 80
 But seemingly a Thing despised ;
 Even by the sun and air unpriized ;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes, 85
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head ;
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still. 90
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?
 What liberty ? if no defence
 Be won for feeble Innocence.
 Father of all ! though wilful Manhood
 read
 His punishment in soul-distress, 95
 Grant to the morn of life its natural
 blessedness !

XXVI.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,
 IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF
 MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN¹.

Tho' searching damps and many an en-
 vious flaw
 Have marred this Work ; the calm ethe-
 real grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to
 awe
 The Elements ; as they do melt and thaw

¹ See Note, p. 906.

The heart of the Beholder—and erase 6
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, fore-
 head, cheek, 10
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
 A labour worthy of eternal youth !

XXVII.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

High on her speculative tower
 Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
 That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase, 5
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change, 10
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue, 15
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
 Cast far or near a murky shroud; 20
 The sky an azure field displayed;
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently
 charmed,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between, 25
 Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his door,
 And on the mountain's head. 30

It tinged the Julian steep—it lay,
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;
 The solemnising veil was drawn

O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
 To Albogasio's olive bowers, 35
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
 Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of Figures human and divine¹, 40
 White as the snows of Apennine
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
 That guards the Temple night and day;
 Angels she sees—that might from heaven
 have flown, 45
 And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
 Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
 Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble
 lips 51

The starry zone of sovereign height²—
 All steeped in this portentous light!
 All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught 55
 These perishable spheres have wrought
 May with that issue be compared)
 Throngs of celestial visages,
 Darkening like water in the breeze,
 A holy sadness shared. 60

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
 His glad deliverance has begun:
 The cypress waves her sombre plume
 More cheerily; and town and tower,
 The vineyard and the olive-bower, 65
 Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
 While in far-distant lands we roam,
 What countenance hath this Day put on
 for you?

While we look round with favoured eyes,
 Did sullen mists hide lake and skies 71
 And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
 Like vision, pensive though not cold,

¹ See Note, p. 906.

² Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

From the smooth breast of gay Winander-
mere? 75

Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress 80
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.

XXVIII.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet
free

From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil, 5
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not
pelf;

Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook; 10
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no
tear

But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II.

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye, 15
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid, 20
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with slacker hand; 25
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
festal band.

III.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves, 30
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
—Say whence that modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout 35
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood; 40
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice! 45
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares; 50
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious
cares!

V.

“Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,”
When thou didst flit before mine eyes, 55
Gay vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit? 60
Was joy, in following joy, as keen
As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
When youth had flown did hope still bless
Thy goings—or the cheerfulness 64
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI.

But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;

¹ See address to a Highland Girl, p. 287.

Where what we gladliest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive? 69
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground,
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee ;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality ; 75
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lugano's side ;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
descried !

XXIX.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE
FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN,
NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE
SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION—following down this far-famed
slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be
won—

Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone !
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown,
Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the
Rock,

Rest where thy course was stayed by
Power divine ! 10
The Soul transported sees, from hint of
thine,

Crimes which the great Avenger's hand
provoke,

Hears combats whistling o'er the ensan-
guined heath :

What groans ! what shrieks ! what quiet-
ness in death !

XXX.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest
wood

To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor,

To listen to ANIO's precipitous flood,

When the stillness of evening hath
deepened its roar ;

To range through the Temples of PAESTUM,
to muse 5

In POMPEII preserved by her burial in
earth ;

On pictures to gaze where they drank in
their hues ;

And murmur sweet songs on the ground
of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of
Rome,

Could I leave them unseen, and not yield
to regret ? 10

With a hope (and no more) for a season to
come,

Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent
debt ?

Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness
inured

Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;
Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I
turned 15

From your infinite marvels, the sadness
was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois
retires

From dew-sprinkled grass to heights
guarded with snow,

Toward the mists that hang over the land
of my Sires,

From the climate of myrtles contented I
go. 20

My thoughts become bright like yon
edging of Pines

On the steep's lofty verge : how it black-
ened the air !

But, touched from behind by the Sun, it
now shines

With threads that seem part of his own
silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear
Friends we divide, 25

Though by the same zephyr our temples
be fanned

As we rest in the cool orange-bower side
by side,

A yearning survives which few hearts
shall withstand :

Each step hath its value while homeward
we move ;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears !
What moment in life is so conscious of
love, 31
Of love in the heart made more happy by
tears ?

XXXI.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from
the cover ?
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos
over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping
Lover, 5
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the moun-
tain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she
flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this
wondrous chime 10
Of aery voices locked in unison,—
Faint — far-off — near — deep — solemn
and sublime !—
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting
thoughts, proceed !

XXXII.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to
yield ;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed ;
And that the past might have its true
intent
Feeling told by living monuments— 5
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring
eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful
state 10
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from
the brook,
Marched round the altar—to commemo-
rate
How, when their course they through the
desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky for-
sook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins
low ; 15
Green boughs were borne, while, for the
blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from
lifted trumpets blow !
And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing
wells, 20
The priests and damsels of Ammonian
Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the horned
God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells 25
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains over-
flowed.
Why 'speak of Roman Poms ? the
haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;
The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal
Games, 30
With images, and crowns, and empty
cars ;
The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury ; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous
jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head 35
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !
At length a Spirit more subdued and
soft
Appeared—to govern Christian pageant-
ries :
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies. 40

Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
 From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
 Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees
 Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE. 45

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
 Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
 The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise¹
 For the same service, by mysterious ties;
 Numbers exceeding credible account 51
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
 While they the Church engird with motion slow, 56
 A product of that awful Mountain seem,
 Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
 Not swans descending with the stealthy tide, 60
 A livelier sisterly resemblance show
 Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
 Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft desried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
 Of that licentious craving in the mind 65
 To act the God among external things,
 To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
 And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
 To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
 Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
 Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss, 71
 Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

XXXIII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth, whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of Our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the Lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küsnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
 Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
 From the dread summit of the Queen²
 Of mountains, through a deep ravine,

¹ See Note, p. 906.

² Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

5

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the
bowers;

As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown 10
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care— 15
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none 21
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on ZURICH's shore!

Oh GODDARD!—what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade! 26
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed. 30

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled, 35
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth; 40
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew, 45
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home: 50
Europe, a realised romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed, 56
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude. 60

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU's ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-linging rays, 65
On RIGHT's silent brow.

Lamented youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown 70
Where the wild waves resigned their
prey—

And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend 75
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother¹.

XXXIV.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF
FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape 5

¹ The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

A golden spear to swallow! and that
brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing
town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed re-
pose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the
shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXV.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR
OF BOULOGNE¹.

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had
won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel
o'er?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once
more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal
shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Con-
queror!—
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing
sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXVI.

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER.
NOVEMBER, 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the
game
Which faction breeds? the turmoil where,
that passed
Through Europe, echoing from the news-
man's blast,

And filled our hearts with grief for
England's shame?
Peace greets us;—rambling on without
an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder
sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange
delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more pro-
found.

XXXVII.

AT DOVER.

[Composed 1837.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838;
ed. 1845.]

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with
increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side
Town,
Under the white cliff's battlemented
crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath
peace:
The streets and quays are thronged, but
why disown
Their natural utterance? whence this
strange release
From social noise—silence elsewhere un-
known?—
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder
cease;
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set
free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common
din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from out
the sea
Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of
Time
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of
crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of
sin."

¹ See Note, p. 906.

XXXVIII.

DESULTORY STANZAS,

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS
FROM THE PRESS.

[Composed 1822.—Published 1822.]

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be
read,

How can I give thee license to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings
start

Forth from their coverts; slighted objects
rise;

My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning
flies,

Visibly leading on the thunder's har-
monies.

All that I saw returns upon my view, 10
All that I heard comes back upon my
ear,

All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—
there

I move at ease; and meet contending
themes

That press upon me, crossing the career 15
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and
mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to
sit

Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew, 20
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—
and yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish!—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons
of Time

Labour their proper greatness to sub-
due;

Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime 25
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the granite
ridge

Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone 30
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the
Vale

The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale, 35
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and
Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern
Forks¹,

Down the main avenue my sight can
range:

And all its branchy vales, and all that
lurks

Within them, church, and town, and hut,
and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision strange; 40
Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost
bound,

Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
But list! the avalanche—the hush pro-
found

That follows—yet more awful than that
awful sound! 45

Is not the chamois suited to his place?

The eagle worthy of her ancestry?

—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye
disgrace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open
sky,

On Sarnen's Mount², there judge of fit 50
and right,

In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—
the might

And purity of nature spread before your
sight!

From this appropriate Court renowned
LUCERNE 55

¹ At the head of the Valais. See Note, p. 906.

² See Note, p. 906.

Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge¹—
that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and
stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source,
endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans
the lake 60
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to
take;
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a
snake.
Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral
rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but
see, 65
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern
skies,
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to
free; 70
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all
eyes.

¹ See Note, p. 906.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings
kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised
of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill, 75
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to
mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common
dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments au-
gust— 80
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and
the just!
No more; Time halts not in his noiseless
march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid
flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that
arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood, 85
Earth stretched below, heaven in our
neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the
good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace
some future Lay. 90

*The Happy Wanderer
Concluded by
his author John*

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY¹,

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
Feb. 14th, 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

[Composed 1837.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding
shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,

A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with
your claims 5
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great
deeds
Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it
fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dis-
solved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to
sadness;—
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down
it drops 10
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high-perched
town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town,
and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy
chasm 15
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of
this lawn
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the
horizon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmer-
ing haze,
Unquestionably kenne'd, that cone-shaped
hill
With fractured summit, no indifferent
sight 20
To travellers, from such comforts as are
thine,
Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry
heat

¹ This group of Poems first appeared in the volume entitled *Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years*, published in 1842. The Sonnets all, or almost all, belong to the year, December, 1840—December, 1841. Where no note recording dates of composition and of publication is given, it is to be assumed that the poem was written in 1840–41, and published (as described above) in 1842. Ed.

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind 25
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this
 Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting
 given, 30
 Given with a voice and by a look re-
 turned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not
 minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar
 fields,
 The local Genius hurries me aloft, 34
 Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
 With dream-like smoothness, to Hel-
 vellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 Of visual sovereignty — hills multitu-
 dinous, 40
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer), hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and
 plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves
 shaped
 By skeleton arms, that, from the moun-
 tain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual
 moan 45
 Struggling for liberty, while undis-
 mayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. On-
 ward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside
 fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glen-
 coign,
 Places forsaken now, though loving still 50
 The Muses, as they loved them in the
 days
 Of the old minstrels and the border
 bards.—
 But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
 The simple rapture;—who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could
 share 55
 Or wish to share it?—One there surely
 was,

“The Wizard of the North,” with anxious
 hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when
 disease
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the
 less
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear
 words 60
 That spake of bards and minstrels; and
 his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's
 brow,
 Where once together, in his day of
 strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our
 heads. 65

Years followed years, and when, upon
 the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought
 turned,
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no
 friend,
 Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep
 seats, 71
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed
 words
 To sadness not their own, when, with
 faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its
 edge, 75
 He said, “When I am there, although 'tis
 fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow.” Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's
 shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
 Her sparkling fountains, and her moulder-
 ing tombs; 80
 And more than all, that Eminence which
 showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while
 he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were)
 apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired
 grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should
 Poesy 85
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence out-
 spread
 To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my
 Soul!
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by
 compassion
 For them who in the shades of sorrow
 dwell, 90
 That I—so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to
 fame—
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest
 looks, 95
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich be-
 quests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to rove
 at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.
 Thanks poured forth 100
 For what thus far hath blessed my wander-
 ings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me
 guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
 Already gathered in this favoured Land
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be
 mine, 106
 That He who guides and governs all,
 approves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to
 look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear
 a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling
 hand; 110
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden
 beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age, from
 hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
 Into the doubtful future. Who would
 keep 115

Power must resolve to cleave to it through
 life,
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian
 angels frown
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender
 oars 120
 Over waves rough and deep, that, when
 they broke,
 Dashed their white foam against the
 palace walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with
 thoughts 125
 Raised and sustained by memory of Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow
 bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his
 spirit's strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his
 ship
 To lay a new world open.
 Nor less prized 130
 Be those impressions which incline the
 heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the
 storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle
 drops
 On the small hyssop destined to be-
 come, 135
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
 Further to force their way, endowed its
 trunk 140
 With magnitude and strength fit to up-
 hold
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an
 offspring
 Of bounty infinite.
 Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, im-
 pelled 145
 By no profane ambition, Powers that
 thrive

By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
 In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-
 aged, and Old, 150
 From century on to century, must have
 known
 The emotion—nay, more fitly were it
 said—
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth
 floor 155
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral
 slabs,
 And through each window's open fret-
 work looked
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply
 delved
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's
 tomb, 160
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who
 fought
 For its deliverance—a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it holds
 And to all living mute memento breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on
 the walls 165
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
 Of the changed City's long-departed
 power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as
 they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 And, high above that length of cloistral
 roof, 170
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which
 swells
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the
 twain
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed 175
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-
 tower.
 Nor less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and
 fall 180

Admonished not without some sense of
 fear,
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp un-
 scathed,
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and
 fair 185
 To view, and for the mind's consenting
 eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,
 But with its peaceful majesty content. 191
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skin-
 ned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heavi-
 est foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly
 tread; 195
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops
 short
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
 Decay submits not.
 But where'er my steps
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with
 care
 Those images of genial beauty, oft 200
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
 But by reflexion made so, which do best
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant
 wreaths
 Life's cup when almost filled with years,
 like mine.
 —How lovely robed in forenoon light
 and shade, 205
 Each ministering to each, didst thou
 appear
 Savona, Queen of territory fair
 As aught that marvellous coast thro' all
 its length
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remem-
 brance holds
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff, 210
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to
 have
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand
 herbs

And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave
proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth
had else 215
Seemed churlish. And behold, both far
and near,
Garden and field all decked with orange
bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mild-
est breeze
Expanding; and, along the smooth shore
curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea, 220
To that mild breeze with motion and
with voice
Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound,
appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the
guardian fort
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April
green, 225
In coolest climes too fugitive, might even
here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer
stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could pre-
serve,
From mortal change, aught that is born
on earth 230
Or doth on time depend.
While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I
stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sun-
shine, bright— 235
Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single
name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
To whose dear memories his sepulchral
verse 241
Paid simple tribute, such as might have
flowed
From the clear spring of a plain English
heart,

Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple
grief 245
With praise, as genuine admiration
prompts.
The grief, the praise, are severed from
their dust,
Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,
Honour to word-preserving Arts, and
hail: 250
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy
height
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the
side 256
Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where
once
He sate, and eulogised with earnest pen
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate de-
sires; 260
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
Or let me loiter, soothed with what is
given,
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse, 266
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.
And who—if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain—while pacing
ground 270
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high
minds
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localise heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the
Lays 275
And very names of those who gave them
birth
Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost
depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged

In those bold fictions that, by deeds
assigned 280
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill, 285
With something more propitious to high
aims
Than either, pent within her separate
sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.
And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your
height 290
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient
Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest
hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading, 295
But never to be extinct while Earth
endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my
feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a
glimpse
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms
convened 300
For safety, they of yore enclasped the
Cross
On knees that ceased from trembling, or
intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be
heard,
Even at this hour.
And thou Mamertine prison, 305
Into that vault receive me from whose
depth
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vi-
sion,
Albeit lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic
Keys
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with up-
right sword 310
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,

The Apostle of the Gentiles; both pre-
pared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and
hate
Inflicted;—blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!
Time flows—nor winds, 315
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is
gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put
forth 319
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full
surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which is and actuates, by
forms, 326
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence unin-
spired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is
doomed 330
Science, wide-spread and spreading still
as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made
known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or
fear
Of vital principle's controlling law, 335
To her purblind guide Expediency;
and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it,
and must,
Else more and more the general mind
will droop, 340
Even as if bent on perishing. There
lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal
demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means 345

Given or acquired, to raise us from the
mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pur-
suits.

By gross Utilities enslaved we need 348
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacher-
ous staff

From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom
I have served 355

This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut
boughs

Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to
both 361

Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have
striven,

By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in
verse

Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may
shed 365

Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbour-
hood, the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent
flood, 370

And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent
Rome¹.

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the
tie

That bound it to its native earth—poised
high

¹ Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,

Striving in peace each other to out-
shine. 5

But when I learned the Tree was living
there,

Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's
care,

Oh, what a gush of tenderness was
mine!

The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so
bright

And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts
of home, 10

Death-parted friends, and days too swift
in flight,

Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian
Height)

Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting
Dome².

III.

AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?

Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful
Rock,

Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping
still

That name, a local Phantom proud to
mock

The Traveller's expectation?—Could our
Will 5

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere
done

Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves
wandering on,

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-
taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we
sigh;

Yet not unrecompensed are they who
learn, 10

From that depression raised, to mount on
high

With stronger wing, more clearly to dis-
cern

Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though
stern.

¹ See Note, p. 907.

² See Note, p. 907.

IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO
NIEBUHR, AND OTHER MODERN HISTO-
RIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must dis-
appear, 5
Her morning splendours vanish, and their
place
Know them no more. If Truth, who
veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not,
must steer
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed
and slow; 9
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we
know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the
same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it
came.
Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have
dared 5
Such deeds to paint, such characters to
frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest
claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded
style: 10
Not in like sort the Runic Scald was
moved;
He, nursed 'mid savage passions that
defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's
riotous Hall.

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's en-
vious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries, 5
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from
the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked with
men,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme
might be 11
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the
lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen¹.

VII.

AT ROME.

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's
scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down
his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn 5
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—
who have read
In onemeek smile, beneath a peasant's shod,
How patiently the weight of wrong is
borne;
They—who have heard some learned
Patriot treat
Of freedom, with mind grasping the
whole theme 10
From ancient Rome, downwards through
that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike
seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of
Thee!

¹ Quem virum——lyra——
——sunes celebrare Clio?

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;

O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,

Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,

Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,

Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.

—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve

Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,

Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,

His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair

And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear

His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through

Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear

Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;

Our yesterday's procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,

Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,

But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may lack

The heavenly sanction needed to ensure Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track

Steps not at this low point, nor wants the lure

Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,

For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

X.

NEAR Anio's stream I spied a gentle Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing

'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,

While all things present told of joy and love.

But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,

On the great flood were spared to live and move.

O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough

Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough

This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,

Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown

With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,

Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,

Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;

Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.

Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—
Fallen Power,

Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke

Verse to glad notes prophetic of the
hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy
double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the
Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to con-
flict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the bat-
tle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground
did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its
deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that
day's shame, 5
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the
name¹
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as
crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity, 10
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on
ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

FOR action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene
To stir the heart that would too closely
screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymane, 6
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms
glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight
seen;
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!
whose corse,

¹ Sanguinetto.

Unburied, lay hid under heaps of
slain: 10
But who is He—the Conqueror? Would
he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill
and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong
command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his
hand.

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25, 1837.

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1842.]

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what
delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now,
though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the
Bird, 5
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy
Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!
While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued, through various lands, 10
a long
And pleasant course; flower after flower
has blown,
Embellishing the ground that gave them
birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they
drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—
where Spring 16
Displayed her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing
fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour, 20
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and
Thrush

Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet
might roam,

Whate'er assemblages of new and old, 25
Strange and familiar, might beguile the
way,

A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting;—and most happily till
now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed
Pile,

High on the brink of that precipitous
rock, 30

Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-
born joys. 35

Nay—though the hopes that drew, the
fears that drove,

St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to
abide

Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
Bound him, nor, since he raised yon
House, have ceased

To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live; 41
His milder Genius (thanks to the good
God

That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing disci-
pline,

Doth sometimes here predominate, and
works 45

By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by
changeable earth,

Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power
of sense,

Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed 51
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and
bird

(Stilled from afar—such marvel story
tells— 55

By casual outbreak of his passionate
words,

And from their own pursuits in field or
grove

Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He went to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and
delight, 61

As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the
fall

From their high state darkened the Earth
with fear,

Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful
bowers. 65

Then question not that, 'mid the austere
Band,

Who breathe the air he breathed, tread
where he trod,

Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle
hearts

Consorted, Others, in the power, the
faith, 70

Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk,
though pale

With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by
years, 75

Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward
raised,

Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed 80
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient
Man—

Nor haply less the Brother whom I
marked,

As we approached the Convent gate,
aloft

Looking far forth from his aerial cell, 85
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he
was—

If they received into a conscious ear
 The notes whose first faint greeting
 startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with
 joy 90
 My heart—may have been moved like me
 to think,
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's
 ways,
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice*
of One
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their
 herbs and flowers 95
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple
 Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou
 leave 99
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the
 Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well;
 sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast
 thou 105
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from
 bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as
 clear,
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around thee softly
 fan—
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of
 silence, 111
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came
 bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was
 left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:

Can she, a blessed saint, the work ap-
 prove? 5
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a
 thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom—those eyes—can they assist
 to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven?
 The dream must cease 10
 To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must
 live;
 Else will the enamoured Monk too
 surely find
 How wide a space can part from inward
 peace
 The most profound repose his cell can
 give.

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with de-
 sperate flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing might
 Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds
 perceive 6
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs
 may heave
 For such a One beset with cloistral snares,
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree; 10
 Shed over it Thy grace, and thus subdue
 Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
 That earthly love may to herself be true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto Thee¹.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITTE OR UPPER CONVENT
 OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks,
 in size
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side
 they sate,
 By panting steers up to this convent
 gate?

¹ See Note, p. 307.

How, with empurpled cheeks and pam-
pered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities 5
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu
wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mor-
tifies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of
dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife, 11
Shows not a sight incongruous as the
extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful
mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life¹.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower².

PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest
wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor!"
Fond wish that was granted at last, and
the Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once
more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the
steep, 5
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat
high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils
to keep
For converse with God, sought through
study and prayer.
The Monks still repeat the tradition with
pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his
Spirit is here; 10
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her
grandeur abide,

In the pines pointing heavenward her
beauty austere;
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius
we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which
youth might confide,
That would yield him fit help while pre-
figuring that Place 15
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never
had died.

When with life lengthened out came a
desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed
him round,
With a thought he would flee to these
haunts of his prime,
And here once again a kind shelter be
found. 20
And let me believe that when nightly the
Muse
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he
would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at
will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the
page 25
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for
my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter
of age
And the changes it brings had no power
to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under
you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy
to part, 30
While your leaves I behold and the brooks
they will strew,
And the realised vision is clasped to my
heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we
may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects
of sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the
day 35
When the Being of Beings shall summon
her hence.

¹ See Note, p. 907.² See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass," p. 345.

For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever
they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for
rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and
Eternity flow. 40

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the
while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A
throne, 5
In just esteem, it rivals; though no
style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of great-
ness flown.
As a true man, who long had served the
lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no
more. 10
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying
fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate
down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty
Throne.

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY
RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to
cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile,
wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how
win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn
defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry 5
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din

Drown not at once mandate and pro-
phesy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the De-
sert, thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace, 10
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning
sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not
cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—
repent!"

XXI.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO¹.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair
face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart de-
lights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure
heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a
place.
With Him who made the Work that Work
accords 5
So well, that by its help and through His
grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's em-
brace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot
turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide 10
Light which to God is both the way and
guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines
for aye.

¹ This and the following Sonnet may possibly have been two of the fifteen Sonnets which in 1805 Wordsworth essayed to translate from the Italian of Michael Angelo. A rough draft of No. XXII. is given by Mr. Dykes Campbell from a note-book belonging to S. T. Coleridge. See *Coleridge's Poetical Works*, p. 474. Mr. Campbell, unfortunately, does not give the date of the entry, or of the note-book.—Ed.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to
Thee;

Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm,
and flee

To Thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon
the tree, 5

The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light
divine,

My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred
ear; 10

Neither put forth that way Thy arm
severe;

Wash with Thy blood my sins; thereto
incline

More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT
IN THE APENNINES.

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;

Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects;

If not a straggler from the herd 5
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,

Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—

How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste! 10

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering
wall—

Do but more touchingly recall 15
Man's headstrong violence and Time's
fleetness,

Making the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn,

XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man
wins

Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most
hard

Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's
compared,

For whom his toil with early day begins.
Acknowledging no task-master, at will 5

(As if her labour and her ease were twins),
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie
still;—

And softly sleeps within the thread she
spins.

So fare they—the Man serving as her
Slave.

Ere long their fates do each to each
conform: 10

Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy;
how few,

Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue,
fame,

Part from thee without pity dyed in
shame:

I could not—while from Venice we with-
drew,

Led on till an Alpine strait confined our
view 5

Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colour-
ing threw.

Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?— 11
Be its depths quickened; what thou dost
inherit

Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like
sleep!

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill
agree

With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory
clung—

Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's
sight

How beautiful! how worthy to be sung 6
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German
speech,

Caught the far-winding barrier Alps 10
among.

In that announcement, greeting seemed
to mock

Parting; the casual word had power to
reach

My heart, and filled that heart with con-
flict strong.

XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,
1838.

[Composed May 1, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol.
of 1838; vol. of 1842.]

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I
share

New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my
thought:

Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when
I compare

Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so
fair,

So rich to me in favours. For my lot 5
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That
morning too,

Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming 10
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum;
Heard them, unchecked by aught of sad-
dening hue,

For victories there won by flower-crowned
Spring,
Chant in full choir their innocent Te
Deum.

XXVIII.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

[Composed 1825.—Published 1827¹.]

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-
bidden weeds

O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change,
unfold

A new magnificence that vies with old;
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood 5
A votive Column, spared by fire and
flood:—

And, though the passions of man's fretful
race

Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
Not injured more by touch of meddling
hands

Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands, 10
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good and
brave.

Historic figures round the shaft embost
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator
sees 15

Group winding after group with dream-
like ease;

Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude dis-
played,

Or softly stealing into modest shade.
—So, pleased with purple clusters to en-
twine

Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring
vine; 20

The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and
breathes

Wide-spreading odours from her flowery
wreaths.

¹ Included among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection* in edd. 1827–43. First placed in this Series in ed. 1845. The preceding Sonnet (xxvii.) was included amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets* in the volume of 1842, and first found its present place in ed. 1845.—Ed.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shep-
herds' ears

Murmuring but one smooth story for all
years,

I gladly commune with the mind and
heart 25

Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;

Behold how fought the Chief whose con-
quering sword

Stretched far as earth might own a single
lord ; 30

In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign
ruled ;

Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of
Time 35

Preserve thy charge with confidence
sublime—

The exultations, poms, and cares of
Rome,

Whence half the breathing world received
its doom ;

Things that recoil from language ; that,
if shown 39

By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,

There greets an Embassy from Indian
shores ;

Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the
storm

Of battle meets him in authentic form !

Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish
horse 45

Sweep to the charge ; more high, the
Dacian force,

To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, high or
low,

None bleed, and none lie prostrate but
the foe ;

In every Roman, through all turns of
fate,

Is Roman dignity inviolate ; 50

Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;

Distinguished only by inherent state
From honoured Instruments that round

him wait ;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the
test 55

Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.

—Alas ! that One thus disciplined could
toil

To enslave whole nations on their native
soil ;

So emulous of Macedonian fame, 60
That, when his age was measured with his
aim,

He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-

drawn sighs :
O weakness of the Great ! O folly of the
Wise !

Where now the haughty Empire that
was spread 65

With such fond hope ? her very speech is
dead ;

Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enter-

prise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the
skies : 70

Still are we present with the imperial
Chief,

Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,

Becomes with all her years a vision of the
Mind.

The Egyptian Maid;

OR,

The Romance of the Water Lily.

[Composed 1830.—Published 1835.]

For the names and persons in the following poem see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in
air,

Yet was she work of mortal hands, 5
And took from men her name—THE
WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill
ascendant,

Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright 10
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and stream-
ing pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass 15
Aught that was ever shown in magic
glass;

Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest
transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern
science, 20
Grave Merlin (and belike the more

For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared
them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast 25
An altered look upon the advancing
Stranger

Whom he had hailed with joy, and
cried,

"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended
danger. 30

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the Sor-
cerer urges;

The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign; 35
And the winds roused the Deep with
fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace 40
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and
valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confound-
 ing;
 Like something out of Ocean sprung 45
 To be for ever fresh and young,
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-
 bounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
 And cannot spare the Thing he
 cherished: 50
 Ah! what avails that she was fair,
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves;
 The Lily floats no longer!—She hath
 perished.

Grieve for her, she deserves no less; 55
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
 No heart had she, no busy brain;
 Though loved, she could not love again;
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of
 Nature. 60

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;
 So richly was this Galley laden,
 A fairer than herself she bore,
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
 A lovely One, who nothing hears 65
 Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless
 Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
 From mischief, caused by spells himself
 had muttered;
 And while, repentant all too late,
 In moody posture there he sate, 70
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-
 raised head,
 A Visitant by whom these words were
 uttered:—

“On Christian service this frail Bark
 Sailed” (hear me, Merlin!) “under high
 protection,
 Though on her prow a sign of heathen
 power 75
 Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily
 flower,
 The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

“Her course was for the British strand;
 Her freight, it was a Damsel peer-
 less;
 God reigns above, and Spirits strong 81
 May gather to avenge this wrong
 Done to the Princess, and her Land
 Which she in duty left, sad but not cheer-
 less.

“And to Caerleon's loftiest tower 85
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's
 Table
 A cry of lamentation send;
 And all will weep who there attend,
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour, 89
 For whom the sea was made unnavi-
 gable.

“Shame! should a Child of royal line
 Die through the blindness of thy
 malice?”
 Thus to the Necromancer spake
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign, 95
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's
 chalice.

“What boots,” continued she, “to
 mourn?
 To expiate thy sin endeavour:
 From the bleak isle where she is laid, 99
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

“My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
 That brought me down that sunless
 river,
 Will bear me on from wave to wave, 105
 And back with her to this sea-cave;—
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
 Through air, to thee my Charge will I
 deliver.

“The very swiftest of thy cars 109
 Must, when my part is done, be ready;
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
 Into thy own prophetic book;
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt
 and steady.”

This scarcely spoken, she again 115
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive
gallop. 120

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That Isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught 124
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves re-
vealed
The bosom half, and half concealed, 130
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful
greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken!
Following the margin of a bay, 135
She spied the lonely Cast-away,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and
bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion, 140
The Damsel, in that trance embound;
And, while she raised her from the
ground,
And in the pearly shallop placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the
ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs 145
Of music opened, and there came a
blending
Of fragrance, underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the sun
their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which Angels make, on works of love
descending. 150

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flower had
spoken:
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what
none
Less pure in spirit could have done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice! 155
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success
betoken."

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
The self-illuminated Brigantine 160
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they
came
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood, 165
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame:
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

"But where attends thy chariot—
where?"— 169
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious
Charge!
If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how
fair!
Much have my books disclosed, but the
end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view 175
Forth from the grotto's dimmest
chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes
of dusky white
Changed, as the pair approached the light,
Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift 181
The Princess, passive to all changes:
The car received her:—then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The Birds with progress smooth and
swift 185
As thought, when through bright regions
memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to measure ;

And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard 190
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and
Dames

Ere on firm ground the car alighted ;
Eftsoons astonishment was past, 195
For in that face they saw the last
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride ; by which all happiness is
blighted.

Said Merlin : "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney ! 200
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo ! by a destiny well known 205
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
Where she by shipwreck had been
thrown ;
Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the
morrow." 210

"Though vast thy power, thy words are
weak,"
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hateful ;
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard !
Is this her piety's reward ?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !
O winds without remorse ! O shore un-
grateful ! 216

"Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of
thunder ;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate ? 220
He will repent him of his troth ;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split
asunder.

"Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;
For, when my prowess from invading
Neighbours 224

Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight
bestow

Whom I should choose for love and match-
less labours.

"Her birth was heathen ; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered : 230
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword re-
covered.

"Ask not for whom, O Champions true !
She was reserved by me her life's be-
trayer ; 236
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse : then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with
observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to
lay her." 240

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty ;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege ! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose 245
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping :
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained
by Heaven : 250
And in my glass significant there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this
weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand
of the Virgin ;
So, for the favoured One, the Flower
may bloom 255
Once more : but, if unchangeable her
doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss ;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour,
rises 260
And melts ; but grief devout that shall
endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought
shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-
prises."

"So be it," said the King ;—"anon, 265
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the
trial ;
Knights each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaine advanced ; no sign he
won
From Heaven or earth ;—Sir Kaye had
like denial. 270

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away ;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclo-
sure ;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions,
ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel
lay, 275
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek
composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints ! who can ?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights ; 280
And all the thoughts that lengthened
out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus as-
sembled.

What patient confidence was here !
And there how many bosoms panted !
While drawing toward the car Sir
Gawaine, mailed 285
For tournament, his beaver veiled,
And softly touched ; but, to his princely
cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was
granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a
brother, 290
Came to the proof, nor grieved that
there ensued
No change ;—the fair Izonda he had
wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs
too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread
another.

Not so Sir Launcelot ;—from Heaven's
grace 295
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain
contrition ;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came
Sir Galahad ;
He paused, and stood entranced by that
still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide
vision. 300

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and
shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed ;
And, at her call, a waking dream 305
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he
bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred
with ermine,
As o'er the insensate Body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd 310
That he the solemn issue would deter-
mine.

Nor deem it strange ; the Youth had
won
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that match-
less feat, 315
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
Which whosoe'er approached of strength
was shorn,
Though King or Knight the most re-
nowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through
 Love's dominions, 320
 The Swans, in triumph clap their
 wings;
 And their necks play, involved in rings,
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy
 land;—
 "Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again
 they clapped their pinions.

 "Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
 And to her name my soul shall cleave
 in sorrow;" 326
 Whereat a tender twilight streak
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's
 cheek;
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain
 red,
 Seemed from each other a faint warmth
 to borrow. 330

 Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread
 entwining,
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
 Precursor to a timid sigh, 335
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

 In silence did King Arthur gaze
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
 In silence watched the gentle strife
 Of Nature leading back to life; 340
 Then eased his soul at length by praise
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the
 blissful Mary.

 Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
 Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God
 giveth,
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee 345
 Through mortal change and immor-
 tality;
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
 A goodly Knight that hath no peer that
 liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
 And sage tradition still rehearses 350
 The pomp, the glory of that hour
 When toward the altar from her bower
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed
 verses;—

 Who shrinks not from alliance 355
 Of evil with good Powers
 To God proclaims defiance,
 And mocks whom he adores.

 A Ship to Christ devoted
 From the Land of Nile did go; 360
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,
 An Idol at her prow.

 By magic domination,
 The Heaven-permitted vent
 Of purblind mortal passion, 365
 Was wrought her punishment.

 The Flower, the Form within it,
 What served they in her need?
 Her port she could not win it,
 Nor from mishap be freed. 370

 The tempest overcame her,
 And she was seen no more;
 But gently, gently blame her—
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

 The Maid to Jesu hearkened, 375
 And kept to Him her faith,
 Till sense in death was darkened,
 Or sleep akin to death.

 But Angels round her pillow
 Kept watch, a viewless band; 380
 And, billow favouring billow,
 She reached the destined strand.

 Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
 Your faith in Him approve
 Who from frail earth can call you 385
 To bowers of endless love!

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS¹.

—♦—

[Composed between 1806-1820.—Published 1820.]

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the two last Counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON,
AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION,
1820).

[Composed Christmastide, 1819.—Published 1820.]

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings; 10
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Innmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played, 15
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills; 20
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
Hadst heard this never-falling rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door 35
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise 45
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

¹ These Sonnets (No. xxvii. excepted) appeared early in 1820, in a volume entitled *The River Duddon, A Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and other Poems. To which is annexed A Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England.* They were written at various intervals between 1806 and 1820. Sonnet No. xiv. (*O Mountain Stream!*) was written before April, 1807, when it first appeared amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets of Poems in Two Volumes*; and Sonnet No. xxvii. (*Fallen, and diffused*) was published in 1819, along with *The Waggoner*; included, in the collective (4 vol.) ed. of 1820, amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*; and, in ed. 1827, transferred to its present place in this Series.—Ed.

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days;
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays 70
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win 75
 To agitations less severe,
 'That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy!

I.

Nor envying Latian shades—if yet they
 throw
 A grateful coolness round that crystal
 Spring,
 Bandusia, prattling as when long ago
 The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to
 sing;
 Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
 Round the moist marge of Persian foun-
 tains cling; 6
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
 Through ice-built arches radiant as hea-
 ven's bow;
 I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
 All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morn-
 ing light! 10
 Better to breathe at large on this clear
 height
 Than toil in needless sleep from dream to
 dream:
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free,
 and bright,
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my
 theme!

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every
 taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
 Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
 Not seldom, when with heat the valleys
 faint,
 Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue
 quaint 5
 Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth,
 thou hast
 No meaner Poet than the whistling Elast,
 And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
 She guards thee, ruthless Power! who
 would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's
 screen, 10
 Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy
 lair¹
 Through paths and alleys roofed with
 darkest green;
 Thousands of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter
 keen!

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked
 stone
 My seat, while I give way to such intent;
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking monu-
 ment,
 Make to the eyes of men thy features
 known. 4
 But as of all those tripping lambs not one
 Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
 To thy beginning nought that doth pre-
 sent
 Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
 To dignify the spot that gives thee birth
 No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem 10
 Appears, and none of modern Fortune's
 care;
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed
 a gleam
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness
 rare;
 Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother,
 Earth!

¹ The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain,
take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
A Protean change seems wrought while I
pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth
make ;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue, 6
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,
through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted
Rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white
foam ; 10
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who
hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and
roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he
will !

V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that
played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful
sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy
mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to up-
braid
The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a
shade 5
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms
around ;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude
and grey ; 10
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's
eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the
summer day,
Thy pleased associates :—light as endless
May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social
trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their para-
mours ;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
bees ;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the
sundry flowers, 6
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
showers.
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the
wilderness ;
The trembling eyebright showed her
sapphire blue, 10
The thyme her purple, like the blush of
Even ;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of
Heaven.

VII.

“CHANGE me, some God, into that breath-
ing rose !”
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose ;
Or he would pass into her bird, that
throws 5
The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;
Enraptured,—could he for himself en-
gage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph
bestows ;
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice !
There are whose calmer mind it would
content 11
To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe ; or dark-
ling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender
voice.

VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or
 fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who
 first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
 What hopes came with him? what designs
 were spread
 Along his path? His unprotected bed 5
 What dreams encompassed? Was the in-
 truder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rights accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the
 dead?
 No voice replies;—both air and earth are
 mute;
 And Thou, 'blue Streamlet, murmuring
 yield'st no more 10
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness hereto-
 fore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and
 pollute!

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
 And, for like use, lo! what might seem
 a zone
 Chosen for ornament—stone matched with
 stone 5
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have
 they flown,
 Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the
 Child
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs
 fierce and wild, 10
 His budding courage to the proof; and
 here
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end
 how near!

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits
 dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to
 pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-
 lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance; 5
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly
 withdraws—
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling
 touch
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for
 aid: 10
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir
 too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be
 betrayed.
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high
 rock, see
 The struggle, clap their wings for vic-
 tory!

XI.

THE FAERY CHASM.

NO fiction was it of the antique age:
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft
 Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that
 smooth stage
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage 5
 In secret revels—haply after theft
 Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and
 coarse Weed left
 For the distracted Mother to assuage
 Her grief with, as she might!—But, where,
 oh! where
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes 10
 That ruled those dances wild in charac-
 ter?—
 Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
 On the shrill wind of midnight? or where
 floats
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossa-
 mer?

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream
chides us—on !
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth im-
mure
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange compari-
son !
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon 5
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to en-
dure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless
skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into
dust !— 10
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his
guide,
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set :
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—
we must ;
And, if thou canst, leave them without
regret !

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings
sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and
spouting mill !
A glance suffices ;—should we wish for
more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when
bleak winds roar 5
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of
pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts
that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port ; and, reckless of the
gale, 10
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling
ale,

Laugh with the generous household
heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

XIV.

[Comp. before April, 1807 (1806 ?).—Pub. 1807¹.]

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and
his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude ;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a
spot 5
Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon ! with their paths
renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee
not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to
leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men, 10
Though simple thy companions were and
few ;
And through this wilderness a passage
cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save
when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way
pursue !

XV.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering
sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and
cold ;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses
grey ;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire
affray, 5
Some Statue, placed amid these regions
old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !
Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary
slaves
Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast 10
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast

¹ See Editor's note, p. 375.

Tempestuously let loose from central
caves?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge
passed?

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long
beguile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured
shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a
smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the
while, 5
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they
rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where
they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge
and steep 10
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded
side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase
or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or
deified¹!

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted
yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven
croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that
bestrew 5
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the
rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly
dew

Moistened each fleece, beneath the twink-
ling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's
height², 10
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove
and Mars:
Or near that mystic Round of Druid
frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose
smooth breast it came!

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and
fear,"
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are
wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name best suits
thee here) 5
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright
effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile³ a Gospel Teacher
knew, 10
Whose good works formed an endless
retinue:
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse por-
trays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert
drew;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with
deathless praise!

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with de-
light
When hope presented some far-distant
good,
That seemed from heaven descending,
like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their aery height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite; 5

¹ See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.² See Note, p. 908.³ See Note, p. 908.

Who, 'mid a world of images imprint
 On the calm depth of his transparent
 breast,
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent
 white,
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune 10
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
 Sworn by that voice—whose murmur
 musical
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall
 fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that
 detains
 Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery
 plains;
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
 Transferred to bowers imperishably
 green, 5
 Had beautified Elysium! But these
 chains
 Will soon be broken;—a rough course
 remains,
 Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid
 mien,
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean
 sky, 10
 Shalt change thy temper; and, with many
 a shock
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to
 rock,
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and
 high!

XXI.

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper from
 the heart,
 That told of days long past, when here
 I roved
 With friends and kindred tenderly be-
 loved;
 Some who had early mandates to depart,

Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
 By Duddon's side; once more do we
 unite, 6
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's
 tranquil light;
 And smothered joys into new being start.
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Me-
 mory; 10
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light
 and free
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant
 time,
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths
 surpass
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from
 the prime
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime 5
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet
 sound:
 The starry treasure from the blue pro-
 found
 She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge,
 or climb
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest
 Of April, smiling high in upper air? 10
 Desperate alternative! what fiend could
 dare
 To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep
 rock's breast
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their
 blithe cheer
 Who gathered in betimes the unshorn
 flock
 To wash the fleece, where haply bands of
 rock,

Checking the stream, make a pool smooth
and clear

As this we look on. Distant Mountains
hear, 5

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from
strange fear.

And what if Duddon's spotless flood
receive

Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth
noise 10

Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame the
licensed joys,

Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow
throws:

If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook—with woodbine hung and
straggling weed, 5

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbour—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf, 10
Be loth that we should breathe awhile
exempt

From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that
may tempt

Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat 5
Atween his downy wings be furnished,
there

Would lodge her, and the cherished burden
bear

O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!

Rough ways my steps have trod;—too
rough and long

For her companionship; here dwells soft
ease: 10

With sweets that she partakes not some
distaste

Mingles, and lurking consciousness of
wrong;

Languish the flowers; the waters seem to
waste

Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease
to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard,
unseen;

Through tangled woods, impending rocks
between;

Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold
brood— 5

Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous,
keen,

Green as the salt-sea billows, white and
green—

Poured down the hills, a choral multi-
tude!

Nor have I tracked their course for scanty
gains;

They taught me random cares and truant
joys, 10

That shield from mischief and preserve
from stains

Vague minds, while men are growing out
of boys;

Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile
reins.

XXVII.

[Composed probably between 1815-1819.—Pub-
lished 1819¹.]

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless
heap,

Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose massy
Keep

¹ See Editor's Note, p. 375.

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and
cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the
bold; 5
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds—though winds were silent—
struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient
Hold.
Its line of Warriors fled;—they shrunk
when tried
By ghostly power:—but Time's unsparing
hand 10
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from
out the land;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may with-
stand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-
breeze;
And for *their* sakes, and love of all that
rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering
nest; 5
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections
worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay; 10
Glad meetings, tender partings, that up-
stay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows
sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting
thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired
domains;
Tells that their turf drank purple from
the veins

Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance 5
Of victory, that struck through heart and
reins
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and for-
lorn, 10
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring
scorn
Of power usurped; with proclamation
high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes
divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with
shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with
remorse:
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the
force 5
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful
friend—
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy
side:— 10
Through the rough copse wheel thou with
hasty stride;
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet
again.

XXXI.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful
rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high 5
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's
tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, down-
ward bent,

Take root again, a boundless canopy.
 How sweet were leisure! could it yield no
 more
 Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard
 to recline, 10
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts
 divine;
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly
 shine,
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII.

Not hurled precipitous from steep to
 steep;
 Lingered no more 'mid flower-enamelled
 lands
 And blooming thickets; nor by rocky
 bands
 Held; but in radiant progress toward the
 Deep
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless
 sleep 5
 Sink, and forget their nature—now ex-
 pands
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
 Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
 Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers,
 and towns, 10
 And blue-topped hills, behold him from
 afar;
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish
 downs,
 With commerce freighted, or triumphant
 war.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale;
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
 A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast

That rises here, and humbly spread, the
 sail;
 While, less disturbed than in the narrow
 Vale 5
 Through which with strange vicissitudes
 he passed,
 The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
 Where all his unambitious functions fail.
 And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream!
 be free—
 The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
 And each tumultuous working left be-
 hind 10
 At seemly distance—to advance like Thee;
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of
 mind
 And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my
 guide,
 As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my
 eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever
 glide; 5
 The Form remains, the Function never
 dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the
 wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth de-
 fied
 The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have
 power 10
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's
 transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know,*

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE
ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831¹.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL
OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Dec. 11, 1834.*

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day
passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends
visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his
guidance, immediately before his departure
from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title "Yarrow Revisited" will stand in no
need of explanation for Readers acquainted
with the Author's previous poems suggested
by that celebrated Stream.

I.

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet
day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;

But breezes played, and sunshine gleam-
ed—

The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot 15
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation: 20
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthraling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of
Youth, 25
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united, 30
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

¹ The poems of this series, with two exceptions (conjectured by Prof. Knight to be Nos. xv. and xvii.), were written during the autumn of 1831, and first published in the vol. of 1835 entitled, *Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems*. In order to avoid needless repetition, separate chronological notes will not be added to the individual poems of the series, save where the particulars of composition or publication differ in some respect from those now given.—ED.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face, 35
 Though we were changed and changing;
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover. 40

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment!
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet, 45
 Has o'er their pillow brooded;
 And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot 50
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid, 55
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to mellow Age,
 With Strength, her venturous brother;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill 61
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams, 65
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee, 70
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me 75
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender. 80

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self? 85
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance
 Plays false with our affections; 90
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections:
 Ah, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful Life, 95
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered; 100
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream! 105
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should
 chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine, 110
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
 FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

[Composed September, 1831.—Published 1833 (*Literary Souvenir* of Alaric Watts); vol. of 1835.]

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple
 height:
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, com-
 plain
 For kindred Power departing from their
 sight; 5

While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
 blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the
 might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with
 him goes ;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
 knows, II
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

III.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF
 SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged
 steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-
 yard lies ;
 The hare's best couching-place for fear-
 less sleep ;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous
 eyes,
 Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
 No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked
 skies.
 Proud tomb is none ; but rudely-sculp-
 tured knights,
 By humble choice of plain old times, are
 seen IO
 Level with earth, among the hillocks
 green :
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak
 smites
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring
 thickets ring
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

IV.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH
 OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing
 hills—
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men
 Scattered all Britain over, through deep
 glen,

On airy upland, and by forest rills,
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark
 that trills 5
 His sky-born warblings—does aught meet
 your ken
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
 Aught that more surely by its aspect
 fills
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the
 Abode
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful through
 all hours IO
 To his high charge, and truly serving
 God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and
 flowers,
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and
 towers.

V.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING
 A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist ;—a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a
 bell
 To mark some change of service. As the
 swell
 Of music reached its height, and even
 when sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN ! to a
 blank 5
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous
 roof,
 Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-
 proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting ! From
 what bank
 Came those live herbs ? by what hand
 were they sown
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops
 seem unknown ? IO
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that,
 green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more, and
 preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending into
 one.

VI.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE's not a nook within this solemn
 Pass
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn
 gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art
 which chase 5
 That thought away, turn, and with watch-
 ful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more
 clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice
 happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray 10
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
 lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to
 rest!

VII.

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or
 mute;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
 The target mouldering like ungathered
 fruit; 4
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pur-
 suit,
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's
 head—
 All speak of manners withering to the
 root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions
 high:
 Then may we ask, though pleased that
 thought should range 10
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination—to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

"THIS Land of Rainbows spanning glens
 whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-
 coloured mists—
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood
 never rests—
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their
 crests— 5
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts
 are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
 While native song the heroic Past recalls."
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must
 hide 10
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course
 of pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her
 head
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared
 to tread.

IX.

EAGLES.

Composed at Dunollie Castle in the bay of Oban,
 DISHONOUR'D Rock and Ruin! that, by
 law
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove em-
 barred
 Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
 Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last
 I saw
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck
 with awe 5
 Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort
 paired,
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's
 guard,
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
 Light from the fountain of the setting
 sun.
 Such was this Prisoner once; and when
 his plumes 10
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,

Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that
live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,
throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by
the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives
to show 5
What crimes from hate, or desperate love,
have sprung;
From honour misconceived, or fancied
wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by
mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, un-
tamed
By civil arts and labours of the pen, 10
Could gentleness be scorned by those
fierce Men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive
Glen¹?"

XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian
crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a
brook
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a
look 5
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be
brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Moun-
taineer!

¹ In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art, 11
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see
and hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his
part
On Earth, who works in the heaven of
heavens, alone.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MAN-
SION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR
KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave,
in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house."
No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he
detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How
reconcile 5
With truth, or with each other, decked
remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they
stand
Together,—'mid trim walks and artful
bowers, 10
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine
powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and
stills.

XIII.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL."

At the Head of Glencroe.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious
walk,
Who, that has gained at length the
wished-for Height,
This brief this simple wayside Call can
slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered
by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen
hawk 5

Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams,
 that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and
 stalk
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs
 repose,
 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air, 11
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's
 sweep,—
 So may the Soul, through powers that
 Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss
 that Angels share.

XIV.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this
 earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and
 how it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or
 blot.
 The limpid mountain-rill avoids it not; 5
 And why shouldst thou?—If rightly
 trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to
 tread.
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery
 roof,
 Undressed the pathway leading to the
 door; 10
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely
 Poor;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart
 wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials
 fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!

XV.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach
 (still in use, though rarely met with, among
 the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula

must strike every one, and concurs with the
 plaid and kilt to recall to mind the commu-
 nication which the ancient Romans had with
 this remote country.

If to Tradition faith be due,
 And echoes from old verse speak true,
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
 No common light of nature blessed 5
 The mountain region of the west,
 A land where gentle manners ruled
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
 That raised, for centuries, a bar
 Impervious to the tide of war: 10
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands
 And various climes, was not unknown 15
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
 The silver Broach of massy frame,
 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
 On road or path, or at the door 21
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
 But delicate of yore its mould,
 And the material finest gold;
 As might beseem the fairest Fair, 25
 Whether she graced a royal chair,
 Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
 No fancied lustre on the wall
 Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung. 30

The heroic Age expired—it slept
 Deep in its tomb;—the bramble crept
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
 Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
 Malvina! where art thou? Their state 35
 The noblest-born must abdicate;
 The fairest, while with fire and sword
 Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
 By ruder hands in homelier vest. 40
 Yet still the female bosom lent,
 And loved to borrow, ornament;
 Still was its inner world a place
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
 Still pity to this last retreat 45
 Clove fondly; to his favourite seat

1 See Note p. 915.

Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age; 50
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling
prayer,

One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour, 56
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left. 60

As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heirloom hide, 65
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared; 70
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvass gleams.
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn 75
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and
spread; 80

And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might 85
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach, 89
May render back the Highland Broach¹.

¹ How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female

XVI.

THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island, not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," to which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt
and toad;

Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering
flood 5
Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try

Privation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent
God.

Verily so to live was an awful choice—
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
But in the mould of mercy all is cast 11
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
And this forgotten Taper to the last
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful
gloom.

XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

Composed at Loch Lomond.

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the
birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Daylight, fled
from earth,

friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

In the grey sky hath left his lingering
 Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since
 the Sun, 6
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility 11
 The mountain-borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is
 bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVIII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times
 the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
 Once on those steeps I roamed at large,
 and have 4
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
 The river glides, the woods before me wave;
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give
 Than blame the present, that our wish
 hath crost. 11
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
 dreams obey,
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive;
 How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN,
 AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood 5
 (Couched in their den) with those that
 roam at large
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge

The wind with terror while they roar for
 food.
 Sate are *these*; and stilled to eye and
 ear;
 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring
 fear! 10
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the
 cave
 Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-
 drowsed
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger
 roused:
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows,
 can save.

XX.

THE AVON.

(A feeder of the Annan.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels
 wear
 Like this contented, though unknown to
 Fame:
 For great and sacred is the modest claim
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er
 they flow; 6
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they
 go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding
 without blame.
 But Praise can waste her voice on work
 of tears,
 Anguish, and death: full oft where inno-
 cent blood 10
 Has mixed its current with the limpid
 flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory
 rears:
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with
 unpleased ears.

XXI.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE
 IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to
 flood:

On her last thorn the nightly moon has
shone;
Yet still, though inappropriate Wild be
none, 5
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell
might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive
again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
His church with monumental wreck be-
strown; 10
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un-
laid,
Hath still his castle, though a skele-
ton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons
con
Of power that perishes, and rights that
fade.

XXII.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne
affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle
art,
Among its withering topmost branches
mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his
part 5
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the
chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire
smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
High was the trophy hung with pitiless
pride; 10
Say, rather, with that generous sym-
pathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a
seat;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one
chide
Verse that would guard thy memory,
HART'S-HORN TREE¹!

¹ See Note, p. 917.

XXIII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

THE Lovers took within this ancient
grove
Their last embrace; beside those crystal
springs
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his
wings
For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove
Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would
rove, 5
Not mute, where now the linnet only
sings:
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition
clings,
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monu-
ments 10
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby,
there stands a pillar with the following inscrip-
tion:—
"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by
Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for
a memorial of her last parting with her pious
mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cum-
berland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory
whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be dis-
tributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham,
every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone
table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"
WHILE the Poor gather round, till the
end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal
prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's
purest clime! 5
"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.

Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for*
ever!

"LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing
by 10

Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond en-
deavour;

And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-
glazed,

Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God
be praised!"

XXV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious
Rome,

Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be
full, 5

To have no seat for thought were better
doom,

Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.

Heaven out of view, our wishes what are
they?

Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?— 11

Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time re-
calls;

Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXVI.

APOLOGY,

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design

Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound

By a continuous and acknowledged tie 5
Though unapparent—like those Shapes

distinct

That yet survive ensculptured on the
walls

Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,

As might beseech a stately embassy, 10
In set array; these bearing in their hands

Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne

Of the Great King; and others, as they
go

In priestly vest, with holy offerings
charged, 15

Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred

Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain

A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every

Muse 20
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken

door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-

head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings

flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength

From kindred sources; while around us
sighed 25

(Life's three first seasons having passed
away)

Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost
sprinklings fell

(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland
heights;

And every day brought with it tidings
new

Of rash change, ominous for the public
weal. 30

Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy

Which may itself be cherished and ca-
ressed

More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the

gay) 35
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in

vain.

The White Doe of Rylstone;

OR,

The Fate of the Nortons.

[Composed 1807-1808.—Published 1815 (4to); collective ed. 1820.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory in Yorkshire; and the Poem of "The White Doe," founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the
earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling
dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide;"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to be-
stow

A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more could
please,

Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom
Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
Hence not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Belovèd Wife? such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity¹.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now tolling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God destroy Man's nobility:
for certainly Man is of kin to the Beast by his
Body, and if he be not of kin to God by his Spirit,
he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys like-
wise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Na-
ture: for take an example of a Dog, and mark
what a generosity and courage he will put on,
when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who
to him is instead of a God, or *Melior Natura*.
Which courage is manifestly such as that Crea-
ture without that confidence of a better Nature
than his own could never attain. So Man, when
he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine pro-
tection and favour, gathereth a force and faith
which human Nature in itself could not obtain."

LORD BACON.

Canto First.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf, 5
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company! 10
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie 15
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

¹ These six lines ("Action is transitory infinity") are quoted from the Tragedy of *The Borderers*, Act III., Scene v. (ll. 1539-1544). The entire passage ("Action . . . divine") was added in 1837. — Ed.

What would they there?—full fifty
years

That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste: 20
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart 25
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills;—anon 31
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the
folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's
Oak!

And scarcely have they disappeared 35
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal; 40
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy, 46
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open
green, 50
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is
found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam, 55
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon 60

When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven ;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain 65
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed !
Ye living, tend your holy cares ;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ; 70
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight !
'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go :
Whether she be of forest bowers, 75
From the bowers of earth below ;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges 80
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate !
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright ; 85
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath : 90
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread 95
Of the elder's bushy head ;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe 100
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show ;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness. 105
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?

Fair Pilgrim ! harbours she a sense 110
Of sorrow, or of reverence ?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode ;
For old magnificence undone ; 116
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing ?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth ; 121
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament ? 125
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest, 130
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might :
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere. 135
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light !
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
And thus she fares, until at last 140
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ; 145
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing 150
With its softest summer sound :
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes. 155
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise ;
It is the last, the parting song ;
And from the temple forth they throng,

And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road. 161
But some—a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung— 165
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot where, full in view,
The white Doe, to her service true,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound; 170
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood; 175
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw
near;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm;"—but still the Boy,
To whom the words were softly said, 181
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for
joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe; 185
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair." 191

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insecure delight, 195
Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear 200
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place. 205

Nor to the Child's enquiring mind
Is such perplexity confined:
For, spite of sober Truth that sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong, 210
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong, 215
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
And to his grave will go with scars, 221
Relics of long and distant wars—
That Old Man, studious to expound
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity; 225
When Lady Aäliza mourned
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremound. 230
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place—
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory!
The Lady's work;—but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come
and go, 236
In the beautiful form of this innocent
Doe:
Which, though seemingly doomed in its
breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and
pain,
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and
bright; 240
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of
light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry
door;
And through the chink in the fractured
floor
Look down, and see a griesly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried
upright! 245

There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread 250
In the ruthless wars of the White and
Red;

Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Ban-
bury church

And smote off his head on the stones of
the porch!

Look down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there, 255
Prying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent:
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold. 260
Harsh thoughts with her high mood
agree—

Who counts among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale, 265
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary:
Wild notes she in his hearing sang, 270
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could
wear;

And oftentimes before him stood, 275
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him
sights,

In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay, 280
A shepherd clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence when he, with spear and
shield,

Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring, 285
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.

But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state; 291
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he 295
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry 300
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted— 306
And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep, 310
Alone, beside that grassy heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning; 315
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.
And all the assembly own a law 320
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies
wild; 325

To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace:
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings, 331
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory, 335
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

Canto Second.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed ;
 And first we sang of the greenwood shade
 And a solitary Maid ;
 Beginning, where the song must end, 340
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend ;
 The Friend, who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light ;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth. 345

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,— 350
 Exulting in its imagery ;
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :
 For on this Banner had her hand 354
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
 The sacred Cross ; and figured there
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;
 Full soon to be uplifted high,
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's Queen
 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign
 dread ; 361
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
 But now the inly-working North
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth, 365
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,
 Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent ;
 And boldly urged a general plea, 370
 The rites of ancient piety
 To be triumphantly restored,
 By the stern justice of the sword !
 And that same Banner, on whose breast
 The blameless Lady had exprest 375
 Memorials chosen to give life
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;
 That Banner, waiting for the Call,
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came ; and Francis Norton said, 380
 "O Father ! rise not in this fray—
 The hairs are white upon your head ;

Dear Father, hear me when I say
 It is for you too late a day !
 Bethink you of your own good name : 385
 A just and gracious Queen have we,
 A pure religion, and the claim
 Of peace on our humanity.—
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;
 I am your son, your eldest born ; 390
 But not for lordship or for land,
 My Father, do I clasp your knees ;
 The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
 This multitude of men disband,
 And live at home in blameless ease ; 395
 For these my brethren's sake, for me ;
 And, most of all, for Emily !"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall ;
 And scarcely could the Father hear
 That name—pronounced with a dying
 fall— 400
 The name of his only Daughter dear,
 As on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;
 Then did he seize the staff, and say : 405
 "Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
 Keep thou this ensign till the day
 When I of thee require the same :
 Thy place be on my better hand ;—
 And seven as true as thou, I see, 410
 Will cleave to this good cause and me."
 He spake, and eight brave sons straight-
 way
 All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
 And din of arms and minstrelsy, 416
 From all his warlike tenantry,
 All horsed and harnessed with him to
 ride,—
 A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall, 420
 Stood silent under dreary weight,—
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall
 Shook, tottered, swam before his sight ;
 A phantasm like a dream of night !
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate, 425
 He found his way to a postern-gate ;
 And, when he waked, his languid eye
 Was on the calm and silent sky ;

With air about him breathing sweet, 429
 And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear
 A sound of military cheer,
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance 435
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
 That dimness of heart-agony;
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer. 440
 The past he calmly hath reviewed:
 But where will be the fortitude
 Of this brave man, when he shall see
 That Form beneath the spreading tree,
 And know that it is Emily? 445

He saw her where in open view
 She sate beneath the spreading yew—
 Her head upon her lap, concealing
 In solitude her bitter feeling:
 "Might ever son *command* a sire, 450
 The act were justified to-day."
 This to himself—and to the Maid,
 Whom now he had approached, he said—
 "Gone are they,—they have their desire;
 And I with thee one hour will stay, 455
 To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
 And sorrow moved him to partake
 Her silence; then his thoughts turned
 round,
 And fervent words a passage found. 460

"Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
 With a dear Father at their head!
 The Sons obey a natural lord;
 The Father had given solemn word
 To noble Percy; and a force 465
 Still stronger, bends him to his course.
 This said, our tears to-day may fall
 As at an innocent funeral.
 In deep and awful channel runs
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons; 470
 Untried our Brothers have been loved
 With heart by simple nature moved;
 And now their faithfulness is proved:
 For faithful we must call them, bearing
 That soul of conscientious daring. 475

—There were they all in circle—there
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
 John with a sword that will not fail,
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
 And those bright Twins were side by side;
 And there, by fresh hopes beautified, 481
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
 I, by the right of eldest born,
 And in a second father's place, 485
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
 And meet their pity face to face;
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
 I to my Father knelt and prayed;
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke, 490
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,
 And would have laid his purpose by,
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

"Then be we, each and all, forgiven! 495
 Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face, 500
 As that unhallowed Banner grew
 Beneath a loving old Man's view.
 Thy part is done—thy painful part;
 Be thou then satisfied in heart!
 A further, though far easier, task 505
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
 I cannot for such cause contend;
 Their aims I utterly forswear;
 But I in body will be there. 510
 Unarmed and naked will I go,
 Be at their side, come weal or woe:
 On kind occasions I may wait,
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
 Bare breast I take and an empty
 hand¹."— 515
 Therewith he threw away the lance,
 Which he had grasped in that strong
 trance;
 Spurned it, like something that would
 stand
 Between him and the pure intent
 Of love on which his soul was bent. 520

¹ See the Old Ballad,—“The Rising of the North.”

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
 Of trial past without offence
 To God or man ; such innocence,
 Such consolation, and the excess
 Of an unmerited distress ; 525
 In that thy very strength must lie.
 —O Sister, I could prophesy !
 The time is come that rings the knell
 Of all we loved, and loved so well :
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak 530
 To thee, a woman, and thence weak :
 Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
 Are doomed to perish utterly :
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide
 The thought while I am by thy side, 535
 Acknowledging a grace in this,
 A comfort in the dark abyss.
 But look not for me when I am gone,
 And be no farther wrought upon :
 Farewell all wishes, all debate, 540
 All prayers for this cause, or for that !
 Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
 Upon no help of outward friend ;
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
 To fortitude without reprieve. 545
 For we must fall, both we and ours—
 This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
 Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead,
 hall—
 Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;
 The young horse must forsake his manger,
 And learn to glory in a Stranger ; 551
 The hawk forget his perch ; the hound
 Be parted from his ancient ground :
 The blast will sweep us all away—
 One desolation, one decay ! 555
 And even this Creature !" which words
 saying,
 He pointed to a lovely Doe,
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !
 "Even she will to her peaceful woods 560
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,
 And be in heart and soul the same
 She was before she hither came ;
 Ere she had learned to love us all,
 Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall. 565
 —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
 The last leaf on a blasted tree ;
 If not in vain we breathed the breath
 Together of a purer faith ;

If hand in hand we have been led, 570
 And thou, (O happy thought this day !)
 Not seldom foremost in the way ;
 If on one thought our minds have fed,
 And we have in one meaning read ;
 If, when at home our private weal 575
 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
 Together we have learned to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice ;
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared ; 580
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endure thee with all truth—
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destined place :
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high, 585
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity !"

He ended,—or she heard no more ;
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door, 590
 He kissed the consecrated Maid ;
 And down the valley then pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

Canto Third.

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear, 595
 Telling melancholy hours !
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near !
 The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls
 descry, 600
 Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
 "This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train ; 606
 Their hearts are with you : hill and dale
 Have helped us : Ure we crossed, and
 Swale,
 And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their Yeomanry ! 610
 —Stand forth, my Sons !—these eight are
 mine,
 Whom to this service I commend ;

Which way so'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end ; 614
 They are my all"—voice failed him here—
 "My all save one, a Daughter dear !
 Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
 The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
 I had—but these are by my side,
 These Eight, and this is a day of pride !
 The time is ripe. With festive din 621
 Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—
 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
 When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth ; for far and near
 From every side came noisy swarms 626
 Of Peasants in their homely gear ;
 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth
 came
 Grave Gentry of estate and name,
 And Captains known for worth in arms ;
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence 631
 To rise, and prove their innocence.—
 "Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
 For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand, 635
 His eye upon Northumberland,
 And said ; "The Minds of Men will own
 No loyal rest while England's Crown
 Remains without an Heir, the bait
 Of strife and factions desperate ; 640
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind
 Through all things else, in this can find
 A mutual hope, a common mind ;
 And plot, and pant to overwhelm
 All ancient honour in the realm. 645
 —Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins
 Our noblest blood is given in trust,
 To you a suffering State complains,
 And ye must raise her from the dust.
 With wishes of still bolder scope 650
 On you we look, with dearest hope ;
 Even for our Altars—for the prize
 In Heaven, of life that never dies ;
 For the old and holy Church we mourn,
 And must in joy to her return. 655
 Behold !"—and from his Son whose stand
 Was on his right, from that guardian
 hand

He took the Banner, and unfurled
 The precious folds—"behold," said he,
 "The ransom of a sinful world ; 660

Let this your preservation be ;
 The wounds of hands and feet and side,
 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,
 These Records wrought in pledge of love
 By hands of no ignoble birth, 666
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
 While she the holy work pursued."
 "Uplift the Standard !" was the cry 670
 From all the listeners that stood round,
 "Plant it,—by this we live or die."
 The Norton ceased not for that sound,
 But said ; "The prayer which ye have
 heard,
 Much injured Earls ! by these preferred,
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh 676
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."
 "Uplift it !" cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued :
 "Uplift it !" said Northumberland— 680
 Whereat from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out :
 The transport was rolled down the river
 of Were, 685
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham,
 did hear,
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were
 stirred by the shout !

Now was the North in arms:—they
 shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice : and Neville sees 690
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little rills
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call 695
 Had sate together in Raby Hall !
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore ;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield, 700
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons ;—and, further-
 more,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,

Appeared, with free and open hate 705
 Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire,
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
 Proceeding under joint command, 710
 To Durham first their course they bear;
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
 And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth
 and free 715
 "They mustered their host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see¹;"
 The Choicest Warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring, 720
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small,
 Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the Standard which he bore. 725
 On foot they girt their Father round;
 And so will keep the appointed ground
 Where'er their march: no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
 He stands upon the grassy sod, 730
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array 735
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly Personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise, 740
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state;
 A face to fear and venerate; 744
 Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest 750
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
 With unparticipated gaze;
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath
 none, 755

And treads in solitary ways.
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light 760
 That guides them through a stormy
 night.

And now, upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
 He takes alone his far-off stand,
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
 Bold is his aspect; but his eye
 Is pregnant with anxiety,
 While, like a tutelary Power,
 He there stands fixed from hour to
 hour:

Yet sometimes in more humble guise 770
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
 In sunshine were his only task,
 Or by his mantle's help to find
 A shelter from the nipping wind: 775
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,
 His weary spirits gather rest.
 Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
 The pageant glancing to and fro;
 And hope is wakened by the sight, 780
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
 But what avails the bold intent?
 A Royal army is gone forth 785
 To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
 They march with Dudley at their head,
 And, in seven days' space, will to York
 be led!—

Can such a mighty host be raised
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near? 790
 The Earls upon each other gazed,
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
 For, with a high and valiant name,
 He bore a heart of timid frame;
 And bold if both had been, yet they 795
 "Against so many may not stay²."

¹ From the Old Ballad.

² From the Old Ballad.

Back therefore will they hie to seize
A strong Hold on the banks of Tees ;
There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power 800
From Naworth come ; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to
man,
A rumour of this purpose ran,
The Standard trusting to the care 805
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake ;—"We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field !— 810
How oft has strength, the strength of
heaven,

To few triumphantly been given !
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered !—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again) 816
Where faith was proved ?—while to battle
moved

The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old ; 820
And with those grey-haired champions
stood,

Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
All confident of victory !—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ? 825
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross ?
When the Prior of Durham with holy
hand

Raised, as the Vision gave command, 830
Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear ;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's
Bower

To God descending in his power.
Less would not at our need be due 835
To us, who war against the Untrue ;—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise :
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold : 840

Be warned"—His zeal the Chiefs con-
founded,
But word was given, and the trumpet
sounded :

Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas ! thought he, and have I borne 845
This Banner raised with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified ;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by, 850
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery !
—"Even these poor eight of mine would
stem—"

Half to himself, and half to them 854
He spake—"would stem, or quell, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse ;
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight ;
A Cause, which on a needful day 860
Would breed us thousands brave as
they."

—So speaking, he his reverend head
Raised toward that Imagery once more :
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before : 865
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought :—
Oh ! wherefore was her countenance
bright 870

With love divine and gentle light ?
She would not, could not, disobey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept ; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake 875
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake ;
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
This Cross in tears : by her, and One
Unworthier far we are undone— 880
Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft, alas ! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid :
She first in reason's dawn beguiled 885
Her docile, unsuspecting Child :

Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer 890
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and, ere the
last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his Father, Francis stood, 895
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly. 901
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need;
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?— 905
If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed 910
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage 915
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least, 920
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!”

“Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight 925
Against all good”—but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to one bright moment's hope?
Suffice it that the Son, who strove 930
With fruitless effort to allay
That passion, prudently gave way;
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love—

But calmly from the spot withdrew; 935
His best endeavours to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

Canto Fourth.

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon from cloudless ether sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town, 940
And Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
And southward far, with moor between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green, 944
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
—The courts are hushed;—for timely
sleep 951
The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity 955
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone
Tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine 960
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day; 965
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear 970
Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid 975
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved whate'er by love was brought
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny— 980

The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground ;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and
shades 985

Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array— 990
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie ;
Happy as others of her kind, 995
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade 1000
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow—
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade 1005
Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow 1010
Upon the uncomplaining Doe
Now couched at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way, 1015
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play ;
Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze 1020
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine,
spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours 1026
When here, in this remote alcove,

(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove 1030
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
Yes, she is soothed : an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that blessed Saint 1035
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified. 1041

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence ;
“But oh ! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love, 1045
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear ;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry 1050
Descend on Francis ; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say ;—
'If hope be a rejected stay,
Do thou, my christian Son, beware
Of that most lamentable snare, 1055
The self-reliance of despair !”

Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go !
Herself will follow to the war, 1060
And clasp her Father's knees ;—ah, no !
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid ;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate, 1065
All prayer for this cause or for that ;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate :
Her duty is to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide 1070
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was
chased, 1075

Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus
spake;

"An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the time—a woeful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say 1080
How can I serve you? point the way."

"Rights have you, and may well be
bold:

You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe: 1085
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid;
You not forbidden to recline 1090
With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the old Man, "must
abide

With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men: 1095
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!" 1100

"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly
sighed;

"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls;—be this your task— 1105
This may be done;—'tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight. 1110

—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field; 1114
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
"Grant that the Moon which shines this
night

May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and
change,

And knowledge has a narrow range; 1120
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity. 1125

She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue!—he had said 1130
"This night yon faithless Towers must
yield,

Or we for ever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies 1135
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night,—the Banner shall be plant-
ed!" 1140

—'Twas done: his Sons were with him—
all;
They belt him round with hearts un-
daunted

And others follow;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court;—"Tis won"—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close
The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and
foes!

The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band; 1150
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
"A rescue for the Standard!" cried 1155
The Father from within the walls;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls!—
Confusion through the Camp spread
wide:

Some fled; and some their fears detained:
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest 1160
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy nought remained.

Canto Fifth.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound 1165
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent—
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent 1175
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
 Had often heard the sound of glee
 When there the youthful Nortons met,
 To practise games and archery : 1179
 How proud and happy they ! the crowd
 Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was
 won,
 They to the Tower withdrew, and there
 Would mirth run round, with generous
 fare ; 1185
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all !

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
 Upon the height walks to and fro ;
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale, 1190
 Received the bitterness of woe :
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
 Such rights did feeble nature claim ;
 And oft her steps had hither steered,
 Though not unconscious of self-blame ;
 For she her brother's charge revered, 1196
 His farewell words ; and by the same,
 Yea, by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered. 1199

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
 That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
 Who with her Father had grown old
 In friendship ; rival hunters they,
 And fellow warriors in their day ;
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought ; 1205
 Then on this height the Maid had sought,
 And, gently as he could, had told

The end of that dire Tragedy,
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned ; " You said
 That Francis lives, *he* is not dead ? " 1211

" Your noble brother hath been spared ;
 To take his life they have not dared ;
 On him and on his high endeavour 1214
 The light of praise shall shine for ever !
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
 His solitary course maintain ;
 Not vainly struggled in the might
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight ;
 He was their comfort to the last, 1220
 Their joy till every pang was past.

" I witnessed when to York they
 came—
 What, Lady, if their feet were tied ;
 They might deserve a good Man's blame ;
 But marks of infamy and shame— 1225
 These were their triumph, these their
 pride ;
 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
 Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
 ' Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
 ' A Prisoner once, but now set free ! 1230
 'Tis well, for he the worst defied
 Through force of natural piety ;
 He rose not in this quarrel, he,
 For concord's sake and England's good,
 Suit to his Brothers often made 1235
 With tears, and of his Father prayed—
 And when he had in vain withstood
 Their purpose—then did he divide,
 He parted from them ; but at their side
 Now walks in unanimity. 1240
 Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
 While to the prison they are borne,
 Peace, peace to all indignity ! "

" And so in Prison were they laid—
 Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid, 1245
 For I am come with power to bless,
 By scattering gleams, through your dis-
 tress,
 Of a redeeming happiness.
 Me did a reverent pity move
 And privilege of ancient love ; 1250
 And, in your service making bold,
 Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

"Your Father gave me cordial greet-
ing;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned: 1255
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying
on'—
And so to Francis he renewed 1259
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

" 'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green: 1264
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see 1270
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed—
This Banner (for such vow I made) 1275
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory! 1279

" 'A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore. 1285

" 'Hear then,' said he, 'while I im-
part,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee 1290
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities. 1295
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;

Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear
name,
I helmeted a brow though white, 1300
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea, offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid, 1305
The name untouched, the tear unshed;—
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!'

"Then Francis answered—'Trust thy
Son, 1310
For, with God's will, it shall be done!'

"The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate. 1315
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and
heaven 1319
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne 1325
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw, 1330
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand;
And all the people that stood round 1334
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death!—
But Francis, soon as he had braved 1340
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied

In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away." 1345

These things, which thus had in the
sight

And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice 1350

Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher.
"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
The old Man to the silent Maid, 1355
"Yet, Lady! shines, through this black
night,

One star of aspect heavenly bright;
Your brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place." 1360
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

Canto Sixth.

WHY comes not Francis?—From the
doleful City

He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear 1365
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour! 1371

—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of
love

Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger 1375
Of speediest wing, should he appear.

Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds 1380
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force,
And punishment without remorse.

He marked not, heard not, as he fled; 1385
All but the suffering heart was dead
For him abandoned to blank awe,

To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along—
It was the Banner in his hand! 1391
He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end 1395
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find anywhere, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight? 1400
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how? when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see? 1405

Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain:
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong, 1410
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast 1415
To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why
But that Heaven's purpose might be
known

Doth now no hindrance meet his eye, 1420
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by, 1426
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power 1430
To the stern embrace of that grasping
hour.

"No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine." 1435

So forward with a steady will
 He went, and traversed plain and hill;
 And up the vale of Wharf his way
 Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
 Attained a summit whence his eyes 1440
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
 There Francis for a moment's space
 Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
 Of horsemen at an eager pace!
 He heard, and with misgiving mind. 1445
 —'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the
 Band:

They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand
 Of death had drunk their punishment,
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed, 1450
 How Francis, with the Banner claimed
 As his own charge, had disappeared,
 By all the standers-by revered.
 His whole bold carriage (which had
 quelled
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled 1455
 All censure, enterprise so bright
 That even bad men had vainly striven
 Against that overcoming light)
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word
 given,
 That to what place soever fled 1460
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the
 height
 Where Francis stood in open sight.
 They hem him round—"Behold the
 proof,"
 They cried, "the Ensign in his hand! 1465
 He did not arm, he walked aloof!
 For why?—to save his Father's land;
 Worst Traitor of them all is he,
 A Traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no Traitor," Francis said, 1470
 "Though this unhappy freight I bear;
 And must not part with. But beware;—
 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
 Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"
 At this he from the beaten road 1476
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
 That like a place of vantage showed;
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.

In self-defence with warlike brow 1480
 He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
 He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
 A spear,—and, so protected, watched
 The Assailants, turning round and round;
 But from behind with treacherous wound
 A Spearman brought him to the ground.
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
 Dropped from him; but his other hand
 The Banner clenched; till, from out the
 Band,

One, the most eager for the prize, 1490
 Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
 A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
 Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
 Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
 But not before the warm life-blood 1495
 Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
 The wounds the broidered Banner
 showed,
 Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as
 good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
 The Standard; and where Francis lay 1500
 There was he left alone, unwept,
 And for two days unnoticed slept.
 For at that time bewildering fear
 Possessed the country, far and near;
 But, on the third day, passing by 1505
 One of the Norton Tenantry
 Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
 Shrunk as he recognised the face,
 And to the nearest homesteads ran
 And called the people to the place. 1510
 —How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
 This was the instant thought of all;
 And if the lonely Lady there
 Should be; to her they cannot bear
 This weight of anguish and despair. 1515
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
 Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it
 best

That, if the Priest should yield assent
 And no one hinder their intent,
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake, 1520
 In holy ground a grave would make;
 And straightway buried he should be
 In the Churchyard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid.

In no confusion or neglect 1526
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kindred for him in that ground: 1530
So to the Churchyard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head, 1535
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped
she,—

To seek her Brother forth she went, 1540
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot— 1545
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her
breast

Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth! 1550

Canto Seventh.

"Powers there are

That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of!"

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled 1555
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves
beat— 1560

Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?

High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail? 1565
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown 1570
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride 1575
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being, 1580
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone;
Among the ruins of a wood, 1585
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen, 1590
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been
brought 1595

To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,—
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems 1600
To o'ershadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright: 1605
Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely,—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness. 1610

And she hath wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;

¹ See *Address to Kilchurn Castle (Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803)*, ll. 6-9.—Ed.

Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea, like a ship at random blown 1615
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven;
 Hath seen again her Father's roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof; 1620
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of Reason; held above 1625
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak 1630
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of
 birth 1635
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by; 1640
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
 For One, among those rushing deer,
 A single One, in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily; 1645
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
 A little thoughtful pause it made;
 And then advanced with stealth-like
 pace, 1650
 Drew softly near her, and more near—
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
 So to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face, 1655
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same,
 The very Doe of other years!—

The pleading look the Lady viewed, 1660
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears that flowed apace
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair. 1665
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
 This was for you a precious greeting;
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
 Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
 Can she depart? can she forego 1670
 The Lady, once her playful peer,
 And now her sainted Mistress dear?
 And will not Emily receive
 This lovely chronicler of things
 Long past, delights and sorrows? 1675
 Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
 The promise in that speaking face;
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,
 The saddest thought the Creature brings?

That day, the first of a re-union 1680
 Which was to teem with high communion,
 That day of balmy April weather,
 They tarried in the wood together.
 And when, ere fall of evening dew,
 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew, 1685
 The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
 The Lady to her dwelling-place;
 That nook where, on paternal ground,
 A habitation she had found,
 The Master of whose humble board 1690
 Once owned her Father for his Lord;
 A hut, by tufted trees defended,
 Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is
 blended.

When Emily by morning light
 Went forth, the Doe stood there in
 sight, 1695
 She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
 Received and followed by a prayer,
 She saw the Creature once again;
 Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
 But, wheresoever she looked round, 1700
 All now was trouble-haunted ground;
 And therefore now she deems it good
 Once more this restless neighbourhood
 To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
 The White Doe followed up the vale, 1705
 Up to another cottage, hidden

In the deep fork of Amerdale ;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree, 1710
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and
deed— 1715

Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes ;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,— 1720
From looks conceiving her desire ;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed, 1725
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood ;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindest intercourse ensue.

—Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing 1730
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the Mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide !
How pleased, when down the Stragglersank
Beside her, on some sunny bank ! 1735
How soothed, when in thick bower en-
closed,

They, like a nested pair, reposed !
Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by, 1740
White as whitest cloud on high
Floating through the azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear ?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude. 1750

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;
And, ranging through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old loves,

Undisturbed and undistrest, 1755
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy :
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened. 1760

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—"God us ayde !"
That was the sound they seemed to speak ;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on these holy bells be seen, 1765
That legend and her Grandsire's name ;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same ;
Words which she slighted at that day ;
But now, when such sad change was
wrought, 1770

And of that lonely name she thought,
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
While she sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"
And all the hills were glad to bear 1775
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power ;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and
wide, 1780

Her fate there measuring ;—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart ;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !
But here her Brother's words have
failed ; 1785

Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left ;
This one Associate that disproves
His words remains for her, and loves. 1790
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all ;
Yet sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;
A few tears down her cheek descend 1795
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot ;
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold— 1800

Here hath she, here before her sight,
 Close to the summit of this height,
 The grassy rock-encircled Pound
 In which the Creature first was found.
 So beautiful the timid Thrall 1805
 (A spotless Youngling white as foam)
 Her youngest Brother brought it home;
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
 With heart brimful of pride and joy! 1810

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to go;
 There ranged through cloister, court, and
 aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine 1815
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came; there oft she sate
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate: 1820
 And when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor
 mourned;
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet; 1825
 How happy in its turn to meet
 The recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature 1830
 And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited; 1835
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and
 wings
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams, 1840
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure
 dead,—
 Dead—but to live again on earth,
 A second and yet nobler birth; 1845

Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascent in sanctity!
 From fair to fairer; day by day
 A more divine and loftier way!
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod, 1850
 By sorrow lifted towards her God;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she; and could
 bend
 A dear look to her lowly Friend; 1855
 There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
 With what this innocent spring supplied:
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares;
 But to the world returned no more, 1860
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and joined
 The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died. 1865
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came!
 —In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her Mother's side. 1870

Most glorious sunset! and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day—
 In that fair Creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields;
 Who, having filled a holy place, 1875
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
 And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind;
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
 Which her dear Mistress once held
 dear: 1880
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this churchyard ground;
 Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
 And every sabbath here is found;
 Comes with the people when the bells 1885
 Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where
 way
 Lies open on the sabbath day;
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced, 1890
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;

Paces softly, or makes halt,		With those adversities unmoved ;	
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ;		Calm spectacle, by earth and sky	
By plate of monumental brass	1895	In their benignity approved !	
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,		And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,	1905
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :		Subdued by outrage and decay,	
But chiefly by that single grave,		Looks down upon her with a smile,	
That one sequestered hillock green,		A gracious smile, that seems to say—	
The pensive visitant is seen.	1900	"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,	
There doth the gentle Creature lie		But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !" 1910	

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

IN SERIES¹.

[Composed mostly in 1821.—Published 1822.]

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE
CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice²."

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed
spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to
sing
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's
grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to
trace 5
Of Liberty, and smote the plausive
string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumph-
ing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the
source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are
found 10
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
have crowned

Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless
force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its
course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits
rest
Past things, revealed like future, they
can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through
the west, 5
Did holy Paul³ a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream
invest?

¹ The *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (first so called in 1837; previously *Ecclesiastical Sketches*) were written for the most part in 1821, and published in 1822. Chronological notes are attached only to those sonnets to which this observation does not apply.—Ed.

² This motto, from George Herbert, was added in 1827.—Ed.

³ See Note, p. 920.

Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose
 prison doors
 Flew open, by an Angel's voice un-
 barred? 10
 Or some of humbler name, to these wild
 shores
 Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup
 of woe
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here to
 guard
 The precious Current they had taught to
 flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the
 sea-mew¹—white
 As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic
 ring
 Where Augurs stand, the Future ques-
 tioning,
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy
 flight,
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite 5
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek doc-
 trines blight
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian
 spear 10
 A way first opened; and, with Roman
 chains,
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
 They come—they spread—the weak, the
 suffering, hear;
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy
 road,
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of
 fire
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,

¹ This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

From every sympathy that Man be-
 stowed!
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to
 God, 5
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom
 flowed,
 Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
 As if with prescience of the coming
 storm, 10
 That intimation when the stars were
 shaped;
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the
 primal truth
 Glimmers through many a superstitious
 form
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we are
 lost
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian
 coves,
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition crosed;
 And where the boatman of the Western
 Isles 6
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy
 piles
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest
 name,
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays, 10
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
 To an unquestionable Source have led;
 Enough—if eyes, that sought the foun-
 tain-head
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
 Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon
 linked,
 Which God's ethereal storehouses afford:

Against the Followers of the incarnate
 Lord 5
 It rages ;—some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced to the heart through the
 ineffectual shield
 Of sacred home ;—with pomp are others
 gored
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban
 tried,
 England's first Martyr, whom no threats
 could shake ; 10
 Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
 And for the faith ; nor shall his name
 forsake
 That Hill, whose flowery platform seems
 to rise
 By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice¹.

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds
 regain
 Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane, 5
 Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude :
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance ;
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their
 fear— 10
 That persecution, blind with rage ex-
 treme,
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild
 countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and
 cheer ;
 For all things are less dreadful than they
 seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for soul-subduing
 vice,
 Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.

Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar
 ice,
 Their radiance through the woods—may
 yet suffice 5
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead
 sate
 The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood
 flowed, the price
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious
 arts
 That Rome provides, less dreading from
 her frown 10
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful
 gown,
 Language, and letters ;—these, though
 fondly viewed
 As humanising graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude !

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be
 scanned
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide
 and deep,
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
 Lo ! Discord at the altar dares to stand
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery
 brand, 5
 A cherished Priestess of the new-bap-
 tized !
 But chastisement shall follow peace de-
 spised.
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate
 land
 By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant
 cries,
 And prayers that would undo her forced
 farewell ; 10
 For she returns not.—Awed by her own
 knell,
 She casts the Britons upon strange
 Allies,
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies
 Than heartless misery called them to
 rebel.

¹ See Note, p. 920.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST
THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!—they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin
ask
How they have scourged old foes ; per-
fidious friends :
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task ;—
Amazement runs before the towering
casque 5
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy
field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian
shield :—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory
bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain ;—from Cambrian
wood and moss 10
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still
abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring
swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words !

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking
aid
Of hallelujahs¹ tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high
will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the moun-
tains : 6
O wretched Land ! whose tears have
flowed like fountains ;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are
laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of
Earth ; 10
Who, as the fields and woods have given
them birth,

¹ See Note, p. 921.

Will build their savage fortunes only
there ;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the
girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what
they were.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR².

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and
scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*
Such is the impetuous spirit that per-
vades
The song of Taliesin ;—Ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers
would turn 5
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard
the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now
must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things
swerve
From their known course, or vanish like
a dream ; 10
Another language spreads from coast to
coast ;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names pre-
serve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are
lost !

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful
slaves, *a*
Beautiful strangers, stand within the
pale *b*
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale, *c*
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City
laves : *a*
ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL
waves *a* 5
His wing who could seem lovelier to
man's eye *c*
Than they appear to holy Gregory ; *d*

² See Note, p. 921.

Who, having learnt that name, salvation
 craves ^a
 For Them, and for their Land. The
 earnest Sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender
 ties ¹⁰
 Of chiming sound, commanding sym-
 pathies ;
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from
 God's IRE ;
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which
 ye tread,
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye,
 instead
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
 The Cross preceding Him who floats in
 air, ⁵
 The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin led,
 They come—and onward travel without
 dread,
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful
 prayer—
 Sung for themselves, and those whom
 they would free !
 Rich conquest waits them :—the tem-
 pestuous sea ¹⁰
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
 And heeded not the voice of clashing
 swords,
 These good men humble by a few bare
 words,
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV.

PAULINUS¹.

BUT to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the
 school
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
 Who comes with functions apostolical ?
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and sta-
 ture tall, ⁵

Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre
 cheek,
 His prominent feature like an eagle's
 beak ;
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
 And strike with reverence. The Monarch
 leans
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate
 propounds, ¹⁰
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
 With careful hesitation,—then convenes
 A synod of his Councillors :—give ear,
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter,
 hear !

XVI.

PERSUASION.

"MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty
 King !
 That—while at banquet with your Chiefs
 you sit
 Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
 Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
 Here did it enter ; there, on hasty wing, ⁵
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to
 cold ;
 But whence it came we know not, nor
 behold
 Whither it goes. Even such, that tran-
 sient Thing,
 The human Soul ; not utterly unknown
 While in the Body lodged, her warm
 abode ; ¹⁰
 But from what world She came, what woe
 or weal
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath
 shown ;
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed² !"

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel
 Lore ;
 The Council closed, the Priest in full
 career
 Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a
 spear

¹ See Note, p. 921.² See Note, p. 921.

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
 He served in folly. Woden falls, and
 Thor 5
 Is overturned ; the mace, in battle heaved
 (So might they dream) till victory was
 achieved,
 Drops, and the God himself is seen no
 more.
 Temple and Altar sink, to hide their
 shame
 Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me, to
 Ye heavy laden !*" such the inviting voice
 Heard near fresh streams¹; and thou-
 sands, who rejoice
 In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
 Shall, by regenerate life, the promise
 claim.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth
 lend
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote :
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural
 lot ;
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or compre-
 hend ; 5
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation ; let their odours float
 Around these Converts ; and their glories
 blend,
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden
 cords 10
 Of good works, mingling with the visions,
 raise
 The Soul to purer worlds : and *who* the line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY².

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will
 share
 With the vain world ; who, outwardly as
 bare

As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit
 divine ! 5
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his
 care
 Has called him forth to breathe the
 common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its
 shrine
 Descended :—happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks
 entreat 11
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart
 can understand,
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence
 made.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Body, round which in love
 we clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service
 fail ?
 Is tender pity then of no avail ?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source
 have sprung 5
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief :
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and
 dirges sung
 For Souls whose doom is fixed ! The way
 is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human
 heart : 10
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth
 start.
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware !

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—
 at his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
 Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's
 crook,

¹ See Note, p. 921. ² See Note, *ibid*.

The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—
to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks
abide 5
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent
hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling ; 10
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they
twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth
they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial
bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry
nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a
brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage
to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling
rage 5
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equi-
page
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be ; 10
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting
owl
My night-watch : nor should e'er the
crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound
for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery
mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet

Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede !
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat 6
Of learning, where thou heard'st the bil-
lows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse !
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the
debt 10
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life ; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing
breath¹ !

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND
SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought
pains,
The people work like congregated bees ;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing ; timely
rains 5
Or needful sunshine ; prosperous enter-
^{prise} prise,
Justice and peace :—bold faith ! yet also
rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful
gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the
palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond
the grave ; 10
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave ;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all : there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous
shores ;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn
floors

¹ He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

To seek the general mart of Christendom;
 Whence they, like richly-laden merchants,
 come 5
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they
 urge their way,
 To lead in memorable triumph home
 Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
 Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid
 the sigh 11
 That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre,
 are gone
 With all their Arts,—but classic lore
 glides on
 By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
 The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
 Might range the starry ether for a crown
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year, 6
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth
 cheer,
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered
 frown.
 Ease from this noble miser of his time
 No moment steals; pain narrows not his
 cares¹. 10
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or
 gem,
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
 And Christian India, through her wide-
 spread clime,
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from
 mortal chains,
 Darling of England! many a bitter
 shower
 Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power

¹ See Note, p. 921.

Flowed in thy line through undegenerate
 veins.
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains 5
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in
 view!
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
 The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
 With the fierce tempest, while, within
 the round 10
 Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
 As oft, 'mid some green plot of open
 ground,
 Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
 The fostered hyacinths spread their pur-
 ple bloom.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest
 skill
 Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a
 dupe
 Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
 And turn the instruments of good to ill,
 Moulding the credulous people to his will.
 Such DUNSTAN:—from its Benedictine
 coop 6
 Issues the master Mind, at whose fell
 swoop
 The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
 Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
 The Might of spiritual sway! his
 thoughts, his dreams, 10
 Do in the supernatural world abide:
 So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled
 with pride
 In what they see of virtues pushed to
 extremes,
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl
 obey²!
 Dissension, checking arms that would
 restrain
 The incessant Rovers of the northern main,

² See Note, p. 921.

Helps to restore and spread a Pagan
 sway :
 But Gospel-truth is potent to allay 5
 Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel
 Dane
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle
 reign,
 His native superstitions melt away.
 Thus often, when thick gloom the east
 o'ershrouds,
 The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth
 appear 10
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;
How no one can resolve ; but every eye
 Around her sees, while air is hushed,
 a clear
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
 From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
 While-as Canute the King is rowing by :
 "My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King,
 "draw near,
 That we the sweet song of the Monks
 may hear !" 5
 He listens (all past conquests and all
 schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a
 tear.
 The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free Barge skims the smooth
 flood along, 10
 Gives to that rapture an accordant
 Rhyme¹.
 O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest
 clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.
 Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew !—the stars
 shine ;

¹ Which is still extant.

But of the lights that cherish household
 cares
 And festive gladness, burns not one that
 dares 5
 To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to
 Tyne,
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that
 ensnares !
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps
 and fires, 10
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires ;
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
 Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837.]

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, over-
 powered
 By wrong triumphant through its own
 excess,
 From fields laid waste, from house and
 home devoured
 By flames, look up to heaven and crave
 redress
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless 5
 Though men be, there are angels that can
 feel
 For wounds that death alone has power
 to heal,
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes
 no more ; 10
 Him in their hearts the people canonize ;
 And far above the mine's most precious ore
 The least small pittance of bare mould
 they prize
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his
 dear relics lie.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profane-
 ness flow
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of
 Agony

And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
With prayers and blessings we your path
will sow; 5

Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
Have chased far off by righteous victory
These sons of Amalek, or laid them
low!"—

"GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly
cry;

Shout which the enraptured multitude
astounds! 10

The Council-roof and Clermont's towers
reply;—

"God willeth it," from hill to hill re-
bounds,

And, in awe-stricken Countries far and
nigh,

Through "Nature's hollow arch" that
voice resounds¹.

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thicken-
ing swarms

Along the west; though driven from
Aquitaine,

The Crescent glitters on the towers of
Spain;

And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the
charms 5

Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will dis-
dain;

Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian
hills detain

Their tents, and check the current of
their arms.

Then blame not those who, by the
mightiest lever

Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural
station 11

All Christendom:—they sweep along (was
never

So huge a host!)—to tear from the Un-
believer

The precious Tomb, their haven of sal-
vation.

¹ The decision of this council was believed to
be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and
scep; 5

I watch thee sailing o'er the midland
brine;

In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride
decline 5

Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her
lip,

And see love-emblems streaming from thy
ship,

As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would
attend

Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves
the press 10

Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal
sway.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress
of grace,

The Church, by mandate shadowing forth
the power

She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.

Straight from the sun and tainted air's
embrace 5

All sacred things are covered: cheerful
morn

Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is
worn,

Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells
are dumb;

Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied;
And in the churchyard he must take his
bride 11

Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly
come

Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we
pursue,
The gross materials of this world present

A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue 5
(As might be deemed) to disciplined
intent

Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's
Shrine?

Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:—
crown, 10

Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid
down

At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that
line

Baronial halls the opprobrious insult
feel;

And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
head,

To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy
neck

Levelled with earth this foot of mine may
tread."

Then he, who to the altar had been led, 5
He, whose strong arm the Orient could
not check,

He, who had held the Soldan at his
beck,

Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man!—
Amazement strikes the crowd: while
many turn 10

Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of
most

In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to
blow,

What further empire would it have?
for now

A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love
assigned, 5

Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to over-
throw;

Through earth and heaven to bind and to
unbind!—

Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch
—rebuff

Shall be thy recompense! from land to
land 10

The ancient thrones of Christendom are
stuff

For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—
whether rough

Or smooth his front, our world is in his
hand!

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN
THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1845.]

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture

He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perverseness did the Church
abjure 5

Obedience to her Lord, and haste to
twine,

'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for
aye endure,

Weeds on whose front the world had
fixed her sign.

O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,

From all rash censure be the mind kept
free; II
He only judges right who weighs, com-
pares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his
voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II.

[Composed ?.—Published 1845.]

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly
hailed
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
She daunts, forth-thundering from her
spiritual tower 5
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold
their claims;
And Chastity finds many a sheltering
bower.
Realm there is none that if controlled or
sway'd
By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,
diffused: II
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"*HERE Man more purely lives, less oft
doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter
heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains
withal
A brighter crown*¹."—On yon Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may be read; 6
And, to like shelter, from the world have
fed
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's
desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty, II

A gentler life spreads round the holy
spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste
retires,
And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless
toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-
bound; 5
But mark how gladly, through their own
domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron
chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their
voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs,
abate
These legalized oppressions! Man—whose
name 10
And nature God disdained not; Man—
whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high
claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar 6
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they
bear! 10
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry
throne.

¹ See Note, p. 921.

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
 From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's
 height
 Down to the humbler altar, which the
 Knight 5
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall
 Seek in domestic oratory small,
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted
 rite;
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted
 round,
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the
 place— 10
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine
 worn,
 And suffering under many a perilous
 wound—
 How sad would be their durance, if for-
 lorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII.

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times
 prevail!
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
 Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with
 the gale
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
 For where, but on *this* River's margin,
 blow 6
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the
 brow
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not
 fail?—
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the
 world!
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled 10
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
 And meekness tempering honourable
 pride;
 The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the
 dove.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy
 oars
 Through these bright regions, casting
 many a glance
 Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant
 shores 5
 Their labours end; or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel
 floors.
 Am I deceived? Or is their requiem
 chanted
 By voices never mute when Heaven un-
 ties 10
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice
 undaunted,
 When she would tell how Brave, and
 Good, and Wise,
 For their high guerdon not in vain have
 panted!

IX.

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
 While from the Papal Unity there came,
 What feebler means had failed to give,
 one aim
 Diffused thro' all the regions of the
 West;
 So does her Unity its power attest 5
 By works of Art, that shed, on the out-
 ward frame
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who
 shall blame
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
 Hail countless Temples! that so well
 befit
 Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
 Form spirit and character from holy
 writ, 11
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and
 make
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X.

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed
 the root
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches
 be,
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful
 shoot)
 Can never cease to bear celestial fruit. 5
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with
 effect
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to
 eject
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
 When such good work is doomed to be
 undone, 10
 The conquests lost that were so hardly
 won:—
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will
 shine
 In light confirmed while years their course
 shall run,
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass pro-
 ceeds;
 The Priest bestows the appointed conse-
 cration; 4
 And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
 And all the people bow their heads, like
 reeds
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
 This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of
 Rhone
 He taught, till persecution chased him
 thence, 10
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy
 throne,
 From rites that trample upon soul and
 sense.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour
 Lord
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
 teach?—
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored 5
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
 Where that pure Church survives, though
 summer heats
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-
 sown,
 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-
 wood, 10
 Nourish the sufferers then; and mists,
 that brood
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles
 bestrown,
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that
 daunts
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their
 haunts.

XIII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

PRaised be the Rivers, from their moun-
 tain springs
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners
 here!"
 To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled
 wings!"
 Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's
 ear— 6
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
 drear,
 Their own creation. Such glad wel-
 comings
 As Po was heard to give where Venice
 rose
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth
 divine 10
 Who near his fountains sought obscure
 repose,

Yet came prepared as glorious lights to
shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred
Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were
at large!

XIV.

WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the
lark
Springs from the ground the morn to
gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom
was dark.— 5
Then followed the Waldensian bands,
whom Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous
bark¹:
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage
woods 10
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er
limitary floods;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

"WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured
field
The lively beauty of the leopard shows?
What flower in meadow-ground or garden
grows
That to the towering lily doth not yield?
Let both meet only on thy royal shield! 5
Go forth, great King! claim what thy
birth bestows;
Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to
wield,
And Heaven will crown the right."—The
mitred Sire

¹ See Note, p. 922.

Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul
address, 10
Ploughs her bold course across the won-
dering seas;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning
breeze.

XVI.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently
been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So
the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is
quaffed 5
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as hell itself, the avenging
draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal
power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual
truth 10
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour
to hour.

XVII.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with
sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels
near;
Forthwith that ancient Voice which
Streams can hear 5
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon
the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human
kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt
bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas, 10

Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sancti-
fied
By truth, shall spread, throughout the
world dispersed."

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your
estate;
You, on whose progress dazzling trains
await
Of pompous horses; whom vain titles
please;
Who will be served by others on their
knees, 5
Yet will yourselves to God no service
pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the
way
To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
And speak the word—"Alas! of
fearful things 10
'Tis the most fearful when the people's
eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid
low.

XIX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted
thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with
prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular, 6
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness
makes her strong?
Inversion strange! that, unto One who
lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,

The amplest share of heavenly favour
gives; 11
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his
own!

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's
blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of
a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and
higher 5
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through
every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice 10
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy
dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-
DOM'S HERE!"

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may
assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries
mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish
rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple
fruit; 6
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham
choose: 10
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate
shocks—

She whose high pomp displaced, as story
tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more
meek
Through saintly habit than from effort
due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and
weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek 5
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's gate to open
view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright! 10
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at dis-
tance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober
light!

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager
glee
The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long
embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea, 6
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old
must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to
find 10
The hospitality—the alms (alas!
Alms may be needed) which that House
bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the
mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV.

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet
mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the
Land:
Her adoration was not your demand, 5
The fond heart proffered it—the servile
heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to de-
part,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose
flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Mar-
garet 9
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden
blew!

XXV

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was un-
crost
With the least shade of thought to sin
allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost; 5
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished
moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue
coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I
ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might
bend, 10
As to a visible Power, in which did
blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in
Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted
 pure, 5
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the
 tomb
 Pass, some through fire—and by the scaf-
 fold some—
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
 “Lightly for both the bosom’s lord did
 sit
 Upon his throne;” unsoftened, undis-
 mayed 10
 By aught that mingled with the tragic
 scene
 Of pity or fear; and More’s gay genius
 played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and
 keen.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous
 groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown: 5
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,
 blind
 As his own worshippers: and Nile, re-
 clined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell
 moan
 Renews. Through every forest, cave, and
 den,
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath
 sorrow past— 10
 Hangs o’er the Arabian Prophet’s native
 Waste,
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and
 planned
 ‘Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty
 men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn
 away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-
 spray;
 ‘Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to
 detain,
 With hands stretched forth in mollified
 disdain, 5
 The “trumpery” that ascends in bare
 display—
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white,
 and grey—
 Upwhirled, and flying o’er the ethereal
 plain
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet
 not choice
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd, 10
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty
 transferred
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred
 Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields
 the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song, 6
 And sift her laws—much wondering that
 the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could
 calmly brook.
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly
 King
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless 10
 Under the weight of mortal wretched-
 ness!
 But passions spread like plagues, and
 thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

For what contend the wise?—for no-
 thing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds
 of Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from
 their recess,
 Root there, and not in forms, her holi-
 ness;— 5
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did
 dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to
 transgress;—
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which
 the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth 10
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with his
 word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

“SWEET is the holiness of Youth”—so
 felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through
 that Lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim’s rugged heart did
 melt.
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit
 often dwelt 5
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the
 mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy
 genius, skilled, 11
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
 THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

The tears of man in various measure
 gush
 From various sources; gently overflow
 From blissful transport some—from clefts
 of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show 6
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
 And some break forth when others’ sor-
 rows crush
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor
 yet
 The noblest drops to admiration known,
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven— 11
 Claim Heaven’s regard like waters that
 have wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs
 driven
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

The saintly Youth has ceased to rule,
 disowned
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks al-
 ways green!
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at
 the sound 5
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High. Again do they in-
 voke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory
 give; 10
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served; and mass
 is sung;
 And prayer, man’s rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an un-
 known tongue.

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

How fast the Marian death-list is un-
rolled!

See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common
flight!

One (like those prophets whom God sent
of old)

Transfigured¹, from this kindling hath
foretold

A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despoite.
The penal instruments, the shows of
crime,

Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain
partake,

Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
Earth never witnessed object more sub-
lime

In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided
hand

(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom
repeat!)

Amid the shuddering throng doth Cran-
mer stand;

Firm as the stake to which with iron
band

His frame is tied; firm from the naked
feet

To the bare head. The victory is com-
plete;

The shrouded Body to the Soul's com-
mand

Answers with more than Indian forti-
tude,

Through all her nerves with finer sense
endued,

Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:

Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous
attestation²!

XXXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF
THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields
of light,

Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's de-
crees are just:

Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the
might

Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to
incite

Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the
brute test

Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarean flags are caught at, and un-
furled—

Friends strike at friends—the flying shall
pursue—

And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
rest!

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowl-
er's net,

Some seek with timely flight a foreign
strand;

Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they
forget

Their Country's woes. But scarcely have
they met,

Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thank-
fulness,

Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,

¹ See Note, p. 922.

² For the belief in this fact, see the contem-
porary Historians.

Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poi-
 sonous weeds; 10
 Their forms are broken staves; their
 passions, steeds
 That master them. How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single
 breast!

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an en-
 vious bar
 Triumphant, snatched from many a trea-
 cherous wile!
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal
 war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from
 afar 5
 Defiance breathes with more malignant
 aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred fer-
 ments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slow-
 ly on;
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more
 bright: 11
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul con-
 straint
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,
 while shone,
 By men and angels blest, the glorious
 light?

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest
 soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to
 wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL
 gave
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful
 smile¹: 5

¹ See Note, p. 922.

For thus equipped, and bearing on his
 head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he
 dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of
 toil?—
 More sweet than odours caught by him
 who sails
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest, 10
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the
 gales
 From fields where good men walk, or
 bowers wherein they rest.

XL.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed! labouring with
 earnest care
 To baffle all that may her strength im-
 pair; 5
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's
 seat;
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tender-
 est prayer!—
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,
 In doctrine and communion they have
 sought 10
 Firmly between the two extremes to
 steer;
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
 To trace right courses for the stubborn
 blind,
 And prophecy to ears that will not hear.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon
 defy
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed,
 and split
 With morbid restlessness:—the ecstatic fit
 Spreads wide; though special mysteries
 multiply,

The Saints must govern is their common
cry; 5
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to
sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he
draws
From the confusion, craftily incites 10
The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new-born Church
is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is
one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds com-
munion
With things that were not, yet were
meant to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity 5
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the
sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling
power: 10
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal
night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-
shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris
streamed.

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.
THE Virgin-Mountain¹, wearing like a
Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,

¹ The Jung-frau.

Sheds ruin from her sides; and men
below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and
green, 5
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they
go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more
keen;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide
Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils
breathe 10
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith
he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment
writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we
move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth pre-
sent;
Now with her own deep quietness con-
tent;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from
above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the
grove 5
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now
her mood
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain re-
prove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her
name; 11
And scourges England struggling to be
free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilder-
ness!
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to
shame!

XLV.

LAUD¹.

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown
aside,

Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his
wings forbear 5

To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence sup-
plied,

And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore
stay,

O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant
wheels, 10

Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction
reels)

The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy
boldest string,

The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it
passed

O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-
king,

Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing 5
Of dread Jehovah; then should wood and
waste

Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep,
oh! weep,

Weep with the good, beholding King and
Priest 10

Despised by that stern God to whom they
raise

Their suppliant hands; but holy is the
feast

He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRE-
SENT TIMES.

I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she; *that* my heart be-
trayed, 5

For she was one I loved exceedingly;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy
played?)

The bright corporeal presence—form and
face—

Remaining still distinct grew thin and
rare, 10

Like sunny mist;—at length the golden
hair,

Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keep-
ing pace

Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision
spake

Fear to my Soul, and sadness which
might seem

Wholly dissevered from our present
theme;

Yet, my beloved Country! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake; 5

Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight
dream;

Thy glory meets me with the earliest
beam

Of light, which tells that Morning is
awake.

If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forbode destruction, I deplore 10

With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Hea-
ven restore

The prostrate, then my spring-time is
renewed,

And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

¹ See Note, p. 922.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and
caressed

With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? if England soon
must sink 10

Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood:
misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians
shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the
wind

Charged with rich words poured out in
thought's defence;

Whether the Church inspire that elo-
quence,

Or a Platonic Piety confined

To the sole temple of the inward mind; 5
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;

Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry
sphere 10

Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—"that he may
see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight."

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the
pen

Was shaped that traced the lives of these
good men,

Dropped from an Angel's wing. With
moistened eye

We read of faith and purest charity 5
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to
die!

Methinks their very names shine still and
bright;

Apart—like glow-worms on a summer
night; 10

Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring

Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous
day

Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,

And some to want—as if by tempests
wrecked 5

On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can be-
tray,

That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they
quit,

Fields which they love, and paths they
daily trod, 10

And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving
wit

Lures not from what they deem the cause
of God.

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVE-
NANTERS.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a sup-
pliant cry,

The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding
wounds were closed;

And Faith preserved her ancient purity.

How little boots that precedent of good, 5
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm !
 from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street,
 where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that
 draw 10
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-
 law ;
 But who would force the Soul tilts with a
 straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands
 sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and
 spire ;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire :
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as
 fire 5
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast
 quire.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 With outstretched hands and earnest
 speech—in vain ! 10
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
 (Swerves not, how blest if by religious
 awe 5
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from
 its end

Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope ?
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy ; 10
 And while he marches on with steadfast
 hope,
 Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast
 eye.

X.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS
LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have
 bled !
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his
 head,
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold
 wet ;
 But these had fallen for profitless regret 5
 Had not thy holy Church her champions
 bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual
 things
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises sup-
 port, 11
 However hardly won or justly dear :
 What came from heaven to heaven by
 nature clings,
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is
 short.

XI.

SACHEVEREL.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or
 feigned,
 Spread through all ranks ; and lo ! the
 Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female
 eyes 6
 Mingling their glances with grave flat-
 teries

Lavished on *Him*—that England may
rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and
Low,
Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are
rife; 10
As if a Church, though sprung from
heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her
life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper
strife.

XII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold
design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of
heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the
Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and
depart;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that
recline 6
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his eye
athwart.
So have we hurried on with troubled
pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery
gleam, 11
We, nothing loth a lingering course to
measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at
leisure
How widely spread the interests of our
theme.

XIII.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and
country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,

And hallowed ground in which their
fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored
their way, 5
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to
brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering
nook
Her Lord might worship and his word
obey
In freedom. Men they were who could
not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for
guide 10
A will by sovereign Conscience sancti-
fied;
Blest while their Spirits from the woods
ascend
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they
fled
To Wilds where both were utterly un-
known;
But not to them had Providence fore-
shown
What benefits are missed, what evils
bred,
In worship neither raised nor limited 5
Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant
shore,
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of
yore,
Led by her own free choice. So Truth
and Love
By Conscience governed do their steps
retrace.— 10
Fathers! your Virtues, such the power
of grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus ap-
prove.
Transcendent o'er time, unbound by
place,
Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
 Were they who, when their Country had
 been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient
 creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church
 their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite 5
 What force had severed. Thence they
 fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O
 saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall
 turn, 10
 Whether they would restore or build—to
 Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should
 burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest
 urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

[Composed ?.—Published 1845.]

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if
 deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and
 keep
 From wolves your portion of His chosen
 sheep: 5
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best
 delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall
 reap!—
 But in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound
 Your practice prove, faithless though but
 in thought, 11
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf
 profound

Awaits you then, if they were rightly
 taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives
 disowned!

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which though
 they move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from
 afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are, 5
 With palm-groves shaded at wide inter-
 vals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native
 falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—
 Such to this British Isle her christian
 Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred services;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with
 glittering vanes 11
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
 trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock
 among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful
 Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathèd
 sword; 5
 Though pride's least lurking thought
 appear a wrong
 To human kind; though peace be on his
 tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority, 10
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set
career,

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual
year 5
Of England's Church; stupendous mys-
teries!

Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn
cheer.

Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that Others may ad-
vance 11

With mind intent upon the King of
Glory,

From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains
hoary.

XX.

BAPTISM.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

DEAR be the Church that, watching o'er
the needs

Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian
Flower

A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of
weeds!—

Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds 5
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from
above

As the high service pledges now, now
pleads.

There, should vain thoughts outspread
their wings and fly

To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that
brief cry, 11

The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet
fears from Earth.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

[Composed ?.—Published 1832.]

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual
care

Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by
Thee 6

Watched, and with love and pious in-
dustry

Tended at need, the adopted Plant may
thrive

For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would
supply, 10

Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought
vest,

Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears
betrayed; 6

And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for
me,

Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy
hand

Had bound the flowers I wore, with faith-
ful tie: 10

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible com-
mand

Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-
appear:

O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!¹

¹ See Bishop Wordsworth's *Memoirs of Wil-
liam Wordsworth*, I. 8; and *The Prelude*,
Bk. V., ll. 256-293.—Ed.

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill
and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow:
'Tis past away; far other thoughts pre-
vail;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own
lips speak 5
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews
fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely,
cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robed
servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will
raise 11
Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his*
regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage,
feels
That ere the Sun goes down their child-
hood sets.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too
faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse,
or Saint! 5
Tell what rushed in, from what she was
relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch
received,
And such vibration through the Mother
went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams
appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place 10

Where dwells a Sister-child? And was
power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,
and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to
Heaven.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be
tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacra-
ment!
The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;
But not till They, with all that do abide 5
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to
laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners
died.
Ye, who have duly weighed the summons,
pause
No longer: ye, whom to the saving rite 10
The Altar calls; come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor
dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your
cause!

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

THE Vested Priest before the Altar
stands:
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in
sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to
plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing
hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing
give, 6
That mutually assisted they may live

Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
 "The which would endless matrimony
 make;"¹⁰
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake
 A mystery potent human love to endow
 With heavenly, each more prized for the
 other's sake;
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid
 brow.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1845.]

WOMAN! the Power who left His throne
 on high,
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we
 wear,
 The Power that thro' the straits of
 Infancy
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,
 His own humanity with Thee will share,⁵
 Pleased with the thanks that in His
 People's eye
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
 From Childbirth's perilous throes. And
 should the Heir
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
 To courses fit to make a mother rue¹⁰
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind
 Cast upon this observance may renew
 A better will; and, in the imagined view
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1845.]

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting
 peal;
 Glad music! yet there be that, worn with
 pain
 And sickness, listen where they long have
 lain,
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to
 kneel⁵

Beside the afflicted; to sustain with
 prayer,
 And soothe the heart confession hath laid
 bare—
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set
 its seal
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs
 From one disburthened so, so comforted,
 His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be
 hope¹¹
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-
 bed,
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's
 arts.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1845.]

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea ab-
 horred,
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
 Man to curse man, (thought monstrous
 and appalling).
 Go thou and hear the threatenings of the
 Lord;
 Listening within his Temple see his sword
 Unsheathed in wrath to strike the of-
 fender's head,⁶
 Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
 Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
 Two aspects bears Truth needful for
 salvation;
 Who knows not *that?*—yet would this
 delicate age¹⁰
 Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
 Let light and dark duly our thoughts
 employ;
 So shall the fearful words of Commination
 Yield timely fruit of peace and love and
 joy.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1845.]

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
 Gives holier invitation than the deck
 Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from
 Wreck

(When all that Man could do availed no
more)
By Him who raised the Tempest and
restrains: 5
Happy the crew who this have felt, and
pour
Forth for His mercy, as the Church
ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* im-
plore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give
breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding
the lip 10
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile
ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and
death.
Suppliants! the God to whom your cause
ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and
woe,
The Church extends her care to thought
and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is
freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith,
"I know 5
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each
word
That follows—striking on some kindred
chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears
will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and wither-
eth 10
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim
a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O
Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is
thy Victory?"

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY¹.

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has
fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music
led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long
array 6
Through the still churchyard, each with
garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the
head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-
door,
Charged with these offerings which their
fathers bore 10
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly moves:—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's
pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle ap-
proves!

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had
dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful
rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to Memory help when she would
weave 5
A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted
lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we
grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discom-
fort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay
church 10
Green with fresh holly, every pew a
perch

¹ See Note, p. 923.

In which the linnet or the thrush might
sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying
search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a
scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not
fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not
with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms
that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and
plain
And is no more; drop like the tower
sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even
sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent
air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my down-
ward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your
fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may;
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable
seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

[Composed ?.—Published 1827.]

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of
France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or de-
filed,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigil-
ance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed
and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distress
They came,—and, while the moral tem-
pest roars
Throughout the Country they have left,
our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-
place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy
gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's
sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was
moored!
Propitious hour! had we, like them,
endured
Sore stress of apprehension¹, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse de-
signed,
From month to month trembling and un-
assured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we have
felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we
have seen;

¹ See Note, p. 923.

A State whose generous will through
earth is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself be-
tween
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And lauelled armies, not to be with-
stood—
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in
vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which the
Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian
plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the
time
Is conscious of her want; through
England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples
rise!
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious
chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of
all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build
to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to
the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid
this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and
wove
May-garlands, there let the holy altar
stand

For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic
Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the
Land.

XL.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk sub-
dued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas
bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled
the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly
viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appal-
ling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the
might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious
Cross,
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his
first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low
Pile:
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
Shall woefully embrace it; and green
moss
Creep round its arms through centuries
unborn.

XLI.

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf
arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring
Heaven;
And where the rugged colts their gambols
played,
And wild deer bounded through the
forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw
driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn
and even;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's
spade

Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture
 small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe! 10
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and
 flow;—
 The spousal trembling, and the “dust to
 dust,”
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and
 the trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks
 through all.

XLII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
 Types of the spiritual Church which God
 hath reared;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed
 sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous
 aisles
 To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles, 5
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall
 tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living
 wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the
 will
 By a bright ladder to the world above. 10
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign
 hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose
 splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
 CAMBRIDGE¹.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain ex-
 pense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who
 planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band

¹ Wordsworth appears to have written one at least of these sonnets (XLIII.-XLV.), and perhaps wrote all three, during a visit to his brother Christopher (Master of Trinity) at Cambridge, Nov.-Dec., 1820.—Ed.

Of white-robed Scholars only—this im-
 mense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence! 5
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects
 the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the
 sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching
 roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thou-
 sand cells, 10
 Where light and shade repose, where
 music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to
 die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yield-
 eth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from our
 sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows
 hide
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work glim-
 mers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite, 5
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves un-
 seen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming
 Night!—
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life; 10
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy
 strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before
 the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in
 hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge
 here;

Or through the aisles of Westminster to
roam;

Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing
foam 5

Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the
wreath

Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my
path

Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-
like dome

Hath typified by reach of daring art

Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall

spread 11

As now, when She hath also seen her
breast

Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,

That made His human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;

Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its
name 5

From roseate hues, far kenned at morn
and even,

In hours of peace, or when the storm is
driven

Along the nether region's rugged frame!

Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us
seek the light,

Studious of that pure intercourse begun so
When first our infant brows their lustre-
won;

So, like the Mountain, may we grow
more bright

From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake en-
rolled,

Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the
WORD

Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith
explored,

Power at whose touch the sluggard shall
unfold

His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that
Stream behold, 5

THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we
have passed

Floating at ease while nations have
effaced

Nations, and Death has gathered to his
fold

Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth,
my Soul! 9

(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt

Stained and polluted, brighten as they
roll,

Till they have reached the eternal City—
built

For the perfected Spirits of the just!

Book 3 Prelude

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.

[Composed 1832.—Published 1835.]

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with
falling dews.

Look for the stars, you'll say that there
are none;

Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery
light,

And wonder how they could elude the
sight!

The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter
powers,

But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron
tone

The time's and season's influence disown;
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the
sound

That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they
hear!

The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was
done,

And now with thankful heart to bed doth
creep,

And joins his little children in their sleep.
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane
o'ershade,

Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With burring note, which Industry and
Sloth

Might both be pleased with, for it suits
them both.

A stream is heard—I see it not, but
know

By its soft music whence the waters flow:

Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard
no more;

One boat there was, but it will touch the
shore

With the next dipping of its slackened
oar;

Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the
gay,

Might give to serious thought a moment's
sway,

As a last token of man's toilsome day!

II.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH- DAY.

[Composed April 7, 1833.—Published 1835.]

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a stream-
ing fire,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender
gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with soothing
dreams.

Look round;—of all the clouds not one is
moving;

'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,
loving.

Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to
lie:—

Comes that low sound from breezes rust-
ling o'er

The grass-crowned headland that conceals
the shore?

No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he
can be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to
 rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe thyself with terrors like the
 flood 15
 Of Ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me
 remain;
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 In admonitions of thy softest voice! 20
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may
 trace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of
 thy grace,
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith
 sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with
 fear,
 Glad to expand; and, for a season, free 25
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in
 Thee!

III.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to
 rest,
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found
 a nest;
 Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer
 strives,
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,
 A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid, 5
 And by the tide alone the water swayed.
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings
 mild
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
 Such is the prospect far as sight can
 range,
 The soothing recompense, the welcome
 change. 10
 Where now the ships that drove before
 the blast,
 Threatened by angry breakers as they
 passed;
 And by a train of flying clouds bemoaned;
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
 As on a bed of death? Some lodge in
 peace, 15

Saved by His care who bade the tempest
 cease;
 And some, too heedless of past danger,
 court
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off
 port;
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
 Not one of all those winged powers is
 seen, 20
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet
 heard;
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be
 stirred
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and
 praise,
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant
 oars 25
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian
 shores;
 A sea-born service through the mountains
 felt
 Till into one loved vision all things melt:
 Or like those hymns that soothe with
 graver sound
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound; 30
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to
 shine
 On British waters with that look be-
 nign? 35
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward
 way,
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
 May silent thanks at least to God be given
 With a full heart; "our thoughts are heard
 in heaven!"

IV.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to party-strife;
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a
 sigh
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor
 slave 5
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's
 cave—

Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move 10
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent. 15

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing, 20
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects under-
go—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field. 25
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse 30
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

V.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;

But both will soon be mastered, and the copse 5
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings 10
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted. 16
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony; 20
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
Forsook profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale 31
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount, 35
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?

The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's
way,

God's goodness—measuring bounty as it
may;

For whom the gravest thought of what
they miss, 40

Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

VI.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the
Mere

Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless,
clear,

And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky! 5

But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;

Observe how dewy Twilight has with-
drawn

The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender
green, 10

That, while the sun rode high, was lost
beneath their dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its
power!

Thus oft, when we in vain have wished
away

The petty pleasures of the garish day, 15

Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping
host

(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his
post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time
and place, 20

When wisdom stands in need of nature's
grace;

Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,
descend,

Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues
to befriend;

If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
“I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?” 26

VII.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-
crowned hill,

And sky that danced among those leaves,
are still;

Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field
and bower

Soft shades and dews have shed their
blended power

On drooping eyelid and the closing
flower; 5

Sound is there none at which the faintest
heart

Might leap, the weakest nerve of super-
stition start;

Save when the Owllet's unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and ('mid the
gleam

Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream, 10
From the hushed vale's realities, trans-
ferred

To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not un-
heard.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the
moon shines bright

On thy wings opened wide for smoothest
flight, 15

Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a

lady's bower;

Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in
thy mew

At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or from a rifted crag or ivy tod 20

Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek
or shout,

A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—
May the night never come, nor day be

seen,

When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy
mien! 25

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!

Thee Athens revered in the studious
grove ;
And near the golden sceptre grasped by
Jove,
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round
him sate 30
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side :—
Hark to that second larum !—far and
wide
The elements have heard, and rock and
cave replied.

VIII.

[Composed June 8, 1802.—Published 1807 ; omited from edd. 1815-1832 ; republished 1835.]

This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago,
among the Author's poems, from which, in
subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is
reprinted at the request of the Friend in
whose presence the lines were thrown off.

THE sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees ;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes, 6
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky.
Who would go "parading" 10
In London, "and masquerading,"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses ?
On such a night as this is ! 15

IX.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF
EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR
AND BEAUTY.

[Composed 1818.—Published 1820.]

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment ;
But 'tis endued with power to stay, 5
And sanctify one closing day,

That frail Mortality may see—
What is ?—ah no, but what *can* be !
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang, 10
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove ;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sove-
reign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth
below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now 16
From hill or vally, could not move
Sublimar transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the
gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme ! 20

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh, 25
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues !
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side ; 30
And glistening antlers are descried ;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal
Eve !
But long as god-like wish, or hope di-
vine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe 35
That this magnificence is wholly thine !
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is
spread
On ground which British shepherds
tread ! 40

III.

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air, 45
To stop—no record hath told where !
Q 3

And tempting Fancy to ascend,
 And with immortal Spirits blend !
 —Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze 50
 On those bright steps that heavenward
 raise
 Their practicable way.
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
 abroad,
 And see to what fair countries ye are
 bound !
 And if some traveller, weary of his road,
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy
 ground, 56
 Ye Genii ! to his covert speed ;
 And wake him with such gentle heed
 As may attune his soul to meet the
 dower
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour ! 60

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,
 Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed ? 65
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude ;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread Power ! whom peace and calmness
 serve
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice, 71
 From THEE if I would swerve ;
 Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;
 Which, at this moment, on my waking
 sight 75
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored ;
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth !
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades ;
 And night approaches with her shades. 80

Note—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze ;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality" pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem.

X.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

[Composed 1833.—Published 1845.]

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued re-
 gret,
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset ;
 How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
 The Sailor knows ; he best, whose lot is
 cast 5
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star
 Of power, through long and melancholy
 war.
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
 Daily to think on old familiar doors, 10
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral
 floors ;
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
 To ruminate on that delightful home
 Which with the dear Betrothed *was* to
 come ;
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
 Never but in the world of memory ; 16
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest
 range
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of
 change,
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes
 sleep
 A thing too bright for breathing man to
 keep. 20
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife ;
 And welcome glory won in battles fought
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew
 A less imperious sympathy is due, 26
 Such as my verse now yields, while moon-
 beams play
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay ;
 Such as will promptly flow from every
 breast,
 Where good men, disappointed in the
 quest 30
 Of wealth and power and honours, long
 for rest ;
 Or, having known the splendours of
 success,
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

XI.

[Composed ?.—Published : vol. of 1842.]

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which
the Queen? 5

XII.

TO THE MOON.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

[Composed 1835.—Published 1837.]

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and
com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to
partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that
wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly
peeping, 5
Dost shield from harm the humblest of
the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those
sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat
shore 10
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through
thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's
light 15
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart
and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's
prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to
clime, 20

Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his
veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's
sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the wind-
ing Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy
beams;

A look of thine the wilderness pervades, 25
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's
gloom,

Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's
tomb;

Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated
cell

Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and
go 31

On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet
hour

Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapour streaks and clouds
that move 35

Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare
of day,

And make the serious happier than the
gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly
bright 40

Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken
brain,

Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human
heart, 45

For healing and composure.—But as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sove-
reignty;

So shines that countenance with especial
grace 50

On them who urge the keel her *plaints* to
trace

Furrowing its way right onward. The
 most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have
 stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his
 eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh— 55
 Touched by accordance of thy placid
 cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the
 breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's un-
 rest,—
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek ; 60
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest
 cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy
 cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave ;
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves
 thought free, 66
 Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
 And nothing save the moving ship's own
 light
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant
 night—
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
 And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S
 FRIEND !

XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

[Composed 1835.—Published 1837.]

QUEEN of the stars !—so gentle, so benign,
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver
 brow
 Warned thee these upper regions to
 forego,
 Alternate empire in the shades below— 5
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread
 sea
 Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up
 to thee

With grateful thoughts, doth now thy
 rising hail
 From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene, 10
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses
 seen
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might that
 fair face,
 And all those attributes of modest grace,
 In days when Fancy wrought unchecked
 by fear,
 Down to the green earth fetch thee from
 thy sphere, 15
 To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear !

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power,
 are charms
 That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs
 outright,
 Spreading his little palms in his glad
 Mother's sight) : 20
 O still beloved, once worshipped ! Time,
 that frowns
 In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
 Spares thy mild splendour ; still those
 far-shot beams
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling
 streams
 With stainless touch, as chaste as when
 thy praise 25
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays ;
 And through dark trials still dost thou
 explore
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude
 faith
 In mysteries of birth and life and death 30
 And painful struggle and deliverance—
 prayed
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
 What though the rites be swept away, the
 fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains ;
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot,
 cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace ;
 And Fancy, unreprieved, even yet may
 trace 37
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless
 face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—without
blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching
mind 40
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens de-
clare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy
share
In that blest charge; let us—without
offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to
dispense. 46
May sage and simple, catching with one
eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their
own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never
shaken;" 50
To keep with faithful step the appointed
way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier
scope, 55
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome
hope!

XIV.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's hap-
piest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-
hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's
face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the
thrill 6
Of her most timid touch his sleep would
chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and
still.

Oh may this work have found its last re-
treat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia
showed 11
A face of love which he in love would
greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky
seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths
he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

XV.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

WHO but is pleased to watch the moon on
high
Travelling where she from time to time
enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that
soon 5
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear
sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should
prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast
face 11
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which
must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent
doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined
gloom.

XVI.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wis-
dom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed

God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to
sorrow

6

When Flowers rejoice and Larks with
rival speed

Spring from their nests to bid the Sun
good morrow?

They mount for rapture as their songs
proclaim

Warbled in hearing both of earth and
sky;

10

But o'er the contrast wherefore heave
a sigh?

Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks
or snares,

A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than
theirs.

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833¹.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following Series of Poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have
grown
And spread as if ye knew that days
might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic
crown 5
To sue the God; but, haunting your green
shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to
braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardian-
ship, self-sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp
new-strung
For summer wandering quit their house-
hold bowers; 10
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she
pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying
through this Isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund
toil, 5

And pleasure-grounds where Taste, re-
fined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair Land! by Time's parental love made
free,
By Social Order's watchful arms em-
braced; 10
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the
past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be revered which ought to
last.

III.

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in
old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant
clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st
the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime 5
To the heart's fond belief; though some
there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word
a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with.
Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask 10
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;

¹ The Poems of this Series were for the most part composed in 1833, and published for the first time in the volume of 1835 entitled *Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems*. Chronological notes are attached only to those pieces to which this observation does not apply. See Nos. xxvii., xliii., and xlvii.—ED.

These spreading towns a cloak for lawless
will?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENG-
LAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and
rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge
stones

Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the
groans:

But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert
named 6

The Mourner, thy true nature was de-
famed,

And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as
Spring

Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thou-
sand thrones, 10

Seats of glad instinct and love's carol-
ling,

The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day har-
mony:

To a grieved heart the notes are benisons.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,
loved Stream!

Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief
sail,

I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me!
Faint the beam

Of human life when first allowed to
gleam 5

On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown,
though frail,

Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath
entwined

Nemean victor's brow; less bright was
worn, 10

Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph
borne

With captives chained; and shedding
from his car

The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKER-
MOUTH.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's
remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.

Death to the innocent is more than just, 5
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;

So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I
must:

And You, my Offspring! that do still
remain,

Yet may outstrip me in the appointed
race, 10

If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual
pain

We breathed together for a moment's
space,

The wrong, by love provoked, let love
arraign,

And only love keep in your hearts a
place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKER-
MOUTH CASTLE.

"Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly
think,

Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now
Compeers,

Prepared, when each has stood his time,
to sink

Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link 5
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey

To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy
Tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted
with the grave; 10
While thou wert chasing the winged
butterfly
Through my green courts; or climbing, a
bold suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty
wave."

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage
clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs
have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then
disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet o'er the brink, and round the lime-
stone cell 6
Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's
Well,"
Name that first struck by chance my
startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive
Shade 9
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes be-
guiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

On the banks of the Derwent.

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding
rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and
to feed,
A fixed Abode—keep down presageful
sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can
despise, 5

Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—
be true
To thy first hope, and this good work
pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be
the smoke
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its
wreaths, 10
Mounting while earth her morning in-
cense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than
God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Work-
ington.
DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces
vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that
she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian
shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she
bowed!
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth
darts, 6
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian
seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed
the strand, 10
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of
Fotheringay!

XI.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF SAINT
BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF CUM-
BERLAND.

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,

Sad were our lot : no hunter of the hare
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
 Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the
 rose, 5
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter
 blows
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
 With joy like his who climbs, on hands
 and knees,
 For some rare plant, yon Headland of
 St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail, 10
 This new indifference to breeze or gale,
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing
 a flat lea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty—
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the
 storm !
 That Courage may find something to
 perform ; 15
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to
 freeze
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the
 seas,
 Firm as the towering Headlands of
 St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish
 may sleep,
 Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep
 Breathed the same element ; too many
 wrecks 21
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly
 decks
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such
 a thought
 Should here be welcome, and in verse
 enwrought :
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees 25
 Utterance of thanks that we have past
 with ease,
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands
 of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her
 store,
 What boots the gain if Nature should
 lose more ?
 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian
 place 30
 In man's intelligence sublimed by grace ?

When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian
 coast,
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand
 crossed :
 She knelt in prayer—the waves their
 wrath appease ;
 And, from her vow well weighed in Hea-
 ven's decrees, 35
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the
 Chantry of St. Bees.

“Cruel of heart were they, bloody of
 hand,”
 Who in these Wilds then struggled for
 command ;
 The strong were merciless, without hope
 the weak ;
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as
 day-break, 40
 And as a cresset true that darts its length
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon
 Headland of St. Bees. 45

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
 Wrought in men's minds, like, miracles
 achieved ;
 So piety took root ; and Song might tell
 What humanizing virtues near her cell
 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance
 wide around ; 50
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through
 close trees,

From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument
 of love, 55
 Was glorified, and took its place, above
 The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
 Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
 And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
 Had sown the spot, that witnessed them,
 with seeds 60
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
 With quickening impulse answered their
 mute pleas,
 And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of
 St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry
fed;

And Charity extendeth to the dead 65
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else
have slept,

Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept:
Thanks to the austere and simple De-
votees, 70

Who, to that service bound by venial
fees,

Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred
ties

Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by
art, 75

To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past
away

Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds
the keys 80

That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes
astray. 85

Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees. 90

Yet none so prompt to succour and pro-
tect

The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge
the boon

Which staff and cockle hat and sandal
shoon

Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chid-
ings sharp 95

May sometimes greet the strolling min-
strel's harp,

It is not then when, swept with sportive
ease,

It charms a feast-day throng of all de-
grees,

Brightening the archway of revered St.
Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills re-
joice 100

What time the Benedictine Brethren's
voice,

Imploring, or commanding with meet
pride,

Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds
aside,

And under one blest ensign serve the
Lord

In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Paynim hands
release 106

That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds
from far

Follow the fortunes which they may not
share. 110

While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere
invites

To sound the crystal depth of maiden
rights;

And wedded Life, through scriptural
mysteries, 115

Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St.
Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls
to fill

With love of God, throughout the Land
were raised 120

Churches, on whose symbolic beauty
gazed

Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious
awe;

As at this day men seeing what they
saw,

Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies; 125
Witness yon Pile that greets us from
St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches,
gathered Towns
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty
frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might
uphold
Her scales with even hand, and culture
mould 130
The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the Time could
bear.

Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work,
St. Bees. 135

Who with the ploughshare clove the
barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the
swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the
cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and boar were
used to range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that
gentler chains 140
Should bind the vassal to his lord's
domains?
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God
to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human
sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church,
St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood
was driven 146
Forth from their cells; their ancient
House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart
revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives. 150
Oh may that Power who hushed the
stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and
rules. 155

To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal
will:
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with
these, 160
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St.
Bees¹.

XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST
OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF
MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-
comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will
pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or
gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume 5
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he
draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may
speak 10
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith
was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased
the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to
gain
These shores if he approached them bent
on wrong;

¹ See "Excursion," seventh part; and "Ecclesiastical Sketches," second part, near the beginning.

For, suddenly up-conjured from the
Main, 5
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search,
though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were im-
pelled, 10
The air controlled, the stars their courses
held;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, in-
stinct
With will, and to their work by passion
linked.

XIV.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has
drawn aside?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought
man's fall, 5
The universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some
new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap, 10
In progress toward the fount of Love,—
the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records
keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established,
less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF
MAN.

“Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.”

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as
well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with
scorn

Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles
adorn 5
This perilous bay, stands clear of all
offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else
forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they
stir 11
’Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to
die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart
it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.¹

XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling
Brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the
crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky, 6
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-
well. 10
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee².

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to
wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright
sea,
To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely
aid

¹ See Note, p. 324.

² The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man
is singularly pure and beautiful.

He, by the alluring element betrayed, 5
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs
 (and with sighs
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was
 frank,
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile; 10
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
 Nor aught that makes men's promises
 a blank,
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
 The Power that saved him in his strange
 distress.

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too
 keen,
 Grief that devouring waves had caused—
 or guilt
 Which they had witnessed, sway the man
 who built
 This Homestead, placed where nothing
 could be seen,
 Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land, 6
 That o'er the channel holds august com-
 mand,
 The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
 He, in disgust, turned from the neigh-
 bouring sea
 To shun the memory of a listless life 10
 That hung between two callings. May
 no strife
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed
 though free,
 Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and
 sky!

XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

A Friend of the Author.

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless
 Main,
 My mind as restless and as apt to change;
 Through every clime and ocean did I range,
 In hope at length a competence to gain;

For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still
 remain. 5
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
 And hardships manifold did I endure,
 For Fortune on me never deigned to
 smile;
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
 With just enough life's comforts to procure,
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts
 abound;
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor
 I still remain.

XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

Supposed to be written by a Friend.

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
 And sound in principle, I seek repose
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile
 enclose¹,
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me, 6
 A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
 A shade—but with some sparks of hea-
 venly fire
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And
 when I note
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with
 the beams 10
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance
 wrought,
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of
 the day!"

XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
 mound
 (Still marked with green turf circles
 narrowing
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's
 King,

¹ Rushen Abbey.

The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
 While, compassing the little mound around, 5
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
 Over three Realms may take its widest range; 10
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII.

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice exclaim,
 “Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
 The glorious work of time and providence,
 Before a flying season's rash pretence 5
 Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
 The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while, 10
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.”

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.
 During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.
 SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse, 5
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
 Towering above the sea and little ships;
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
 Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks 10
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
 For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows.

XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

In a Steamboat.

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
 A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
 Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff? 5
 That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
 Impotent wish! which reason would despise
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes 11

Ambition frames and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft
vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly
streams.

XXV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

See former Series, p. 388.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or
moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the
storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the
worm:
Him found we not: but, climbing a tall
tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity 5
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beam-
less eye—
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past
times 11
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOR to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain
bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests
howl, 6
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic
fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The
roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no
quarry; 10
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird!
even so

Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

OFT have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul:
While a dark storm before my sight 5
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that won
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow. 10
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with
feeling 15
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (intrusted to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men, 20
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave 25
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
Authentic words be given, or none! 30
Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy 35
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
Musæus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire, 40
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.

Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by severer doom, 45
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung with remorse for broken vows; 50
Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside; 56
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard, 60
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned, 65
A plenitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind; 70
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill-top!
Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief 75
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Maeonides of ampler mind; 80
Such Milton, to the fountain-head
Of glory by Urania led!

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How *could* we feel it? each the other's
blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite 5

The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after
wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will might
stand 9
Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty
hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign
Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human
Art!

XXIX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

After the Crowd had departed.

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit
school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would
assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would
overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule, 5
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man,
when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic
weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's
base, 10
And flashing to that Structure's topmost
height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its
grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his
freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and
claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to
the spot,

Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin
 Frames,
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew
 your names; 5
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song
 who trod
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
 While he struck his desolate harp without
 hopes or aims.
 Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose
 dread law 10
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt
 they saw,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade
 a Chief.

XXXI.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS
 AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers
 that brave
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce
 wave,
 And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-
 drawn nave 5
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and
 architrave
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands
 fast:
 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-
 tained 11
 Through every part in symmetry, to
 endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
 hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability

In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORRY
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and
 Time's Lord) 5
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but
 why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse de-
 plored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their
 destiny?
 And when, subjected to a common doom
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles 10
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants
 their praise.

XXXIII.

IONA.

Upon Landing.

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the
 shore
 Where once came monk and nun with
 gentle stir,
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful
 speck 6
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
 Strewn far and wide. Think, proud
 Philosopher!
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of the
 west,
 Still on her sons the beams of mercy
 shine; 10
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly
 bright than thine,
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

XXXIV.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*.]
 HERE on their knees men swore: the
 stones were black,
 Black in the people's minds and words,
 yet they
 Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.

But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds
that lack 5
Concord with oaths? What differ night
and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance
crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead
whom 10
He had insulted—Peasant, King, or
Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a
doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need laid
bare,
Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering
spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light
and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star,
farewell!—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible, 5
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-
mark
For many a voyage made in her swift
bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow
dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold, 9
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling
fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst
be seen,
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching
sail.

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of
Hell:"

Where be the wretched ones, the sights
for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plain-
tive ditty:— 5
As from the hive where bees in summer
dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that
knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the
witty.
Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose
decks were thrones; 10
Soon may the punctual sea in vain re-
spire
To serve thy need, in union with that
Clyde
Whose nursing current brawls o'er mossy
stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and
pride.

XXXVII.

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with
meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half
concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very
field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while,
descried 5
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran
rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivi-
fied.
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or
stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in
flower 10
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural
hour
Have passed away; less happy than the
One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died
to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
 By glimpses only, and confess with shame
 That verse of mine, whate'er its varying
 mood,
 Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet
 name:
 Yet fetched from Paradise that honour
 came, 5
 Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee
 flowers
 That have no rivals among British bowers;
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of their
 fame.
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at
 length I pay
 To my life's neighbour dues of neighbour-
 hood; 10
 But I have traced thee on thy winding
 way
 With pleasure sometimes by this thought
 restrained—
 For things far off we toil, while many a
 good
 Not sought, because too near, is never
 gained.

XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD

(by Nollekens),

In Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the banks
 of the Eden.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap,
 lies dead
 Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright
 hope!
 But Sculpture here, with the divinest
 scope
 Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised
 that head
 So patiently; and through one hand has
 spread 5
 A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
 (Earth's lingering love to parting re-
 conciled,
 Brief parting, for the spirit is all but
 fled)—

That we, who contemplate the turns of
 life

Through this still medium, are consoled
 and cheered; 10

Feel with the Mother, think the severed
 Wife

Is less to be lamented than revered;
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity en-
 deared.

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert
 thou

In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thought-
 ful vow;

And what of hope Elysium could allow 5
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
 Peace to the Mourner. But when He
 who wore

The crown of thorns around his bleeding
 brow

Warmed our sad being with celestial
 light,

Then Arts, which still had drawn a soften-
 ing grace 10

From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
 Communed with that Idea face to face:
 And move around it now as planets run,
 Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon
 be weary;

Down from the Pennine Alps¹ how fiercely
 sweeps

CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary!
 He raves, or through some moody passage
 creeps

Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
 Into broad light, and sends, through
 regions airy, 6

That voice which soothed the Nuns while
 on the steep

¹ The chain of Crossfell.

They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful
Mary.
That union ceased: then, cleaving easy
walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset
with danger, 10
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive
stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nun-
nery Dell?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!

XLII.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAIL-
WAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at
war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar 5
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision,
whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth em-
brace 10
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and
Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his
brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the prof-
fered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer
sublime.

XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED
LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS,
NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

[Composed 1821.—Published 1822¹; ed. 1827.]

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown
past,

When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and
stature scorn 5
The power of years—pre-eminent, and
placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of
Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a
cloud; 10
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the
infinite
The inviolable God, that tames the
proud²!

XLIV.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the
sword 5
Of ancient honour; whence that goodly
state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned 10
The strength of backward-looking
thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's
Glory!

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee in-
clines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of
signs

¹ In the little book entitled, *A Description of
the Scenery of the Lakes, etc.*—Ed.

² See Note, p. 925.

On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest 5
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human
breast.

And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS
THE MAN;" 10
That searching test thy public course has
stood;

As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's
reach¹.

XXVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

[Composed before 1827 (1807-8?).—Published
1835.]

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower²
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale! 5
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon 10
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-browed house appeared;
Foiled to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well; 15
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
To make this Gem their own, 20
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;

But one She prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known, 25
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature
taught, 30
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day 35
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes. 40
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the Lover true;"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu. 45

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
The thirst of fame his warrant:
And She her happiness can build 50
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and
shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard 55
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow
dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She warbled from full heart; 60
Delightful blossoms for the *May*
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses; 65
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.

¹ See Note, p. 925.

² A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

He comes not back ; an ampler space
 Requires for nobler deeds ;
 He ranges on from place to place, 70
 Till of his doings is no trace,
 But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
 Her spirit finds its centre ;
 Clear sight She has of what he was, 75
 And that would now content her.
 "Still is he my devoted Knight?"
 The tear in answer flows ;
 Month falls on month with heavier
 weight ;
 Day sickens round her, and the night 80
 Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are
 seen
 With fancied spots contending ; 85
 But *she* is innocent of blood,—
 The moon is not more pure
 That shines aloft, while through the wood
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
 Her melancholy lure ! 90

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
 And owls alone are waking,
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
 The downward pathway taking,
 That leads her to the torrent's side 95
 And to a holly bower ;
 By whom on this still night desried ?
 By whom in that lone place espied ?
 By thee, Sir Eglamore !

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
 His coming step has thwarted, 101
 Beneath the boughs that heard their
 vows,
 Within whose shade they parted.
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see !
 Perplexed her fingers seem, 105
 As if they from the holly tree
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre ? Why intent
 To violate the Tree, 110
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
 Unfading constancy ?

Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
 To her I left, shall prove
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won 115
 As when a circuit has been run
 Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace ;
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognised the face ; 121
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,
 Some to the green-leaved tree,
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall ;—
 "Roar on, and bring him with thy call ;
 I heard, and so may He !" 126

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
 If Emma's Ghost it were,
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
 Her very self stood there. 130
 He touched ; what followed who shall
 tell ?

The soft touch snapped the thread
 Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
 And the Stream whirled her down the
 dell
 Along its foaming bed. 135

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm
 ground
 The rescued Maiden lay,
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
 Confusion passed away ;
 She heard, ere to the throne of grace 140
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice—beheld his speaking face ;
 And, dying, from his own embrace,
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life : 145
 Brief words may speak the rest ;
 Within the dell he built a cell,
 And there was Sorrow's guest ;
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,
 From vain temptations free ; 150
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays, 155
 Where clouds that spread in solemn
 shade,
 Are edged with golden rays !

Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow;
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even; 160
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——.

Hallsteads, Ullswater.

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has
 wrought

Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain; 5
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths
 was brought,

Our own domestic mountain. Thing and
 thought

Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly
 vain,

Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler
 being:

Yes, Lady, while about your neck is
 wound 10

(Your casual glance oft meeting) this
 bright cord,

What witchery, for pure gifts of inward
 seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's
 Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom
 found!

XLVIII.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or
 none,

While a fair region round the traveller
 lies

Which he forbears again to look upon; 4
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

If Thought and Love desert us, from that
 day

Let us break off all commerce with the
 Muse: 10

With Thought and Love companions of
 our way,

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed
 her dews

Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

Poetic Dictation & Humble Love

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1833

For perusal & reading

Jan 7 1833

POEMS OF
SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

"WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books?—that light be-
queathed 5
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you; 10
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake, 15
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will. 20

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum 25
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may, 30
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

II.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME
SUBJECT.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your
books;

Or surely you'll grow double:

Up! up! my Friend, and clear your
looks;

Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head, 5
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,

His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet, 10
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things, 15
Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; 25
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of
things:—

We murder to dissect.

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Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ; 30
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

III.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant
 thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link 5
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green
 bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ; 10
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made, 15
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

IV.

A CHARACTER.

[Composed probably September or October, 1800.
 —Published 1800.]

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find
 space
 For so many strange contrasts in one
 human face :
 There's thought and no thought, and
 there's paleness and bloom
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure
 and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both re-
 dundant and vain ; 5
 Such strength as, if ever affliction and
 pain
 Could pierce through a temper that's soft
 to disease,
 Would be rational peace—a philosopher's
 ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails
 or succeeds,
 And attention full ten times as much as
 there needs ; 10
 Pride where there's no envy, there's so
 much of joy ;
 And mildness, and spirit both forward
 and coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffi-
 dent stare
 Of shame scarcely seeming to know that
 she's there,
 There's virtue, the title it surely may
 claim, 15
 Yet wants heaven knows what to be
 worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to
 depart,
 Yet the Man would at once run away
 with your heart ;
 And I for five centuries right gladly
 would be
 Such an odd such a kind happy creature
 as he. 20

V.

TO MY SISTER.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

It is the first mild day of March :
 Each minute sweeter than before,
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air, 5
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
 And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
 Now that our morning meal is done, 10
 Make haste, your morning task resign ;
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day 15
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year. 20

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more 25
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey: 30
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls: 35
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness. 40

VI.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

With an incident in which he was concerned.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived 5
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee 10
When Echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.

In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse 15
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind. 20
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft 25
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
see!

Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor; 30
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick; 35
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common. 40

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath 45
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do; 50
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little—all 55
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell. 60

My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind 65
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it: 70
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree, 75
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever. 80

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow 85
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought.
And thanks and praises seemed to run 90
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men 95
Hath oftener left me mourning.

VII.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

The Reader must be apprised that the Stoves in
North Germany generally have the impression
of a galloping horse upon them, this being part
of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German
and Norse!
Let me have the song of the kettle;

And the tongs and the poker, instead of
that horse
That gallops away with such fury and
force

On this dreary dull plate of black metal. 5
See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature!
perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous
heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his winter
retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove. 10

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must
crawl,

Now back to the tiles, then in search of
the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron. 15

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller
bemazed:

The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put
forth

To the east and the west, to the south
and the north,
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg,
and thigh! 21

His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes
and thaws;

And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky
gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost. 25

No brother, no mate has he near him—
while I

Can draw warmth from the cheek of my
Love;

As blest and as glad, in this desolate
gloom,

As if green summer grass were the floor
of my room,

And woodbines were hanging above. 30

Yet, God is my witness, thou small help-
less Thing!

Thy life I would gladly sustain

Till summer come up from the south, and
with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst
sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again! 35

VIII.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh! 5
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer? 5
A rosy Man, right plump to see? 10
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside, 15
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou?—one, all eyes,
Philosopher!—a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave? 20

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

A Moralist perchance appears; 25
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor
sod:

And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small; 30
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch 35
Near this unprofitable dust

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. 40

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth, 45
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,— 50
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy 55
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave. 60

IX.

TO THE DAISY.

[Composed 1802.—Published 1807.]

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is every-
where,

Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy and sorrow;

Methinks that there abides in thee 5
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest, 11

Or on his reason,
And Thou wouldst teach him how to
find

A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind 15
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing ; 20
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

X.

MATTHEW.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

In the School of ——— is a tablet, on which
 are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the
 several persons who have been Schoolmasters
 there since the foundation of the School, with
 the time at which they entered upon and quitted
 their office. Opposite to one of those Names
 the Author wrote the following lines.

If Nature, for a favourite child,
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,
 Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines ; and then review 5
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears
 In such diversity of hue
 Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,
 Cipher and syllable ! thine eye 10
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And if a sleeping tear should wake,
 Then be it neither checked nor stayed :
 For Matthew a request I make 15
 Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
 Is silent as a standing pool ;
 Far from the chimney's merry roar,
 And murmur of the village school. 20

The sighs which Matthew heaved were
 sighs

Of one tired out with fun and madness ;
 The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
 Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup 25
 Of still and serious thought went round,
 It seemed as if he drank it up—
 He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
 Thou happy Soul ! and can it be 30
 That these two words of glittering gold
 Are all that must remain of thee ?

XI.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

We walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun ;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked, and
 said,

“The will of God be done !”

A village schoolmaster was he, 5
 With hair of glittering grey ;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
 And by the steaming rills, 10
 We travelled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun,
 Then from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun, 15
 So sad a sigh has brought ?”

A second time did Matthew stop ;
 And fixing still his eye
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,
 To me he made reply : 20

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
 Brings fresh into my mind
 A day like this which I have left
 Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn 25
 Such colours, and no other,
 Were in the sky, that April morn,
 Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport
 Which that sweet season gave, 30
 And, to the churchyard come, stopped
 short

Beside my daughter's grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale ;
 And then she sang ;—she would have
 been 35

A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before. 40

"And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare ; 45
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free ; 50
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine ;
I looked at her, and looked again : 55
And did not wish her mine !"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand. 60

XII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak, 5
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match 10
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes 15
Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee : 20

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day, 25
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred, 30
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away 35
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will. 40

"With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

"But we are pressed by heavy laws ; 45
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth, 50
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ! but by none 55
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains ; 60

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side; 65
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;
And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes 70
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

XIII.

PERSONAL TALK.

[Composed ?.—Published 1807.]

I.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal
talk,—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my
sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies
bright, 5
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the
stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms with
chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-
night.
Better than such discourse doth silence
long,
Long, barren silence, square with my
desire; 10
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint under-
song.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have
seen and see, 15
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but
bribe
The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth
and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the
gibe." 20
Even be it so: yet still among your
tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank
not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their
world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest
melodies 25
Are those that are by distance made
more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own
eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can
go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and
wood, 30
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and
books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and
good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
and blood, 35
Our pastime and our happiness will
grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous
store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor; 41
And heavenly Una with her milk-white
Lamb.

IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live
remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never
sought, 45

child's

Comes to me not; malignant truth, or
lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and
joyous thought:

And thus from day to day my little
boat

Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal
praise,

Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
cares—

The Poets, who on earth have made us
heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays!

Oh! might my name be numbered among
theirs,

Then gladly would I end my mortal
days.

XIV.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND
NEWSPAPERS.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest
attribute,

And written words the glory of his
hand;

Then followed Printing with enlarged
command

For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love
expand.

Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can
suit

The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we
here,

From manhood—back to childhood; for
the age—

Back towards caverned life's first rude
career.

Avant this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and
ear

Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower
stage!

XV.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

Composed while we were labouring together in
his pleasure-ground.

[Composed (probably) 1806.—Published 1807.]

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled
his lands,

And shaped these pleasant walks by
Emont's side,

Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
I press thee, through the yielding soil,
with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true;
Whose life combines the best of high and
low,

The labouring many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with his river murmuring by;
Or in some silent field, while timid spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has
laid

Low in the darksome cell thine own dear
lord?

That man will have a trophy, humble
Spade!

A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or, greater from
the less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and
heart,

Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome
day—

Thee his loved servant, his inspiring
mate!

And, when Thou art past service, worn
away,

No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
 An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt Thou
 be:— 30
 High will he hang thee up, well pleased
 to adorn
 His rustic chimney with the last of
 Thee!

XVI.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837 (*The Tribute*:
edited by Lord Northampton); vol. of 1842.]

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
 Sails with her happy destiny;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen,
 But when the clouds asunder fly 5
 How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue, 10
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy waké, 15
 Bright ship of heaven!
 A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven.

XVII.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

ON his morning rounds the Master
 Goes to learn how all things fare;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
 And, for silence or for talk, 5
 He hath comrades in his walk;
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for
 speed.

See a hare before him started!
 —Off they fly in earnest chase; 10
 Every dog is eager-hearted,
 All the four are in the race:

And the hare whom they pursue,
 Knows from instinct what to do;
 Her hope is near: no turn she makes; 15
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
 Thinly by a one night's frost;
 But the nimble Hare hath trusted
 To the ice, and safely crost; 20
 She hath crost, and without heed
 All are following at full speed,
 When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
 Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is
 overhead!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
 See them cleaving to the sport! 26
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,
 Little MUSIC, she stops short.
 She hath neither wish nor heart,
 Hers is now another part: 30
 A loving creature she, and brave!
 And fondly strives her struggling friend
 to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
 Very hands as you would say!
 And afflicting moans she fetches, 35
 As he breaks the ice away.
 For herself she hath no fears,—
 Him alone she sees and hears,—
 Makes efforts with complainings; nor
 gives o'er
 Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no
 more. 40

XVIII.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
 Beneath a covering of the common earth!
 It is not from unwillingness to praise,
 Or want of love, that here no Stone we
 raise;
 More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives
 to man, 5
 Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
 Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee
 dear
 Shall find thee through all changes of the
 year:

This Oak points out thy grave; the silent
tree

Will gladly stand a monument of thee. 10

We grieved for thee, and wished thy
end were past;

And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till every thing that
cheers

In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away, 15
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy
knees,—

I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive
breath,

And ready for the gentlest stroke of
death. 20

It came, and we were glad; yet tears were
shed;

Both man and woman wept when thou
wert dead;

Not only for a thousand thoughts that
were,

Old household thoughts, in which thou
hadst thy share;

But for some precious boons vouchsafed
to thee, 25

Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and
sense

Are given by God, in thee was most
intense;

A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind: 31

Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law:—

Hence, if we wept, it was not done in
shame;

Our tears from passion and from reason
came, 35

And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured
name!

XIX.

FIDELITY.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;

He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:

And now at distance can discern 5

A stirring in a brake of fern;

And instantly a dog is seen,

Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;

Its motions, too, are wild and shy; 10

With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:

Nor is there any one in sight

All round, in hollow or on height;

Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear; 15

What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,

That keeps, till June, December's snow;

A lofty precipice in front,

A silent tarn¹ below! 20

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,

Remote from public road or dwelling,

Pathway, or cultivated land;

From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish 25

Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;

The crags repeat the raven's croak,

In symphony austere;

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—

And mists that spread the flying shroud;

And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,

That, if it could, would hurry past; 32

But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while

The Shepherd stood; then makes his way

O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog

As quickly as he may;

Nor far had gone before he found

A human skeleton on the ground;

The appalled Discoverer with a sigh 40

Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks

The Man had fallen, that place of fear!

At length upon the Shepherd's mind

It breaks, and all is clear: 45

He instantly recalled the name,

And who he was, and whence he came;

Remembered, too, the very day

On which the Traveller passed this way.

¹ Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high
up in the mountains.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake 50
 This lamentable tale I tell !
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry, 55
 This Dog, had been through three months'
 space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,
 The Dog had watched about the spot, 60
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourished here through such long
 time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate ! 65

XX.

ODE TO DUTY.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus,
 ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi
 rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law 5
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail
 humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth, 10
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced 15
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power !
 around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security. 20

And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ; 25
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ; 35
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their
 name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the
 same. 40

[Yet not the less would I throughout
 Still act according to the voice
 Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt
 That my submissiveness was choice :
 Not seeking in the school of pride
 For "precepts over dignified,"
 Denial and restraint I prize
 No farther than they breed a second Will
 more wise¹.]

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee ; I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !

¹ In ed. 1807 only.—ED.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give; 55
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman
 let me live!

XXI.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY
WARRIOR.

[Composed December 1805 or January 1806.—
 Published 1807.]

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish
 to be?

—It is the generous Spirit, who, when
 brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath
 wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
 thought: 5

Whose high endeavours are an inward
 light

That makes the path before him always
 bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent
 to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not
 there, 10

But makes his moral being his prime
 care;

Who, doomed to go in company with
 Pain,

And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable
 train!

Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power 15

Which is our human nature's highest
 dower;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
 bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good
 receives:

By objects, which might force the soul to
 abate

Her feeling, rendered more compas-
 sionate; 20

Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;

More skilful in self-knowledge, even
 more pure,

As tempted more; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and dis-
 tress; 25

Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason; who
 depends

Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted
 still

To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
 And what in quality or act is best

Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes

To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,

Rises by open means; and there will
 stand 36

On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the
 same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in
 wait 41

For wealth, or honours, or for worldly
 state;

Whom they must follow; on whose head
 must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come
 at all:

Whose powers shed round him in the
 common strife, 45

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;

But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven

has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human
 kind, 50

Is happy as a Lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man

inspired;

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps
 the law

In calmness made, and sees what he
 foresaw;

Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:

—He who, though thus endued as with a
 sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
scenes ; 60

Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to
love : —

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high, 65
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won : 71

Whom neither shape of danger can
dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth
stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
From well to better, daily self-surpass :
Who, whether praise of him must walk
the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name — 80
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause :

This is the happy Warrior ; this is He 84
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

XXII.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER¹ ;

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

[Composed 1807. — Published 1815 (4to, along with
The White Doe of Rylstone) ; ed. 1815.]

"What is good for a bootless bene ?"

With these dark words begins my Tale ;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort
spring

When Prayer is of no avail ?

"What is good for a bootless bene ?" 5
The Falconer to the Lady said ;
And she made answer "ENDLESS SORROW !" 9
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words, 9
And from the look of the Falconer's eye ;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low ;
And holds a greyhound in a leash, 15
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side. 20

The striding-place is called THE STRID,
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that
name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come, 25
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprang in glee, — for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks
were steep ? — 30
But the greyhound in the leash hung
back,
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse. 36

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow :
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow. 40

If for a Lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of
death : —
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

¹ See "The White Doe of Rylstone."

She weeps not for the wedding-day 45
Which was to be to-morrow :
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave ; 50
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf, 55
A stately Priory !"

The stately Priory was reared ;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song. 60

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief !
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart 65
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend !

XXIII.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION ;

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

[Composed 1816.—Published 1820.]

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal
chair,

Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that
share

With this green isle my fortunes, come
not where 5

Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was
the Sea ;

Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
Less than they heed a breath of wanton
air.

—Then Canute, rising from the invaded
throne,

Said to his servile Courtiers,—“Poor the
reach, 10

The undisguised extent, of mortal sway !
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the billows
preach)

Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and
heaven obey.”

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew from the influx of the main, 16
For some whose rugged northern mouths
would strain

At oriental flattery ;
And Canute (fact more worthy to be
known)

From that time forth did for his brows
disown 20

The ostentatious symbol of a crown ;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemtable as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise, 25
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken ;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but with mind
unbroken :

“My faithful followers, lo ! the tide is
spent 30

That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Na-
ture's will

Among the mazy streams that backward
went,

And in the sluggish pools where ships are
pent :

And now, his task performed, the flood
stands still, 35

At the green base of many an inland
hill,

In placid beauty and sublime content !
Such the repose that sage and hero find ;

Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like
the flood 40

Of Ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood

Until they reach the bounds by Heaven
assigned.”

XXIV.

[Composed 1816.—Published 1820.]

*"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on!"*

—What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought

This mournful iteration? For though Time,

The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered,
on this brow 5

Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent

To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced, among those who lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my own Dora, my beloved child! 11

Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;

For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst 15

A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to curb

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge

Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet 21

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,

And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top 25

Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands

Is seized with strong incitement to push forth

His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—
dread thought, 30

For pastime plunge—into the "abrupt abyss,"

Where ravens spread their plummy vans,
at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct

Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold

There how the Original of human art, 35
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-

arched roof,

And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools

Of reverential awe will chiefly seek 40
In the still summer noon, while beams of light,

Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond .
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall

To mind the living presences of nuns ;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,

Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom 46

Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,

To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed,

again 50

Lie open ; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield

To heights more glorious still, and into shades

More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,

We may be taught, O Darling of my care !
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,

And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

XXV.

ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

[Composed May, 1817.—Published 1820.]

I.

AN age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense

To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.

Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed, 5
 Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
 While on the wing the Urchin played,
 Could fearlessly approach the shade?
 —Enough for one soft vernal day,
 If I, a bard of ebbing time, 10
 And nurtured in a fickle clime,
 May haunt this hornèd bay;
 Whose amorous water multiplies
 The fitting halcyon's vivid dyes; 14
 And smooths her liquid breast—to show
 These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
 White as the pair that slid along the
 plains
 Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II.

In youth we love the darksome lawn
 Brushed by the owl's wing; 20
 Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
 And Autumn to the Spring.
 Sad fancies do we then affect,
 In luxury of disrespect
 To our own prodigal excess 25
 Of too familiar happiness.
 Lycoris (if such name befit
 Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
 When Nature marks the year's decline,
 Be ours to welcome it; 30
 Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
 Before the path of milder suns;
 Pleased while the sylvan world displays
 Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
 Pleased when the sullen winds resound
 the knell 35
 Of the resplendent miracle.

III.

But something whispers to my heart
 That, as we downward tend,
 Lycoris! life requires an *art*
 To which our souls must bend; 40
 A skill—to balance and supply;
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest 45
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
 Seem to recall the Deity
 Of youth into the breast:

May pensive Autumn ne'er present
 A claim to her disparagement! 50
 While blossoms and the budding spray
 Inspire us in our own decay;
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark
 goal,
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the
 Soul!

XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

ENOUGH of climbing toil!—Ambition
 treads
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep
 and rough,
 Or slippery even to peril! and each step,
 As we for most uncertain recompense
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle
 clouds, 5
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world
 below,
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
 With wonder mixed—that Man could
 e'er be tied,
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array 10
 And formal fellowship of petty things!
 —Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this
 life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own;
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing
 shades, 14
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,
 As in a map, before the adventurer's
 gaze—
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard.
 The umbrageous woods are left—how
 far beneath!
 But lo! where darkness seems to guard
 the mouth 20
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are
 fringed
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
 And sultry air, depending motionless.
 Yet cool the space within, and not un-
 cheered
 (As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
 By stealthy influx of the timid day 26

Mingling with night, such twilight to
compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian
grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his
wish
He gained whate'er a regal mind might
ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips
divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that
dim cave

Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time 35
His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those
sighs creep forth

To awe the lightness of humanity. 40
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest
Friend!

We two¹ have known such happy hours
together

That, were power granted to replace
them (fetched

From out the pensive shadows where they
lie)

In the first warmth of their original sun-
shine,

Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory! 51

XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

[Composed September, 1819.—Published 1820.]

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

5

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

10

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

15

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

20

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all His creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

26

XXVIII.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

[Composed September, 1819.—Published 1820.]

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

5

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

10

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!

15

¹ "We two": edd. 1820-1843; "we too": edd. 1845, 1849-50.—Ed.

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;
Wide is the range, and free the choice 20
Of undiscordant themes ;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong, 25
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile ;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile. 30

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn :
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil 35
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre 40
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit ; 45
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore, 50
What rapture ! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth 55
Of poesy ; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust :
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?
Can haughty Time be just ! 60

XXIX.

MEMORY.

[Composed 1823.—Published 1827.]

A PEN—to register ; a key—
That winds through secret wards ;

Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given 5
A Pencil to her hand ;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand ;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues, 10
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues ;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks 15
Within her lonely seat.

O ! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch ! 20

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep, 25
In frosty moonlight glistening ;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

XXX.

[Composed 1829.—Published 1835.]

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive 50
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields 5
Of strenuous idleness ;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest ;
The medley less when boreal Lights 10
Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites
To feats of arms address !

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours, 15
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

XXXI.

HUMANITY.

[Composed 1829.—Published 1835.]

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal
To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand—

To take his sentence from the balanced Block,

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;

Though, in the depths of sunless groves,
no more

The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees

Do still perform mysterious offices! 10
And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway

The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,

Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes

To watch for undelusive auguries:—

Not uninspired appear their simplest ways; 15

Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;

And to fallen man their innocence is dear.

Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs

Streams that reflect the poetry of things!

Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed, 21

That, might a wish avail, would never fade,

Borne in their hands the lily and the palm

Shed round the altar a celestial calm;

There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove 25

Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending

Of right affections climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers 30

Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;

Descending to the worm in charity;
Like those good Angels whom a dream of night

Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs 35

Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,

That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;

And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they wore. 40

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,

If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!

Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;
Merciful over all his creatures, just 45

To the least particle of sentient dust;
But fixing by immutable decrees

Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye

That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds 51

That into breezes sink; impetuous minds
By discipline endeavour to grow meek

As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.

Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride, 55

Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side;

Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,

But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defence 60

Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect

Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect,
Witness those glances of indignant scorn
From some high-minded Slave, impelled
to spurn 65

The kindness that would make him less
forlorn;

Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
Whose day departs in pomp, returns
with smiles— 70

To greet the flowers and fruitage of a
land,

As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes
fanned;

A land whose azure mountain-tops are
seats

For Gods in council, whose green vales,
retreats

Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling
there 75

To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the
grave,

Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not
a slave.

Shall man assume a property in man?

Lay on the moral will a withering ban?

Shame that our laws at distance still
protect 81

Enormities, which they at home reject!

"Slaves cannot breathe in England"—
yet that boast

Is but a mockery! when from coast to
coast,

Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors
and soil 85

Groan underneath a weight of slavish
toil,

For the poor Many, measured out by
rules

Fetch'd with cupidity from heartless
schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called "the
Wealth

Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so
keen 91

Is ever urging on the vast machine

Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy
wheels

The Power least prized is that which
thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage 96
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may
suit

Our varying moods, on human kind or
brute,

'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws. 100

Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!

All creatures and all objects, in degree,

Are friends and patrons of humanity.

There are to whom the garden, grove,
and field, 105

Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;

Who would not lightly violate the grace

The lowliest flower possesses in its place;

Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power
could give. 110

XXXII.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful
powers,

If neither soothing to the worm that
gleams

Through dewy grass, nor small birds
hushed in bowers,

Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy
flowers,— 5

That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what
seems

To be, or not to be,

Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)

Wants not a healing influence that can
creep 10

Into the human breast, and mix with sleep

To regulate the motion of our dreams
 For kindly issues—as through every clime
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in
 earliest time;
 As, at this day, the rudest swains who
 dwell 15
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling
 knell
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart
 could tell.

XXXIII.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS.

[Composed 1829.—Published 1835.]

FLATTERED with promise of escape
 From every hurtful blast,
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy
 shape,
 Her loveliest and her last.
 Less fair is summer riding high 5
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.
 When earth repays with golden sheaves 10
 The labours of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves
 All brighten on the bough;
 What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close 15
 The emblematic round!
 Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
 So may our Autumn blend
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
 Through heaven-born hope, her end! 20

XXXIV.

TO —.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN
CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

[Composed March, 1833.—Published 1835.]

"Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis
 Navita, nudus humi jacet," &c.—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness

And in tenderest nakedness,
 Flung by labouring Nature forth 5
 Upon the mercies of the earth.
 Can its eyes beseech?—no more
 Than the hands are free to implore:
 Voice but serves for one brief cry;
 Plaint was it? or prophecy 10
 Of sorrow that will surely come?
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
 Duly granted to thy throes;
 By the silent thanks, now tending 15
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending
 Now to mingle and to move
 With the gush of earthly love,
 As a debt to that frail Creature,
 Instrument of struggling Nature 20
 For the blissful calm, the peace
 Known but to this *one* release—
 Can the pitying spirit doubt
 That for human-kind springs out
 From the penalty a sense 25
 Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
 To the sun-burnt traveller,
 Or the stooping labourer, 30
 Oft-times makes its bounty known
 By its shadow round him thrown;
 So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
 Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
 Of their presence tell—too bright 35
 Haply for corporeal sight!
 Ministers of grace divine
 Feelingly their brows incline
 O'er this seeming Castaway
 Breathing, in the light of day, 40
 Something like the faintest breath
 That has power to baffle death—
 Beautiful, while very weakness
 Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant 45
 Of the universal Parent,
 Who repays in season due
 Them who have, like thee, been true
 To the filial chain let down
 From his everlasting throne, 50
 Angels hovering round thy couch,
 With their softest whispers vouch,

That—whatever griefs may fret,
 Cares entangle, sins beset,
 This thy First-born, and with tears
 Stain her cheek in future years—
 Heavenly succour, not denied
 To the babe, whate'er betide,
 Will to the woman be supplied !

Mother ! blest be thy calm ease ;
 Blest the starry promises,—
 And the firmament benign
 Hallowed be it, where they shine !
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope
 Ample for a wingèd hope,
 And can earthward bend an ear
 For needful listening, pledge is here,
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
 In thy footsteps, and be led
 By that other Guide, whose light
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
 Gave him first the wished-for part
 In thy gentle virgin heart ;
 Then, amid the storms of life
 Presignified by that dread strife
 Whence ye have escaped together,
 She may look for serene weather ;
 In all trials sure to find
 Comfort for a faithful mind ;
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,
 Than even now await her prest,
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

XXXV.

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of
 showing
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;
 And if Time leagued with adverse Change
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,
 Whatsoever check they bring,
 Anxious duty hindering,
 To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
 Affections pure and holy in their source
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;
 Hopes that within the Father's heart
 prevail,
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow
 to fail ;
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it
 rings
 To his grave touch with no unready
 strings,
 While thoughts press on, and feelings
 overflow,
 And quick words round him fall like
 flakes of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet main-
 tain their sway,
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager
 pace,
 And FANCY greets them with a fond
 embrace ;
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant
 friends ;
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as
 they prove
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a
 love !)—
 But from this peaceful centre of delight
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take
 flight :
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
 That sucks from mountain-heath her
 honey fee,
 Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
 She soars—and here and there her pinions
 rest
 On proud towers, like this humble cot-
 tage, blest
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—
 Towers where red streamers flout the
 breezy sky
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and
 steeple bells
 Glad proclamation make, and heights
 and dells

Catch the blithe music as it sinks and
 swells,
 And harboured ships, whose pride is on
 the sea,
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of
 glee, 45
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills
 assigned
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
 The track that was, and is, and must be,
 worn 49
 With weary feet by all of woman born)—
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
 Not He, whose last faint memory will
 command
 The truth that Britain was his native
 land;
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
 In the cleansed faith for which her mar-
 tyrs died; 56
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth re-
 vered the crown
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
 —Not He, who from her mellowed prac-
 tice drew 61
 His social sense of just, and fair, and
 true;
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run
 wild, 65
 Nor grieved to see (himself not unbe-
 guiled)—
 Woke from the dream, the dreamer to
 upbraid,
 And learn how sanguine expectations fade
 When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
 To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
 From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the
 road 72
 Where guilt had urged them on with
 ceaseless goad,
 Proofs thickening round her that on
 public ends
 Domestic virtue vitally depends, 75

That civic strife can turn the happiest
 hearth
 Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting
 earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though
 glad and proud
 To welcome thee, repel the fears that
 crowd
 Into his English breast, and spare to quake
 Less for his own than for thy innocent
 sake? 81
 Too late—or, should the providence of
 God
 Lead, through dark ways by sin and sor-
 row trod,
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,
 Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing
 world; 85
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering
 Realm?
 What hand suffice to govern the state-
 helm?
 If in the aims of men the surest test
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or
 profest) 90
 Lie in the means required, or ways
 ordained,
 For compassing the end, else never gained;
 Yet governors and governed both are
 blind
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
 If to expedience principle must bow; 95
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the
 incumbent Now;
 If cowardly concession still must feed
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er
 concede;
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
 For domination at some riper day; 100
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
 Or with bravado insolent and hard,
 Provoking punishment, to win reward;
 If office help the factious to conspire, 105
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan the
 fire—
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the
 crown
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;

To be blown off at will, by Power that
spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that
wears it. 110

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud !
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude !
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous
tongues

Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs ;
And over fancied usurpations brood, 115
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy ;
In bursts of outrage spread your judg-
ments wide,

And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our
guide ;" 120

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread
earth's floor

In marshalled thousands, darkening street
and moor

With the worst shape mock-patience ever
wore ;

Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a
dream 125

Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage
behest

Justice shall rule, disorder be supprest,
And every man sit down as Plenty's
Guest !

—O for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong
course ! 130

Oh may the Almighty scatter with His
grace

These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can fore-
trace !

May He pour round you, from worlds far
above

Man's feverish passions, His pure light of
love, 135

That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be
seen !

Else shall your blood-stained hands in
frenzy reap

Fields gaily sown when promises were
cheap.— 139

Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,
Among a people famed for strength of
mind,

Foremost in freedom, noblest of man-
kind ?

We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the
moon 145

Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrate-
ful Nation !

If thou persist, and, scorning modera-
tion,

Spread for thyself the snares of tribu-
lation,

Whom, then, shall meekness guard ? What
saving skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing
still ? 150

—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of
Time

Nought equals when the hours are winged
with crime)

Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous
knee,

From him who judged her lord, a like
decree ;

The skies will weep o'er old men deso-
late : 155

Ye little-ones ! Earth shudders at your
fate,

Outcasts and homeless orphans——

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleep-
ing pair

Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care !
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts
lie still ; 160

Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

XXXVI.

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track ;

If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back ;

Woe to the purblind crew who fill 5
The heart with each day's care ;

Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear !

XXXVII.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim :

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide.
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light
We need not toil from morn to night ; 10
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed 15
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads. 20

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East, 25
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with thy grace, through life's short
day,

Our upward and our downward way ; 30
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

XXXVIII.

ODE.

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

[Composed 1826.—Published 1835.]

WHILE from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.

A quickening hope, a freshening glee, 5
Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath from bush and
tree

Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes ; 10
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams ;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite ;
And hums the balmy air to still 15
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power ! when youths and
maids

At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize. 20
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ;
Man changes, but not Thou !

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings 25
In love's disport employ ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy :
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the slim wild deer roves ; 30
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay ;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath 35
To honour thee, sweet May !
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky,
Thy puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
To open a bright eye. 40

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game ;
Still from the village-green a vow 45
Aspires to thee address,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes ! where Love nestles thou canst
teach
The soul to love the more ; 50

Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.

Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre ! weak words refuse
The service to prolong !

To yon exulting thrush the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song ;

His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

XXXIX.

TO MAY.

[Composed 1826-34.—Published 1835.]

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odours ! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away !
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power !
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer ;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and
weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health !

The Old, by thee revived, have said,
“ Another year is ours ; ”
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song
Amid his playful peers ?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears ;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground ;
No cliff so bare but on its steep
Thy favours may be found ;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, “ Come !
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home ;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is
spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves ! ”

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that must fade,
Or “ the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken ” in the shade !
Vernal fruitions and desires
Are linked in endless chase ;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast
known
Mishap by worm and blight ;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight ;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare ;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo ! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule ;

Gurgling in foamy water-break, 75
 Loitering in glassy pool :
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,
 On that green mountain's side. 80

How delicate the leafy veil
 Through which yon house of God
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
 By few but shepherds trod !
 And lowly huts, near beaten ways, 85
 No sooner stand attired
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for
 praise
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour 90
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower !
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much, 95
 Part seen, imagined part !

XL.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE
 PENCIL OF F. STONE.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
 Due to the day's unfinished task ; of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair
 scene

In Nature's prodigality displayed
 Before my window, oftentimes and long 5
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light ; whose stillness charms
 the air,

Or seems to charm it, into like repose ;
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the
 ear, 10

Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
 With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess—the tender shade,

The shade and light, both there and every-
 where,
 And through the very atmosphere she
 breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously,
 with skill
 That might from nature have been learnt
 in the hour 20
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning
 spread
 Upon the mountains. Look at her,
 whose'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean
 craft
 Intensely—from Imagination take 25
 The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see
 thou,
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll
 between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to
 crown
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil 30
 The golden harvest grows in ; and those
 eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
 Must needs be conversant with upward
 looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seek-
 ing nought 35
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar
 life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the
 head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 Caught at the point where it stops short
 of sadness, 40

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make
 me
 Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that
 air
 Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling
 thought
 Be with some lover far away, or one
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted
 faith ? 45

Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a
 moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
 Has but approached the gates of woman-
 hood,
 Not entered them; her heart is yet
 unpierced
 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy
 free: 50
 The fount of feeling, if unsought else-
 where,
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
 How slackly, for the absent mind per-
 mits 55
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower,
 joined
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears
 Of yellowing corn, the same that over-
 topped
 And in their common birthplace sheltered
 it
 Till they were plucked together; a blue
 flower 60
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have
 worn
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret,
 held
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she
 knows,
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay
 dawn 65
 Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan
 Girl,
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and
 bright,
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air 71
 Of calm abstraction through the face
 diffused
 And the whole person.

Words have something told
 More than the pencil can, and verily
 More than is needed, but the precious
 Art 75
 Forgives their interference—Art divine,

That both creates and fixes, in despite
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath
 wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world
 of ours!

That posture, and the look of filial love 80
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is
 left

Dearly united, might be swept away
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest
 freak

Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored 85
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony
 So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
 In visible quest of immortality, 90
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In
 every realm,

From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this
 appeal;

One above all, a Monk who waits on God
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore 96
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to
 room,

A British Painter (eminent for truth
 In character, and depth of feeling, shown
 By labours that have touched the hearts
 of kings, 101

And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as
 when first

The appropriate Picture, fresh from
 Titian's hand, 105
 Graced the Refectory: and there, while
 both

Stood with eyes fixed upon that master-
 piece,

The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words:—"Here daily
 do we sit, 109

Thanks given to God for daily bread, and
 here

Pondering the mischiefs of these restless
 times,

And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years, 115
 Until I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak: 120
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse con-
 signed
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving
 words:
 Words that can soothe, more than they
 agitate;
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went
 down 125
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human breast
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.
 —But why this stealing tear? Com-
 panion mute,
 On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee
 well, 130
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell! 1

XLI.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT
RESUMED.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the
 Painter's skill,
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong

¹ The pile of buildings composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

And dissolution and decay, the warm 6
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and
 graced
 With no mean earnest of a heritage
 Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, 10
 too,
 With thy memorial flower, meek Por-
 traiture!
 From whose serene companionship I
 passed
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still;
 thou also—
 Though but a simple object, into light
 Called forth by those affections that
 endear 15
 The private hearth; though keeping thy
 sole seat
 In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
 With a congenial function art endued
 For each and all of us, together joined 20
 In course of nature under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
 To a like salutary sense of awe
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the
 power 25
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
 In faithful scales, things and their op-
 posites,
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household small and sensitive,—whose
 love,
 Dependent as in part its blessings are 30
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in
 heaven².

² In the class entitled "Musings," in Mr. Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

XLII.

[Composed 1844.—Published 1845.]

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born
 to live,
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they
 give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were
 known
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,
 thrown
 On the smooth surface of this naked
 stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should
 mount
 High as the Sun, that he could take
 account
 Of all that issues from his glorious
 fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign
 aid
 These delicate companionships are
 made;
 And how he rules the pomp of light and
 shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by
 night
 So privileged, what a countenance of de-
 light
 Would through the clouds break forth on
 human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine
 eye
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry
 sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sym-
 pathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes
 quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike im-
 pelled,
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

XLIII.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAW-
ING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE
IN AN ALBUM.

[Composed 1835-6.—Published 1837.]

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray?
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
 How could he think of the live creature—
 gay

With a divinity of colours, drest
 In all her brightness, from the dancing
 crest

Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
 Extended and extending to sustain
 The motions that it graces—and for-
 bear

To drop his pencil! Flowers of every
 clime

Depicted on these pages smile at time;
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice
 care

Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from
 caves

Where sea-nymphs might be proud to
 dwell:

But whose rash hand (again I ask) could
 dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous
 shows,

To circumscribe this Shape in fixed re-
 pose;

Could imitate for indolent survey,
 Perhaps for touch profane,
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot
 keep, a stain;

And, with cloud-streaks lightest and lofti-
 est, share

The sun's first greeting, his last farewell
 ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with
 glad eyes

Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
 Eastern Islanders have given
 A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!

And even a title higher still,
 The Bird of God ! whose blessed will 30
 She seems performing as she flies
 Over the earth and through the skies
 In never-wearied search of Paradise—
 Region that crowns her beauty with the
 name
 She bears for *us*—for us how blest, 35
 How happy at all seasons, could like aim

Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
 On wings that fear no glance of God's
 pure sight,
 No tempest from his breath, their pro-
 mised rest
 Seeking with indefatigable quest 40
 Above a world that deems itself most
 wise
 When most enslaved by gross realities !

SONNETS

DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

I.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWS-
PAPER OF THE DAY.

[Composed 1831.—Published 1835.]

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link
by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the
Poor
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for
These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower
sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to
think; 5
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant
few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves
must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to
cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the
threatened woe." 10
For if than other rash ones more thou
know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would
fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

II.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.
MARCH, 1832.

[Composed 1832.—Published 1838.]

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who
doffed
The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the People
prayed 5

As with one voice; their flinty heart grew
soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us
aid!"
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastised by self-abasement more pro-
found, 10
This People, once so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impiously unbound!

III.

[Composed probably 1838.—Published 1838.]

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council
met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will soon
be thawed;
Hooded the open brow that overawed 5
Our schemes; the faith and honour, never
yet
By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
For once I burst my bands, and cry, ap-
plaud!"
Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying
out!"
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood
of Night 10
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their
matted locks;
All Powers and Places that abhor the
light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their
shout,
Hurrah for——¹, hugging his Ballot-
box!

¹ i.e. Grote.—Ed.

IV.

[Composed 1838.—Published 1838.]

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's un-
selfish will

Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts:
whose eye

Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill 5
With patient care. What tho' assaults
run high,

They daunt not him who holds his mi-
nistry,

Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties;—prompt to move, but firm to
wait,—

Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely
found; 10

That, for the functions of an ancient
State—

Strong by her charters, free because im-
bound,

Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance
unsound.

V.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HIS-
TORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

PORTENTOUS change when History can
appear

As the cool Advocate of foul device;

Reckless audacity extol, and jeer

At consciences perplexed with scruples
nice!

They who bewail not, must abhor, the
sneer 5

Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Coward-
ice

Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.

Hath it not long been said the wrath of
Man

Works not the righteousness of God? Oh
bend, 10

Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from
on High,

Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual
ban

All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

VI.

CONTINUED.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

WHO ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill com-
bined,

And proud deliverance issuing out of
pain

And direful throes; as if the All-ruling
Mind, 5

With whose perfection it consists to
ordain

Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurri-
cane,

Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him

Who thus deceived shall lend an eager
hand 10

To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can
make dim;

And Will, whose office, by divine com-
mand,

Is to control and check disordered Powers?

VII.

CONCLUDED.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

LONG-FAVoured England! be not thou
misled

By monstrous theories of alien growth,
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing
wroth,

Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed
red

With thy own blood, which tears in tor-
rents shed 5

Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy
troth

Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope
fled

Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,

My Country! if such warning be held
 dear, 10
 Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled
 with joy,
 One who would gather from eternal truth,
 For time and season, rules that work to
 cheer—
 Not scourge, to save the People—not
 destroy.

VIII.

[Composed 1839.—Published 1842.]

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's
 dark book
 Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire
 portent?
 Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
 Their native Land, for outrage provid-
 ent;
 From unsubmitive necks the bridle
 shook 5
 To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
 And wider range to passions turbulent,
 To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
 Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's
 breath,
 Dive through the stormy surface of the
 flood 10
 To the great current flowing underneath;
 Explore the countless springs of silent
 good;
 So shall the truth be better understood,
 And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong
 in faith.

IX.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

[Composed probably January or February, 1845.
 —Published 1845.]

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness
 obeyed,
 Words that require no sanction from an
 oath,
 And simple honesty a common growth— 5
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's
 aid,
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed

At will, your power the measure of your
 troth!—
 All who revere the memory of Penn
 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods
 his name 10
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
 For state-dishonour black as ever came
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome
 den.

X.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF
 THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

[Composed probably 1837.—Published: vol. of 1842.]
 AH why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
 True freedom where for ages they have
 lain
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,
 With life's best sinews more and more
 unknit. 5
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the
 chain
 May rise to break it: effort worse than
 vain
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split
 Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy
 scope
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights
 approve 10
 To thy own conscience gradually re-
 newed;
 Learn to make Time the father of wise
 Hope;
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Forti-
 tude,
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth
 of Love.

XI.

CONTINUED.

II.

[Composed probably 1837.—Published: vol. of 1842.]
 HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,
 to lean
 On Patience coupled with such slow en-
 deavour,
 That long-lived servitude must last for
 ever.

Perish the grovelling few, who, prest
 between
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would
 wean 5
 Millions from glorious aims. Our chains
 to sever
 Let us break forth in tempest now or
 never!—
 What, is there then no space for golden
 mean
 And gradual progress?—Twilight leads
 to day,
 And, even within the burning zones of
 earth, 10
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate
 ray;
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives
 birth:
 Think not that Prudence dwells in dark
 abodes,
 She scans the future with the eye of
 gods.

XII.

CONCLUDED.

III.

[Composed probably 1837.—Published: vol. of
 1842.]

As leaves are to the tree whereon they
 grow
 And wither, every human generation
 Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
 Locked in our world's embrace through
 weal and woe;
 Thought that should teach the zealot to
 forego 5
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agita-
 tion,
 And seek through noiseless pains and
 moderation
 The unblemished good they only can
 bestow.
 Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
 Against time present, passion holds the
 scales: 10
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
 And nations sink; or, struggling to be
 free,

Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded
 whales
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

XIII.

[Composed January or February, 1845.—Pub-
 lished 1845.]

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become
 of Old,
 Of dear Old England? Think they she is
 dead,
 Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
 On empty air! That name will keep its
 hold
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold 5
 For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the
 head
 Of all who for her rights watched, toiled
 and bled,
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
 What—how! shall she submit in will and
 deed
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race, 10
 The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps re-
 trace,
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

XIV.

[Composed ?.—Published 1842.]

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the
 wren 5
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all
 eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
 By casual boons and formal charities; 10
 Learn to be just, just through impartial
 law;
 Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute,
 draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

[Composed 1839-40.—Published December, 1841 (*Quarterly Review*); vol. of 1842.]

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH).

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair

Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still

Rise up as if to lord it over air—

Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,

Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill

The heart with joy and gratitude to God⁵
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:

Why bears it then the name of “Weeping Hill”?

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,

A prison’s crown, along this way they past

For lingering durance or quick death¹⁰
with shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have cast

Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature’s law

For worst offenders: though the heart will heave

With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,

In after-thought, for Him who stood in awe

Neither of God nor man, and only saw, 5
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned

Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.

But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside 10
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source

Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died

Blameless—with them that shuddered o’er his grave,

And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die

Who had betrayed their country. The stern word

Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.

Upon the surface of humanity 5
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;

He felt; but his parental bosom’s lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they by wilful act

A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact, 11

And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken

Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for
faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has
fought
With such fell mastery that a man may
dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay
bare—
Is *Death*, for one to that condition
brought,—
For him, or any one,—the thing that
ought 5
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that
thought,
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to
disown; 10
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the
crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to with-
stand
In the weak love of life his least com-
mand.

V.

NOT to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most
kind; 5
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers
he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal
mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the
State; 11
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her
breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI.

YE brood of Conscience—Spectres! that
frequent
The bad man's restless walk, and haunt
his bed—
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they
spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious
Innocent— 5
Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so
prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like
about
The adage on all tongues, "Murder will
out," 10
How shall your ancient warnings work
for good
In the full might they hitherto have
shown,
If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his
own?

VII.

BEFORE the world had past her time of
youth
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for
tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of
daybreak,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master
meek 5
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that
rule,
Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And love the end, which all through
peace must seek.
But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to
control 10
And keep vindictive thirstings from the
soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a
pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII.

FIT retribution, by the moral code
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road
 Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and
 broad, 5
 And, the main fear once doomed to
 banishment,
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse
 event,
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark
 abode
 Crime might lie better hid. And, should
 the change
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail, 11
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might
 plead
 In angry spirits for her old free range,
 And the "wild justice of revenge" pre-
 vail.

IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend
 Thy mental vision further and ascend
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
 What is a State? The wise behold in her 5
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
 To which her judgments reverently defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate
 voice the State 9
 Endues her conscience with external life
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the
 shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being
 adrift 5

Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's
 ear
 A voice—that world whose veil no hand
 can lift
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"
 They urge, "have interwoven claims and
 rights 10
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest
 crime:
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born
 lights."
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

AN, think how one compelled for life to
 abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the
 heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares pro-
 vide;
 And, should a less unnatural doom
 confide 5
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer
 pride.
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and
 pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law de-
 mands, 10
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose
 love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge
 amiss,
 And marks at will the contrite soul to
 bliss.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
 And prostrate at some moment when
 remorse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless
 force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to
 quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long
 rebel, 5

The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes
outwell

Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while
Heaven

Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath
given

Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's
voice

In faith, which fresh offences, were he
cast

On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the
sound

Of his own voice, who from the judgment-
seat

Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all
around,

They know the dread requital's source
profound;

Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice un-
meet

For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs
abound;

The social rights of man breathe purer
air;

Religion deepens her preventive care; 10

Then, moved by needless fear of past
abuse,

Strike not from Law's firm hand that
awful rod,

But leave it thence to drop for lack of
use:

Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty
God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler
scope

His utterance finds; and, conscious of the
gain,

Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain; 5

And, serving Truth, the heart more
strongly beats

Against all barriers which his labour
meets

In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,

And guidance have I sought in duteous
love

From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence
hath flowed

Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the
way

Each takes in this high matter, all may
move

Cheered with the prospect of a brighter
day.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

From the South-west Coast of Cumberland.—1811.

[Composed 1811.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet
Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her
fields partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's
shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless
roar;
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge
Black Comb 5
Frowns deepening visibly his native
gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
What on the Plain *we* have of warmth
and light,
In his own storms he hides himself from
sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that
would be free 10
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to
thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered
road
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps
abroad;
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it
might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's
height, 15
Hopeless of further growth, and brown
and sere
Through half the summer, stands with
top cut sheer,

Like an unshifting weathercock which
proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best
loves,
Or like a Centinel that, evermore 20
Darkening the window, ill defends the
door
Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
Where strength has been the Builder's
only care;
Whose rugged walls may still for years
demand
The final polish of the Plasterer's hand, 25
—This Dwelling's Inmate more than three
weeks' space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
I—of whose touch the fiddle would com-
plain,
Whose breath would labour at the flute in
vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with
skill 30
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous
sea—
Pace between door and window mutter-
ing rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!
Though these dull hours (mine is it, or
their shame?) 36
Would tempt me to renounce that humble
aim.
—But if there be a Muse who, free to
take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
Those heights (like Phœbus when his
golden locks 40
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her
pail
Trips down the pathways of some winding
dale;

Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the
shores
To fishers mending nets beside their
doors; 45
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless
wind,
Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her vows—
If such a Visitant of Earth there be 50
And she would deign this day to smile
on me
And aid my verse, content with local
bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings,
which we tell
Without reserve to those whom we love
well— 55
Then haply, Beaumont! words in current
clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page ap-
pear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish
here.

What shall I treat of? News from
Mona's Isle?
Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
No tales of Runagates fresh landed,
whence 61
And wherefore fugitive or on what pre-
tence;
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the
wind
Most restlessly alive when most confined.
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best
appease 65
The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF
KEYS;
The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer
gained,
What slopes are planted, or what mosses
drained:
An eye of fancy only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or
past, 70
When full five hundred boats in trim
array,
With nets and sails outspread and stream-
ers gay,

And chanted hymns and stiller voice of
prayer,
For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep
repair,
Soon as the herring-shoals at distance
shine 75
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the
brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;
No tidings reach us thence from town or
field, 81
Only faint news her mountain-sunbeams
yield,
And some we gather from the misty air,
And some the hovering clouds, our tele-
graph, declare.
But these poetic mysteries I withhold; 85
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
And should the colder fit with You be on
When You might read, my credit would
be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen
engage,
And nearer interests culled from the
opening stage 90
Of our migration.—Ere the welcome dawn
Had from the east her silver star with-
drawn,
The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-
door,
Thoughtfully freighted with a various
store;
And long or ere the uprising of the Sun
O'er dew-damped dust our journey was
begun, 96
A needful journey, under favouring skies,
Through peopled Vales; yet something
in the guise
Of those old Patriarchs when from well
to well
They roamed through Wastes where now
the tented Arabs dwell. 100
Say first, to whom did we the charge
confide,
Who promptly undertook the Wain to
guide

Up many a sharply-twining road and
down,
And over many a wide hill's craggy
crown,
Through the quick turns of many a hollow
nook, 105
And the rough bed of many an unbridged
brook?
A blooming Lass—who in her better hand
Bore a light switch, her sceptre of com-
mand
When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthen-
ed sled.¹ 110
From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's
head.
What could go wrong with such a Cha-
rioteer
For goods and chattels, or those Infants
dear,
A Pair who smilingly sat side by side,
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea
tide, 115
Whose free embraces we were bound to
seek,
Would their lost strength restore and
freshen the pale cheek?
Such hope did either Parent entertain
Pacing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon
took flight, 120
For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
Just half protruded to the light of morn,
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row
thorn.
The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
Striped of its frightful powers by slow
decay, 126
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
We started, looked again with anxious
eyes,
And in that griesly object recognise 130
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend,
for they,
As well we knew, together had grown
grey.

¹ A local word for sledge.

The Master died, his drooping servant's
grief
Found at the Widow's feet some sad
relief;
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could pre-
vent; 136
Hence whole day wanderings, broken
nightly sleeps
And lonesome watch that out of doors he
keeps;
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank,
mute, 140
And of all visible motion destitute,
So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopt, though by some other
power than death.
Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place, 145
Unscared by thronging fancies of strange
hue
That haunted us in spite of what we
knew.
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost
In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the
ground, 150
On which he stood, by spells unnatural
bound,
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's
gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law ful-
filled, 154
The choristers in every grove had stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early
thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant
tongues,
Some notes prelusive, from the round of
songs
With which, more zealous than the live-
liest bird 160
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she
can cheer,
The whole day long, and all days of the
year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear
 Vale we pass
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !
 To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright
 as heaven, 166
 Such name Italian fancy would have
 given,
 Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose
 That yet disturb not its concealed repose
 More than the feeblest wind that idly
 blows. 170

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in
 the road
 Stopped me at once by charm of what it
 showed,
 The encircling region vividly exprest
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at
 rest—
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and
 craggy *biel*¹, 175
 And the smooth green of many a pen-
 dent field,
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent
 small,
 A little daring would-be waterfall,
 One chimney smoking and its azure
 wreath,
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
 With here and there a faint imperfect
 gleam 181
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
 What wonder at this hour of stillness
 deep,
 A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and
 sleep,
 When Nature's self, amid such blinding,
 seems 185
 To render visible her own soft dreams,
 If, mixed with what appeared of rock,
 lawn, wood,
 Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
 A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by
 Thee
 Designed to rise in humble privacy, 190
 A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
 Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful
 head

Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
 Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot
 Unconscious of its own untoward lot, 195
 And thought in silence, with regret too
 keen,
 Of unexperienced joys that might have
 been;
 Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
 And golden summer days uniting cheer-
 ful hearts.
 But time, irrevocable time, is flown, 200
 And let us utter thanks for blessings
 sown
 And reaped—what hath been, and what
 is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,
 Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;
 Such shout as many a sportive echo meet-
 ing 205
 Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a
 greeting.
 Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peasant
 stand
 On high, a kerchief waving in her hand !
 Not unexpectant that by early day
 Our little Band would thrid this moun-
 tain-way, 210
 Before her cottage on the bright hill-side
 She hath advanced with hope to be de-
 seried.
 Right gladly answering signals we dis-
 played,
 Moving along a tract of morning shade,
 And vocal wishes sent of like good will
 To our kind Friend high on the sunny
 hill— 216
 Luminous region, fair as if the prime
 Were tempting all astrid to look aloft or
 climb;
 Only the centre of the shining cot
 With door left open makes a gloomy spot,
 Emblem of those dark corners sometimes
 found 221
 Within the happiest breast on earthly
 ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream
 and vale,
 And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we
 scale;

¹ A word common in the country, signifying
 shelter, as in Scotland.

Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths,
a plain 225
With haycocks studded, striped with
yellowing grain—
An area level as a Lake and spread
Under a rock too steep for man to tread,
Where sheltered from the north and bleak
north-west
Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest, 230
Fearless of all assaults that would her
brood molest.
Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but
hark,
At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's
bark,
Noise that brings forth no liveried Page
of state,
But the whole household, that our coming
wait. 235
With Young and Old warm greetings we
exchange,
And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly
Grange
Press forward by the teasing dogs un-
scared.
Entering, we find the morning meal pre-
pared :
So down we sit, though not till each had
cast 240
Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh
from the nest,
With amber honey from the mountain's
breast ;
Strawberries from lane or woodland, offer-
ing wild 244
Of children's industry, in hillocks piled ;
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
Upon a lordly dish ; frank hospitality
Where simple art with bounteous nature
vied,
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly
pride.

Kind Hostess ! Handmaid also of the
feast, 250
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,
Words by thy presence unrestrained may
speak
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and
cheek

Instinct with light whose sweetest pro-
mise lies,
Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes, 255
Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
As if their lustre flowed from ether's
purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have
been wept
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils
kept,
Beside that hearth what sighs may have
been heaved 260
For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved
By fortitude and patience, and the grace
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs
I leave unsearched : enough that memory
clings, 265
Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
Their own significance for hearts awake,
To rural incidents, whose genial powers
Filled with delight three summer morn-
ing hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay
That through our gipsy travel cheered the
way ; 271
But, bursting forth above the waves, the
Sun
Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,
"Be done."
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust,
reprove
This humble offering made by Truth to
Love, 275
Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break
a spell
Which might have else been on me yet :—
FAREWELL.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

[Composed 1841.—Published : vol. of 1842.]

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless
nest ;
And in Death's arms has long reposed the
Friend
For whom this simple Register was
penned.

Thanks to the moth that spared it for
 our eyes; 5
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll
 may prize,
 Moved by the touch of kindred sym-
 pathies.
 For—save the calm repentance sheds o'er
 strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 The light from past endeavours purely
 willed 10
 And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled;
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth,
 may share
 The joys of the Departed—what so fair
 As blameless pleasure, not without some
 tears,
 Reviewed through Love's transparent veil
 of years? 15

Note.—LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Diance* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularised.

II.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE.

[Composed 1829.—Published 1835.]

THE soaring lark is blest as proud
 When at heaven's gate she sings;
 The roving bee proclaims aloud
 Her flight by vocal wings;

While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
 Your silent lives employ
 For something more than dull content,
 Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
 A place where joy is known, 10
 Where golden flash and silver gleam
 Have meanings of their own;
 While, high and low, and all about,
 Your motions, glittering Elves!
 Ye weave—no danger from without, 15
 And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
 Is your transparent cell;
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,
 No sullen Humours dwell; 20
 Where, sensitive of every ray
 That smites this tiny sea,
 Your scaly panoplies repay
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful!—Yet none knows why 25
 This ever-graceful change,
 Renewed—renewed incessantly—
 Within your quiet range.
 Is it that ye with conscious skill
 For mutual pleasure glide; 30
 And sometimes, not without your will,
 Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!
 And now, in twilight dim,
 Clustering like constellated eyes 35
 In wings of Cherubim,
 When the fierce orbs abate their glare;—
 Whate'er your forms express,
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
 All leads to gentleness. 40

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
 Your birthright is a fence
 From all that haughtier kinds endure
 Through tyranny of sense.
 Ah! not alone by colours bright 45
 Are Ye to heaven allied,
 When, like essential Forms of light,
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose; 50
 For moonlight fascinations mild,
 Your gift, ere shutters close—

Accept, mute Captives! thanks and
praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise 55
Delight resembling love.

III.

LIBERTY.

SEQUEL TO THE PRECEDING.

Addressed to a friend; the gold and silver fishes
having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-
ground of Rydal Mount.

"The liberty of a people consists in being govern-
ed by laws which they have made for them-
selves, under whatever form it be of govern-
ment. The liberty of a private man, in being
master of his own time and actions, as far
as may consist with the laws of God and of his
country. Of this latter we are here to dis-
course."—COWLEY.

[Composed 1829.—Published 1835.]

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind
regard,
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is
hard;

Not soon does aught to which mild fancies
cling

In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable-care, 6
Removed in kindness from their glassy
Cell

To the fresh waters of a living Well—
An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb; the mirror of whose
breast 10

Is smooth as clear, save where with dim-
ples small

A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
—There swims, of blazing sun and beating
shower

Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden
Power,

That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast; 16
And near him, darkling like a sullen
Gnome,

The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;

Dissevered both from all the mysteries
Of hue and altering shape that charmed
all eyes. 20

Alas! they pined, they languished while
they shone;

And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no
disgrace?

But if the change restore his birthright,
then, 25
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the
gain.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-
abode,

From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?
O yield him back his privilege!—No sea 30
Swells like the bosom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.

Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or
keep

Your independence in the fathomless
Deep!

Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail; 35
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening
gale!

If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width,
shall be,

Till the world perishes, a field for thee! 40

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in
the pool,

(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—disporting at their
ease,

Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries, 45
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a
spell

Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal
cell;

To wheel with languid motion round and
round,

Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall
marred; 50

On their quick sense our sweetest music
jarred;

And whither could they dart, if seized
with fear?

No sheltering stone, no tangled root was
near.

When fire or taper ceased to cheer the
room,

They wore away the night in starless
gloom; 55

And when the sun first dawned upon the
streams,

How faint their portion of his vital beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
While not one joy of ours by them was
shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture
now 60

To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend
brow)—

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly
stage,

Though fed with dainties from the snow-
white hand

Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land, 65
But gladly would escape; and, if need
were,

Scatter the colours from the plumes that
bear

The emancipated captive through blithe
air

Into strange woods, where he at large
may live

On best or worst which they and Nature
give? 70

The beetle loves his unpretending track,
The snail the house he carries on his
back;

The far-fetched worm with pleasure would
disown

The bed we give him, though of softest
down;

A noble instinct; in all kinds the same, 75
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of
the name,

If doomed to breathe against his lawful
will

An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can be-
stow? 80

But most the Bard is true to inborn
right,

Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,

A natural meal—days, months, from
Nature's hand; 85

Time, place, and business, all at his com-
mand!—

Who bends to happier duties, who more
wise

Than the industrious Poet, taught to
prize,

Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost? 90
That life—the flowery path that winds by
stealth—

Which Horace needed for his spirit's
health;

Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wear-
some,

And the vain splendours of Imperial
Rome?— 95

Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
Attuned to verse that, crowning light
Distress

With garlands, cheats her into happiness;
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad
strains 100

Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded
chains,

As a chance-sunbeam from his memory
fell

Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening— 105

He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gaiety and wit;

He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favour to be
shed,

By the world's Ruler, on his honoured
head! 110

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless
shade;

A doleful bower for penitential song, 115
Where Man and Muse complained of
mutual wrong;

While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their fore-
heads high,

Citadels dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to
sport 120

With this tried Servant of a thankless
Court,

Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he
loved best;

You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope and
aim 126

On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still
aspire;

Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate, 131
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's
godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid
brow

That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy*
vow;

With modest scorn reject whate'er would
blind 135

The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged
mind!

Then, with a blessing granted from above
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till
age

Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest
page¹. 140

¹ There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety stead-

IV.

POOR ROBIN².

[Composed March, 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

Now when the primrose makes a splendid
show,

And lilies face the March-winds in full
blow,

And humbler growths as moved with one
desire

Put on, to welcome spring, their best
attire,

Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how
gay 5

With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads,
content

With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not
lacking power

To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to
passers-by 11

If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry
fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come
unsought, 15

Why fix upon his wealth or want a
thought?

Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him
play

When all the world acknowledged elfin
sway?

fast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz. quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

² The small wild Geranium known by that term.

Or does it suit our humour to commend—
 Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
 Whose practice teaches, spite of names to
 show

Bright colours whether they deceive or
 no?—

Nay, we would simply praise the free
 good-will

With which, though slighted, he, on naked
 hill 25

Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
 Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his
 brow:

Yet more, we wish that men by men
 despised,

And such as lift their foreheads over-
 prized, 30

Should sometimes think, where'er they
 chance to spy

This child of Nature's own humility,
 What recompense is kept in store or left
 For all that seem neglected or bereft;

With what nice care equivalents are
 given, 35

How just, how bountiful, the hand of
 Heaven.

V.

THE GLEANER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

[Composed 1828.—Published, as "The Country
 Girl," 1829 (*The Keepsake*); ed. 1832.]

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,
 That o'er thy brow are shed;

That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn, 5

I saw; and Fancy sped
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through
 soft air,

Of bliss that grows without a care,
 And happiness that never flies—
 (How can it where love never dies?) 10

Whispering of promise, where no blight
 Can reach the innocent delight;

Where pity, to the mind conveyed
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
 From his smoothly gliding wings. 16

What mortal form, what earthly face
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
 And mingle colours, that should breed
 Such rapture, nor want power to feed; 20
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
 To truth and sober reason blind,
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
 The sweet illusion might have hung, for
 hours. 25

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born
 Life's daily tasks with them to share
 Who, whether from their lowly bed
 They rise, or rest the weary head, 30
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,
 While they give utterance to the prayer
 That asks for daily bread.

VI.

TO A REDBREAST

(IN SICKNESS).

[Composed ?.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
 And at my casement sing,
 Though it should prove a farewell lay
 And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy 5
 The promise in thy song;
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
 Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
 Thy song would still be dear, 10
 And with a more than earthly power
 My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
 Come, and my requiem sing,
 Nor fail to be the harbinger 15
 Of everlasting Spring.

S. H.

VII.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
 In a large house of public charity,
 Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
 With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will,
though poor 5
And forced to live on alms, this old Man
fed

A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer
found 10

While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his
knee

Laid one by one, or scattered on the
ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after
day;

What signs of mutual gladness when they
met!

Think of their common peace, their sim-
ple play, 15

The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to
fulfil,

In spite of season's change, its own
demand,

By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong 21
Was formed between the solitary pair,

That when his fate had housed him 'mid
a throng

The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead
and gone; 25

But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that
one

Some recompense for all that he had lost.

O that the good old Man had power to
prove,

By message sent through air or visible
token, 30

That still he loves the Bird, and still
must love;

That friendship lasts though fellowship
is broken!

VIII.

SONNET.

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time brings
forth

No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—

Wanting accustomed food, must pass
from earth,

Or never hope to reach a second birth. 5
This sad belief, the happiest that is left

To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er
bereft,

Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a
dearth.

Though poor and destitute of friends thou
art,

Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race, 10
One to whom Heaven assigns that mourn-
ful part

The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart

Where Love for living Thing can find a
place.

IX.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to
the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with
my poems. Those to a Redbreast are by a de-
ceased female Relative.

[Composed ?.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work

On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;

Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,

All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth 5
(By throbbing waves long undermined)

Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the

wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore

Dissevered, float upon the Lake, 10

Float with its crest of trees adorned

On which the warbling birds their pas-
time take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
 There insects live their lives, and die; 15
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny
 room.

And thus through many seasons' space
 This little Island may survive;
 But Nature, though we mark her not,
 Will take away, may cease to give. 20

Perchance when you are wandering forth
 Upon some vacant sunny day,
 Without an object, hope, or fear,
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is
 passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake, 25
 Its place no longer to be found;
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain
 To fertilise some other ground.

D. W.

X.

[Composed ?.—Published 1850.]

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on
 high

Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
 Where, ever and anon, her head she
 shrouds

Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
 But look, and to the watchful eye 5
 A brightening edge will indicate that
 soon

We shall behold the struggling Moon
 Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue
 sky.

XI.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme."

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 Percy's Reliques.*

[Composed 1826.—Published 1827.]

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the
 sky)

The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
 No faculty yet given me to espy
 The dusky Shape within her arms im-
 bound,

That thin memento of effulgence lost 5
 Which some have named her Prede-
 cessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me
 shone,

Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
 All that appeared was suitable to One
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to
 skim; 10

To expectations spreading with wild
 growth,

And hope that kept with me her plighted
 troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
 A silver boat launched on a boundless
 flood;

A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
 Its brightest splendour round a leafy
 wood; 16

But not a hint from under-ground, no
 sign

Fit for the glimmering brow of Proser-
 pine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to
 move

Before me?—nothing blemished the fair
 sight; 20

On her I looked whom jocund Fairies
 love,

Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to
 flight,

And by that thinning magnifies the great,
 For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral
 Shape 25

As each new Moon obeyed the call of
 Time,

If gloom fell on me, swift was my es-
 cape;

Such happy privilege hath life's gay
 Prime,

To see or not to see, as best may please
 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease. 30

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou
 meet'st my glance,

Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance

While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or
stern ;
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to
gain 35
Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.
So changes mortal Life with fleeting
years ;
A mournful change, should Reason fail
to bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting ; 40
While Faith aspires to seats in that
domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor
wane.

XII.

TO THE LADY FLEMING,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPAR-
ING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL
CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

[Composed 1823.—Published 1827.]

I.

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land ;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate ;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths, 6
No rampart's stern defence require,
Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far-heard)—our only citadels. 10

II.

O Lady ! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell 15
Of Nightshade¹ haply yet may tell ;)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests. 20

¹ Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—
in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Fur-
ness.

III.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair ;
And to exalt the passing hour ; 25
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose ! 30

IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice !
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise ;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth, 36
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear ;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day. 40

V.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity ;
Can hear the monitory clock 45
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death ;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity. 50

VI.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys ?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream 55
From murmur of a running stream ;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields ;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds. 60

VII.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
 If such do on this earth abide,
 May season apathy with scorn,
 May turn indifference to pride;
 And still be not unblest—compared 65
 With him who grovels, self-debarred
 From all that lies within the scope
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
 False fires, that others may be lost. 70

VIII.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
 Should spread on Britain's favoured
 ground!
 That public order, private weal,
 Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
 From champions of the desperate law 75
 Which from their own blind hearts they
 draw;
 Who tempt their reason to deny
 God, whom their passions dare defy,
 And boast that they alone are free
 Who reach this dire extremity! 80

IX.

But turn we from these "bold bad"
 men;
 The way, mild Lady! that hath led
 Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
 Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
 Softly as morning vapours glide 85
 Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
 Should move the tenor of *his* song
 Who means to charity no wrong;
 Whose offering gladly would accord
 With this day's work, in thought and
 word. 90

X.

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
 And hope, and consolation, fall,
 Through its meek influence, from above,
 And penetrate the hearts of all;
 All who, around the hallowed Fane, 95
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
 For opportunity bestowed 99
 To kneel together, and adore their God!

XIII.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
 The help which slackening Piety requires;
 Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
 Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from *true* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

[Composed 1823.—Published 1827.]

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear
 And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
 Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
 The Mother Church in yon sequestered
 vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite 5
 Resounded with deep swell and solemn
 close,
 Through unremitting vigils of the night,
 Till from his couch the wished-for Sun
 uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine com-
 mand,
 They, who had waited for that sign to trace
 Their work's foundation, gave with care-
 ful hand 11
 To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him Who in the Orient born
 There lived, and on the cross His life re-
 signed,
 And Who, from out the regions of the
 morn, 15
 Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge
 mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the
 eastern sky,
 'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse
 The sweet and natural hopes that shall
 not die,
 Long as the sun his gladsome course
 renews. 20

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased ;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days
Our Christian altar faithful to the east,
Whence the tall window drinks the morn-
ing rays ;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye 25
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the day-spring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

XIV.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

ERE the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound, 5
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie born, 10
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn :
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power ;
He was acknowledged : and the blast, 15
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was
the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he,
"What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory. 20
Hear, then, and neglect me not !
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

"On good service we are going 25
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day ; 30
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left in thee !"

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert ;
"As I am thy Father's son,

What thou askest, noble Brother, 35
With God's favour shall be done."
So were both right well content :
Forth they from the Castle went,
And at the head of their Array
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies 41
Were a line for valour famed)
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the
thought— 45

By what evil spirit brought ?
Oh ! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's
sake ?

"Sir !" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood." 50
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings."—Oh ! that I
Could have *seen* my Brother die !
It was a pang that vexed him then ; 55
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !
Nor of him were tidings heard ;
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered. 60
To his Castle Hubert sped ;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time, 65
Night or day, at even or morn ;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee :
Months and years went smilingly ; 70
With plenty was his table spread ;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded, 75
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace ! 81
 He is come to claim his right :
 Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
 Hear the challenge with delight.
 Hubert ! though the blast be blown 85
 He is helpless and alone :
 Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !
 And there he may be lodged, and thou
 be Lord.

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;
 And, if power to speak he had, 90
 All are daunted, all the household
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.
 'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be
 Living man, it must be he !
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay, 95
 And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of :
 To his Brother then he came,
 Made confession, asked forgiveness,
 Asked it by a brother's name, 100
 And by all the saints in heaven ;
 And of Eustace was forgiven :
 Then in a convent went to hide
 His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels 105
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,
 And from Pagan chains had rescued,
 Lived with honour on his lands.
 Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :
 And through ages, heirs of heirs, 110
 A long posterity renowned,
 Sounded the Horn which they alone could
 sound.

XV.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

OH ! what's the matter ? what's the
 matter ?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack, 5
 Good duffle grey, and flannel fine ;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ; 10
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon, 15
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he ?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
 His voice was like the voice of three. 20
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling : 25
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.
 Remote from sheltered village-green,
 On a hill's northern side she dwelt, 30
 Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns
 lean,

And hoary dews are slow to melt.
 By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage ; 35
 But she, poor Woman ! housed alone.
 'Twas well enough, when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
 Then at her door the *canty* Dame
 Would sit, as any linnet, gay. 40

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 Oh then how her old bones would shake !
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
 Her evenings then were dull and dead : 45
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed ;
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her ! when'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout ; 50
 And scattered many a lusty splinter
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,
 As every man who knew her says,
 A pile beforehand, turf or stick, 55
 Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake? 60
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected 65
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected—
That he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take; 70
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly, 75
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill! 80

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about, 85
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast, 90
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at
last!"

Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed 95
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!" 100
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow 105
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he: 110
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind. 116
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again. 120

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
A-bed or up, by night or day; 125
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

XVI.

PRELUDE.

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED
"POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND
LATE YEARS."

[Composed March, 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

IN desultory walk through orchard
grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have
I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than
restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his
song
To his own genial instincts; and was
heard 5
(Though not without some plaintive tones
between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a
calm,
Which the unsheltered traveller might
receive

With thankful spirit. The descant, and
 the wind 10
 That seemed to play with it in love or
 scorn,
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of
 words
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of
 silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my
 Book !
 Charged with those lays, and others of
 like mood, 15
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through many
 a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's
 way—
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled 20
 When and wherever, in this changeful
 world,
 Power hath been given to please for
 higher ends
 Than pleasure only; gladdening to pre-
 pare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to re-
 fine,
 Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of our
 Being, 26
 Softening the toils and pains that have
 not ceased
 To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
 Since the primeval doom. Such is the
 grace
 Which, though unsued for, fails not to
 descend 30
 With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
 That Reason dictates; and, as even the
 wish
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied
 ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off the
 bowers 35
 Of private life their natural pleasantness,
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to
 beauty
 Lodged within compass of the humblest
 sight,

To cheerful intercourse with wood and
 field, 40
 And sympathy with man's substantial
 griefs—
 Will not be heard in vain? And in those
 days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far and
 wide
 Among a People mournfully cast down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words 45
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general
 heart
 From mutual good—some strain of thine,
 my Book !
 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit 50
 Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile; and both with young and
 old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, main-
 tained. 55
 RYDAL MOUNT, March 26, 1842.

XVII.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

[Composed 1834.—Published 1835.]

SMALL service is true service while it
 lasts:
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature!
 scorn not one:
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the
 Sun.

XVIII.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE
 COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

[Composed November 5, 1834.—Published 1835.]

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the
 least)
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book
 inscribed,

Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed,
and still this hand, 6
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord
inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of
Thee.

And why that scrupulous reserve? In
sooth 10
The blameless cause lay in the Theme
itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to
strive

With the sharp wind, and seem to court
the shower,

Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and
some, 15

Where'er he moves along the unclouded
sky,

Turn a broad front full on his flattering
beams:

Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth, 20
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers and Groves!
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the
honoured name

Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear
witness

From thy most secret haunts; and ye
Parterres, 25

Which She is pleased and proud to call
her own,

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward
sense

Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no
more 30

Endure that silence, and broke out in
song,

Snatches of music taken up and dropt
Like those self-solacing, those under,
notes

Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal
leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only
mine, 35
The pleasure was, and no one heard the
praise,
Checked, in the moment of its issue,
checked
And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it
forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Vir-
tue's meed; 40

Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening
charm

O'er features looked at by discerning
eyes,

Hides half their beauty from the common
gaze;

And thus, even on the exposed and
breezy hill 45

Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor

(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege, 50

Her sacred recompense for many wants)
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring
out

All that they think and feel, with tears
of joy;

And benedictions not unheard in hea-
ven:

And friend in the ear of friend, where
speech is free 55

To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these
prompt lines

A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they, who mark thy course,
behold

A life declining with the golden light 60
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;

See cheerfulness undamped by stealing
Time;

See studied kindness flow with easy
stream,

Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self 65

Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter
 gifts
 With these ennobling attributes con-
 joined
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile
 grace! 70
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like
 form,
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor or
 path
 Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the
 managed steed—
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
 Driven by strong winds at play among
 the clouds. 75

Yet one word more—one farewell word—
 a wish
 Which came, but it has passed into a
 prayer—
 That, as thy sun in brightness is de-
 clining,
 So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
 Whose tender love, here faltering on the
 way 80
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

XIX.

GRACE DARLING.

[Composed 1843.—Published 1845.]

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
 The natural heart is touched, and public
 way
 And crowded street resound with ballad
 strains,
 Inspired by ONE whose very name be-
 speaks
 Favour divine, exalting human love; 5
 Whom, since her birth on bleak North-
 umbria's coast,
 Known unto few but prized as far as
 known,
 A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land—to Manhood,
 moved in spite
 Of the world's freezing cares—to generous
 Youth—

10

To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through
 a tear
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
 Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds
 Do no imperishable record find 15
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers
 may live
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful
 earth
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and
 waves could speak
 Of things which their united power called
 forth 20
 From the pure depths of her humanity!
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse
 reared
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-
 place;
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that
 braves, 25
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor
 ceased, nor paused,
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through
 misty air,
 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf, 30
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
 Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all
 that there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge. With
 quick glance 35
 Daughter and Sire through optic-glass
 discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
 Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's
 sight!
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves
 still more
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
 Where every parting agony is hushed, 41
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
 "But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
 A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's
 words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming with
faith, 45
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they
lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing
cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on
they go— 51
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they
watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their
might; 55
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and
prolonged
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so
proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

They stem the current of that perilous
gorge, 60
Their arms still strengthening with the
strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the Wreck is neared,
becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they
approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy, 66
Foretaste deliverance; but the least
perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he
perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to
bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister, 71
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying
Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the
tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of
thoughts 75

Armed to repel them? Every hazard
faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to
perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the
deep 80
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—
Shout, ye Waves!
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves
and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through
faith 85
In Him whose Providence your rage hath
served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert
join!
And would that some immortal Voice—a
Voice
Fittingly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through
pallid lips 90
Of the survivors—to the clouds might
bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden
grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so
resolute— 95
Might carry to the clouds and to the
stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S
name!

XX.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

PART I.

[Composed 1830.—Published 1835.]

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn 5
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-
barred,

Stepped One at dead of night, 10
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight ;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east 15
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
Or berries of the wood ; 20
At length, in darkness travelling on,
When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof 25
I come," said she, "from far ;
For I have left my Father's roof,
In terror of the Czar."
No answer did the Matron give,
No second look she cast, 30
But hung upon the Fugitive,
Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet, 35
Prevented each desire :—
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposed,
Now rests her weary head. 40

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
Whose curtain pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn ;
While over her the Matron bent 45
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
And soon again was dight 50
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight ;
And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
"My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid : 55
Now listen to my fears !

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—
"The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
Disporting round your knees ? 60
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower ;
Light words, that were more lightly
heard
In many a cloudless hour !

"The blossom you so fondly praised 65
Is come to bitter fruit ;
A mighty One upon me gazed ;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath :
You, Foster-father dear, 70
Will guide me in my forward path ;
I may not tarry here !

"I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity."—
"Dear child, sweet Mistress, say not so !
For you we both would die." 76
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance
feigned
And cheek embrowned by art ;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart." 80

"But whither would you, could you, flee ?
A poor Man's counsel take ;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake ;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace, 85
And soon shall you be led
Forth to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

PART II.

THE dwelling of this faithful pair
In a straggling village stood, 90
For One who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighbourhood ;
But wide around lay forest ground
With thickets rough and blind ;
And pine-trees made a heavy shade 95
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noonday sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp ; 100

And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vassal plied, 106
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
Of archer, there was tried;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
From all intrusion free; 110
And there he planned an artful Cot
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
Of Power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labour sped 115
At nature's pure command;
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook. 120

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile, 126
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face; 130
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window;—all seemed wild
As it had ever been. 136

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are; 140
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows, 146
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;

And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That there she may abide 150
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No queen before a shouting crowd
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud, 155
Entering her palace gate;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness. 160

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness 165
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have
seen,
Diffused through form and face, 170
Resolves devotedly serene;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason *should* control;
And shows in the untrembling frame 175
A statue of the soul.

PART III.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair; 180
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.
Then did the Penitent adorn 185
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound 190
The bay; and conquerors thanked the
Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb 195
 Along forbidden ways;
 That scorns temptation; power defies
 Where mutual love is not;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 When life would be a blot. 200

 To this fair Votaress a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear; 206
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the
 ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

 To one mute Presence, above all,
 Her soothed affections clung, 210
 A picture on the cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung—
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance
 bright
 With love abridged the day;
 And, communed with by taper-light, 215
 Chased spectral fears away.

 And oft, as either Guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 So high their hearts would beat; 220
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
 They brought, each visiting
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring.

 But when she of her Parents thought, 225
 The pang was hard to bear;
 And, if with all things not enwrought,
 That trouble still is near.
 Before her flight she had not dared
 Their constancy to prove, 230
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared
 The weakness of their love.

 Dark is the past to them, and dark
 The future still must be,
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark 235
 Into a safer sea—
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
 And set her Spirit free

From the altar of this sacrifice,
 In vestal purity. 240

 Yet, when above the forest-glooms
 The white swans southward passed,
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes
 Her fancy rode the blast;
 And bore her toward the fields of France,
 Her Father's native land, 246
 To mingle in the rustic dance,
 The happiest of the band!

 Of those beloved fields she oft
 Had heard her Father tell 250
 In phrase that now with echoes soft
 Haunted her lonely cell;
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral stream;
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers 255
 Forgotten like a dream!

PART IV.

THE ever-changing Moon had traced
 Twelve times her monthly round,
 When through the unfrequented Waste
 Was heard a startling sound; 260
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased
 At speed a wounded deer,
 Bounding through branches interlaced,
 And where the wood was clear.

 The fainting creature took the marsh, 265
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tumult
 harsh
 Above his antlered head;
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
 Shrunk to her citadel; 270
 The desperate deer rushed on, and near
 The tangled covert fell.

 Across the marsh, the game in view,
 The Hunter followed fast,
 Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew 275
 A death-proclaiming blast;
 Then, resting on her upright mind,
 Came forth the Maid—"In me
 Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
 Pursued by destiny! 280

 "From your deportment, Sir! I deem
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light esteem
 A suffering woman's word;

There is my covert, there perchance 285
I might have lain concealed,
My fortunes hid, my countenance
Not even to you revealed.

"Tears might be shed, and I might
pray,

Crouching and terrified, 290
That what has been unveiled to-day,
You would in mystery hide;

But I will not defile with dust
The knee that bends to adore

The God in heaven;—attend, be just; 295
This ask I, and no more!

"I speak not of the winter's cold
For summer's heat exchanged,

While I have lodged in this rough hold,
From social life estranged; 300

Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
High Heaven is my defence;

And every season has soft arms
For injured Innocence.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness 305
It was my choice to come,
Lest virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home;

And happy were I, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will, 310

To end life here like this poor deer,
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic parents sprung,

Whose vanishing was rumoured wide, 315
Sad theme for every tongue;

Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
You, Lady, forced to wear

These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair!" 320

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
And in her face and mien

The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between:

He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame 325
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;

The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
Exclaimed he: "righteous Heaven, 330

Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Czar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads, 335
His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,
And I to her will go;

From that humane and heavenly source
Good, only good, can flow." 340

Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
Was eager to depart,

Though question followed question, dear
To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more
light, 345

Kept pace with his desires;
And the fifth morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.

He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive 350

The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,

And joy's excess produced a fear 355
Of something void and vain;

'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,

Beheld their only Child returned
The household floor to tread. 360

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast;

Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest;

Meek Catherine had her own reward; 365
The Czar bestowed a dower;

And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial
feast

Was held with costly state; 370
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,

The Foster-parents sate;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,

They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high 375
To them and nature paid!

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE
SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,
BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

[Composed 1808.—Published 1815.]

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the
pine,

Will not unwillingly their place resign ;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them
stands,

Planted by Beaumont's and by Words-
worth's hands.

One wooed the silent Art with studious
pains : 5

These groves have heard the Other's pen-
sive strains ;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindest powers sustain
the Tree,

And Love protect it from all injury ! 10
And when its potent branches, wide out-
thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays ; 14
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of him who sang how spear and
shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field ;
And of that famous Youth, full soon
removed

From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's
self approved, 20
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend be-
loved.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

[Composed 1811 (?).—Published 1815.]

OFt is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid
in dust ;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the
great :

Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery
trim 5

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive. And be it
known

That it was scooped within the living
stone,— 10

Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love ;
With help from female hands, that proudly
strove

To aid the work, what time these walks
and bowers 15

Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely
hours.

III.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR
GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN
HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY
HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A
NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE
SAME GROUNDS.

[Composed November, 1811.—Published 1815.]

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hal-
lowed Urn,

Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's
return ;

And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to year,
Till they have learned to frame a dark-
some aisle ;— 5

That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's
noblest dead,

In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

—There, though by right the excelling
Painter sleep
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath
keep, 10
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's
private tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory;
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed; attached to him in
heart; 16
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds
died.

IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF
COLEORTON.

[Composed November 19, 1811.—Published 1815.]

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy
bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest
ground,
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from
thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;
Erst a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted
rite: 6
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot
gave birth—
To honourable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager
child; 10
There, under shadow of the neighbouring
rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and
their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy
dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined
stage. 16
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish;—but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er
decays. 20

V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A
STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE
(AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT
GRASMERE.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have main-
tained
Proportions more harmonious, and ap-
proached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part:—alas! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help 6
From the great City; never, upon leaves
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed,
In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge
Antique, and Cottage with verandah
graced, 11
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined
hermitage.
Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these
walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and
here 15
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from
the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-
piled
With plenteous store of heath and withered
fern,
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts, 20
Among the mountains) and beneath this
roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at
noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn,
the Sheep,
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
Lie round him, even as if they were a part
Of his own Household: nor, while from
his bed 26
He looks, through the open door-place,
toward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, does he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!

VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A
STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUN-
TAIN OF BLACK COMB.

[Composed 1813.—Published 1815.]

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy
limbs

On this commodious Seat! for much re-
mains

Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness
named,

And, to far-travelled storms of sea and
land,

A favourite spot of tournament and war! 5
But thee may no such boisterous visit-
ants

Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle, 10
From centre to circumference, unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy
rest,

That on the summit whither thou art
bound,

A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of
art,

To measure height and distance; lonely
task,

Week after week pursued!—To him was
given

Full many a glimpse (but sparingly be-
stowed

On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report

That once, while there he plied his studious
work

Within that canvass Dwelling, colours,
lines,

And the whole surface of the out-spread
map,

Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, un-

proclaimed—

As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,

In which he sate alone, with unclosed
eyes,

Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON
A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP
LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,
UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT
RYDAL.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen
stones

Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st,
the Cairn

Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing
more

Than the rude embryo of a little Dome 5
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be
built

Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having
learned

That from the shore a full-grown man
might wade,

And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.

The block on which these lines are traced,
perhaps,

Was once selected as the corner-stone 15
Of that intended Pile, which would have
been

Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate
skill,

So that, I guess, the linnet and the
thrush,

And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame

him not,

For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained

With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised

Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art 25
On fire with thy impatience to become

An inmate of these mountains,—if, dis-
turbed

By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements

Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to
blaze

In snow-white splendour,—think again;
and, taught
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the
rose;
There let the vernal slow-worm sun him-
self,
And let the redbreast hop from stone to
stone. 35

VIII.

[Composed 1830 (? 1831).—Published 1835.]

IN these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard: 5
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

IX.

[Composed 1826.—Published 1835.]

THE massy Ways, carried across these
heights
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping
worms.
How venture then to hope that Time will
spare
This humble Walk? Yet on the moun-
tain's side 5
A POET's hand first shaped it; and the
steps
Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight
skies
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey
line. 10
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent these precincts; locked
no more
In earnest converse with belovèd Friends,
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss, 15
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if
Power may spring

Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets—the Exile would con-
sign 20
This Walk, his loved possession, to the
care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the
Muse.

X.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND
IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

[This group (x.—xiv.) was composed 1818.—Pub-
lished 1820.]

I.

HOPES what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.
What are fears but voices airy? 5
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!
What is glory?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare! 10
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.
What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre 15
From a palsy-shaken head.
What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog; 20
Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;
Such is Joy—as quickly hidden, 25
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forhidden
To resume its native light.
What is youth?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!) 30
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing-knell!

35

XI.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

II.

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;
Give voice to what my hand shall trace, 5
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath, 10
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay, 15
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile 21
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock 25
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

XII.

III.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept
meadow 5

Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

XIII.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

IV.

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of Thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter 5
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well; 10
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation 15
Of divine tranquillity!

XIV.

V.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue; 6
And, if she trust the stars above
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend, 10
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word 15
No change can falsify!

I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy! 20

XV.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,
DERWENT-WATER.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

If thou in the dear love of some one
Friend

Hast been so happy that thou know'st
what thoughts

Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou
reverence

This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not un-
moved 5

Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of
stones,

The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.

Here stood his threshold; here was spread
the roof

That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares 10

And offices humane, intent to adore

The Deity, with undistracted mind,

And meditate on everlasting things,

In utter solitude.—But he had left

A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man
loved 15

As his own soul. And, when with eye
upraised

To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,

While o'er the lake the cataract of Lo-
dore

Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle and
thought 20

Of his Companion, he would pray that
both

(Now that their earthly duties were ful-
filled)

Might die in the same moment. Nor in
vain

So prayed he:—as our chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his

last day 25

Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,

Those holy Men both died in the same
hour.

XVI.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

[Composed ?.—Published 1850.]

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind

Crowded with thoughts that need a settled
home,

Yet, like to eddying balls of foam

Within this whirlpool, they each other
chase

Round and round, and neither find 5

An outlet nor a resting-place!

Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,

Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

MODERNISED.

I.

THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

[Written 1801.—Published 1820.]

I.

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,"
(quoth she)

"Thy name in this large world is spread
abroad!

For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious
laud;

But by the mouths of children, gracious
God!

Thy goodness is set forth; they when they
lie

Upon the breast Thy name do glorify.

II.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that
I may,

Jesu! of Thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did Thee bear, and is a Maid for
aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's
dower,

For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best
boot.

III.

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother
free!

O bush unburnt! burning in Moses'
sight!

That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the Spirit that did
alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that
glory's might,

Conceivèd was the Father's sapience, 20
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV.

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;

For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to
thee

Thou goest before in thy benignity,

The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful
Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness, 30
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall
say. 35

VI.

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
Assigned to them and given them for
their own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to His company; 40
And through this street who list might
ride and wend;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII.

"A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there
were
A nest of children come of Christian
blood, 45
That learned in that school from year to
year
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,
That is to say, to sing and read alsò,
As little children in their childhood do.

VIII.

"Among these children was a Widow's
son, 50
A little scholar¹, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath
gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and
say 55
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

IX.

"This Widow thus her little Son hath
taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgat it not;
For simple² infant hath a ready ear. 60
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth
aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

X.

"This little Child, while in the school he
sate 65
His Primer conning with an earnest
cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book
repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and
near,
And hearkened to the words and to the
note, 70
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

XI.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it
said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and
prayed
That he the meaning of this song would
show, 75
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare
knees.

XII.

"His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—'This song, I have
heard say, 80
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have
got.' 85

¹ *Clergeon* (Chaucer); i.e. chorister.—Ed.

² *Sely* (Chaucer); i.e. happy. Line 61 was interpolated by Wordsworth.—Ed.

XIII.

“‘And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu’s Mother?’ said this Innocent;
‘Now, certès, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an
hour, 91
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.

XIV.

“His Schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
As they went homeward taught him privily
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the
note: 96
Twice in a day it passèd through his
throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he
went,
On Jesu’s Mother fixed was his intent.

XV.

“Through all the Jewry (this before
said I) 100
This little Child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O *Alma Redemptoris*! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ’s Mother piercèd
so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to
pray, 105
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI.

“The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that
hath
His wasp’s nest in Jew’s heart, upswelled
—‘O woe,
O Hebrew people!’ said he in his wrath,
‘Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a Boy where’er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and
saws,
Which is against the reverence of our
laws!’

XVII.

“From that day forward have the Jews
conspired 114
Out of the world this Innocent to chase;
And to this end a Homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child ’gan to the school to
pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him
fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him
cast. 120

XVIII.

“I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents
exhale;
O cursèd folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certès it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God may
spread, 126
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX.

“O Martyr ’stablished in virginity!
Now may’st thou sing for aye before the
throne,
Following the Lamb celestial,” quoth
she, 130
“Of which the great Evangelist, Saint
John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that
go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

XX.

“Now this poor Widow waiteth all that
night 135
After her little Child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning
light,
With face all pale with dread and busy
thought,
She at the School and elsewhere him hath
sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had
been 140
In the Jews’ street, and there he last was
seen.

XXI.

"With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
 She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
 To every place wherein she hath supposed
 By likelihood her little Son to find; 145
 And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
 She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
 And him among the accursèd Jews she sought.

XXII.

"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
 To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
 To tell her if her child had passed that way; 151
 They all said—Nay; but Jesu of His grace
 Gave to her thought, that in a little space
 She for her Son in that same spot did cry
 Where he was cast into a pit hard by. 155

XXIII.

"O Thou great God that dost perform
 Thy laud
 By mouths of Innocents, lo! here Thy might;
 This gem of chastity, this emerald,
 And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
 There, where with mangled throat he lay upright, 160
 The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
 So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

XXIV.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
 Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
 And hastily they for the Provost sent; 165
 Immediately he came, not tarrying,
 And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
 And eke His Mother, honour of Mankind:
 Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

XXV.

"This Child with piteous lamentation then 170
 Was taken up, singing his song alway;
 And with procession great and pomp of men
 To the next Abbey him they bare away;
 His Mother swooning by the body lay;
 And scarcely could the people that were near 175
 Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVI.

"Torment and shameful death to every one
 This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare
 That of this murder wist, and that anon:
 Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare; 180
 Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;
 Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,
 And after that he hung them by the law.

XXVII.

"Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie
 Before the altar while the Mass doth last; 185
 The Abbot with his convent's company
 Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
 And, when they holy water on him cast,
 Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was the water;
 And sang, O *Alma Redemptoris Mater*! 190

XXVIII.

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
 As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
 In supplication to the Child began
 Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon thee
 In virtue of the holy Trinity 195
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
 Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

XXIX.

“‘My throat is cut unto the bone, I
trow,’
Said this young Child, ‘and by the law of
kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye
find, 201
Will that His glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of His Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, O *Alma*! loud and clear.

XXX.

“‘This well of mercy, Jesu’s Mother
sweet, 205
After my knowledge I have loved alway;
And in the hour when I my death did
meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
‘Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,’
As ye have heard; and soon as I had
sung 210
Methought she laid a grain upon my
tongue.

XXXI.

“‘Wherefore I sing, nor can from song
refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me; 215
‘My little Child, then will I come for
thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they
take:
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!’

XXXII.

“This holy Monk, this Abbot—him
mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away
the grain; 220
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder
seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers
of rain;
And on his face he dropped upon the
ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII.

“Eke the whole Convent on the pave-
ment lay, 226
Weeping and praising Jesu’s Mother
dear;
And after that they rose, and took their
way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear 230
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet¹.—
Where’er he be, God grant us him to
meet!

XXXIV.

“Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid
low
By cursed Jews—thing well and widely
known,
For it was done a little while ago— 235
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying
eye,
In mercy would His mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of His Mother Mary!”

II.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Written 1801.—Published 1841 (R. H. Horne’s
*The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, Modern-
ised*); vol. of 1842.]

I.

THE God of Love—*ah, benedicite*!
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring
nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind
and free. 5

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh
and sound;
Them who are whole in body and in
mind,
He can make sick,—bind can he and un-
bind
All that he will have bound, or have un-
bound. 10

¹ Enclosed they his little body sweet (Chaucer).
—Ed.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of
wise;—
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their
vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in
a trice. 15

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he
may;
Against him dare not any wight say
nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like
skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve
of May. 20

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and
free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stir-
ring—whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree. 25

VI.

For now when they may hear the small
birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches
throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mix'd with sorrow-
ing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever
long. 30

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart
and home;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on
fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyr-
dom. 35

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what
though now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the
May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every
day,—
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know. 40

IX.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little
sleep;
And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth
steep. 45

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd. 50

XI.

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied, 56
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straight way to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-
side; 60

XIII.

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powder-
ed over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty
cover¹,
All green and white; and nothing else was
seen. 65

¹ The flowers and the grass alike all high
(Chaucer); i.e. grass and daisies being of equal
height.—Ed.

XIV.

There sate I down among the fair fresh
flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from
their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night;
and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their
powers. 70

XV.

Well did they know that service all by
rote,
And there was many and many a lovely
note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had com-
plained;
Some with their notes another manner
feigned;
And some did sing all out with the full
throat. 75

XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made them-
selves right gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day. 80

XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate
upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won. 85

XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy, 89
Broke silence, or I heard him in my
thought.

XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I?

Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the-
rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep all
that's good,
Full little joy have I now of thy cry. 95

XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan
chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood
wide. 100

XXI.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my
heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too
long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
And she hath been before thee with her
song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me
wrong. 105

XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I
pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
Methought I wist right well what these
birds meant,
And had good knowing both of their
intent,
And of their speech, and all that they
would say. 110

XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing
spake:—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or
brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell
here;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou
make. 115

XXIV.

What! quoth she then, what is't that ails
thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;

For mine's a song that is both true and plain,—

Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how. 120

XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;

For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—

Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be? 125

XXVI.

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what it is?

Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wonderous faint

That shamefully they one and all were slain,

Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dead,
Who do not think in love their life to lead;

For who is loth the God of Love to obey,
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,

And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed! 135

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,

That all must love or die; but I withdraw,
And take my leave of all such company,

For mine intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw. 140

XXIX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
The most disquiet have and least do thrive;

Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and care,
And the least welfare cometh to their share;

What need is there against the truth to strive? 145

XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,

That in thy churlishness a cause canst find

To speak of Love's true Servants in this mood;

For in this world no service is so good
To every wight that gentle is of kind. 150

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;

All gentiless and honour thence come forth;

Thence worship comes, content and true heart's pleasure,

And full-assured trust, joy without measure, 154

And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,

And dread of shame that will not do amiss;

For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die. 160

XXXIII.

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;

And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,

If with that counsel I do e'er comply. 165

XXXIV.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wonderous fair,

Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;

For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;

And Love in old folk a great dotage is;

Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair. 170

XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to glad-
ness ;
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelm-
ing sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and mad-
ness. 175

XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not
fair ;
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's
hair. 180

XXXVII.

And, therefore, Nightingale ! do thou
keep nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint
cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or
far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are ;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill
beseen ! 186
The God of Love afflict thee with all
teen,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand
fold ;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had never
been. 190

XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amend-
eth,
And he from every blemish them de-
fendeth ;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them
sendeth. 195

XL.

Thou Nightingale ! the Cuckoo said, be
still,
For Love no reason hath but his own
will ;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and
joy ;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous
ill. 200

XLI.

With such a master would I never be¹ ;
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not
see,
And knows not when he hurts and when
he heals ;
Within this court full seldom Truth
avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he. 205

XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she
brought,
And said, Alas ! that ever I was born,
Not one word have I now, I am so
forlorn,—
And with that word, she into tears burst
out. 210

XLIII.

Alas, alas ! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus
speak
Of Love, and of his holy services ;
Now, God of Love ! thou help me in
some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may
wreak. 215

XLIV.

And so methought I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
And he for dread did fly away full fast ;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was
gone. 220

¹ From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying, "Farewell!—farewell, Pop-
injay!"
As if in scornful mockery of me;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away. 225

XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale
to me,
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I
thank thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me; and
now,
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress
be. 230

XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she
said,
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou
heard'st me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not
afraid. 235

XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's
saw;
All that she said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto,
quothe I,
For Love, and it hath done me mighty
woe. 240

XLIX.

Yea, hath it? use, quothe she, this
medicine;
This May-time, every day before thou
dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although for pain thou may'st be like to
die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop
and pine. 245

L.

And mind always that thou be good and
true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry; 248
And then did she begin this song full
high,
"Beshrew all them that are in love
untrue."

LI.

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
Now farewell, quothe she, for I hence
must wend;
And, God of Love, that can right well
and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
As ever he to Lover yet did send. 255

LII.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of
me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermore;
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her
lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she. 260

LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightin-
gale,
To all the Birds that lodged within that
dale,
And gathered each and all into one
place;
And them besought to hear her doleful
case,
And thus it was that she began her tale.

LIV.

The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should
hide 266
How she and I did each the other chide,
And without ceasing, since it was day-
light;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false Bird whom Love can not
abide. 270

LV.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all
gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as grave,
For birds we are—all here together
brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is
not; 274
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on
record;
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or that
intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord. 280

LVII.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that is well beseen,
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and
gay. 285

LVIII.

She thanked them; and then her leave
she took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
And there she sate and sung—upon that
tree—
“For term of life Love shall have hold
of me”—
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.
Unlearned Book and rude, as well I
know, 291
For beauty thou hast none, nor elo-
quence,
Who did on thee the hardness bestow
To appear before my Lady? but a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence, 295
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth
give;
For of all good she is the best alive.
Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings
writ
In winning words, since through her
gentleness, 300

Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness, 305
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
Caused by the wish, as knows your
sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive. 311

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness! 1
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,
Write, and allay by your beneficence, 315
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—
comfort give!
Since of all good you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT.

III.

TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

[Written 1801.—Same dates of publication as II.]

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of
day,
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
For love of God, full piteously did say,
We must the Palace see of Cresida; 5
For since we yet may have no other feast,
Let us behold her Palace at the least!
And therewithal to cover his intent¹
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace
went; 10
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,
Him thought his sorrowful heart would
break in two;
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.
Therewith when this true Lover 'gan
behold, 15
How shut was every window of the place,

¹ *His meiny for to blend* (Chaucer); i.e. to hoodwink his followers.—Ed.

Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold ;
For which, with changèd, pale, and
deadly face,

Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to
pace ;

And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,
That no wight his continuance¹ espied. 21

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate !

O house of houses, once so richly dight !

O Palace empty and disconsolate !

Thou lamp of which extinguished is the
light ; 25

O Palace whilom day that now art night,
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die ; since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast !

Palace illumined with the sun of bliss ; 30

O ring of which the ruby now is lost,

O cause of woe, that cause has been of
bliss :

Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors ; but I dare not for this
rout ;

Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint
is out ! 35

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,

With changèd face, and piteous to be-
hold ;

And when he might his time aright espy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told

Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,

So piteously, and with so dead a hue, 41
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and
down,

And everything to his remembrance

Came as he rode by places of the town 45
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure
once.

Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
And in that Temple she with her bright
eyes,

My Lady dear, first bound me captive-
wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I
Heard my own Cressid's laugh ; and once
at play 51

I yonder saw her eke full blissfully ;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I
pray !

And there so graciously did me behold,
That hers unto the death my heart I
hold. 56

And at the corner of that self-same house

Heard I my most beloved Lady dear,

So womanly, with voice melodious 59

Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,

That in my soul methinks I yet do hear

The blissful sound ; and in that very
place

My Lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love ! then thus he
cried,

When I the process have in memory, 65

How thou hast wearied me on every side,

Men thence a book might make, a history ;

What need to seek a conquest over me,

Since I am wholly at thy will ? what joy

Hast thou thy own liege subjects to de-
stroy ? 70

Dread Lord ! so fearful when provoked,
thine ire

Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain
and grief ;

Now mercy, Lord ! thou know'st well I
desire

Thy grace above all pleasures first and
chief ;

And live and die I will in thy belief ; 75

For which I ask for guerdon but one
boon,

That Cressida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,

As thou dost mine with longing her to see,

Then know I well that she would not
sojourn. 80

Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be

Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,

As Juno was unto the Theban blood,

From whence to Thebes came griefs in
multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go 85

Whence Cressid rode, as if in haste she
was ;

¹ Countenance (Chaucer).—Ed.

And up and down there went, and to
and fro,

And to himself full oft he said, alas !
From hence my hope and solace forth
did pass.

O would the blissful God now for his joy,
I might her see again coming to Troy ! 91

And up to yonder hill was I her guide ;
Alas, and there I took of her my leave ;
Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,
For very grief of which my heart shall
cleave ;— 95

And hither home I came when it was eve ;
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
Than he was wont ; and that in whispers
soft 101
Men said, what may it be, can no one
guess

Why Troilus hath all this heaviness ?
All which he of himself conceited wholly
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head, 106
That every wight, who in the way passed
by,

Had of him ruth, and fancied that they
said,

I am right sorry Troilus will die :
And thus a day or two drove wearily ; 110
As ye have heard ; such life 'gan he to
lead

As one that standeth betwixt hope and
dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to
show

The occasion of his woe, as best he might ;
And made a fitting song, of words but
few, 115

Somewhat his woeful heart to make more
light ;

And when he was removed from all men's
sight,

With a soft voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light, 120
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,

That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and
sail¹ ;

For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but
one hour, 125

My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung
through,

He fell again into his sorrows old ;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold ;
And all his trouble to the moon he told, 131
And said : I wis, when thou art horn'd
anew,

I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that
morrow,

When hence did journey my bright Lady
dear, 135

That cause is of my torment and my
sorrow ;

For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and
clear,

For love of God, run fast above thy sphere ;
For when thy horns begin once more to
spring,

Then shall she come, that with her bliss
may bring. 140

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he
thought so ;

And that the sun did take his course not
right,

By longer way than he was wont to go ;
And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
That Phæton his son is yet alive, 146
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might
see ; 149

And ever thus he to himself would talk :—
Lo ! yonder is my own bright Lady free ;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be ;
And thence does come this air which is so
sweet,

That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

¹ *With wind in stern I sail* (Chaucer).—Ed.

And certainly this wind, that more and
more 155

By moments thus increaseth in my
face,

Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore ;

I prove it thus ; for in no other space

Of all this town, save only in this place,

Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like
pain ; 160

It saith, Alas, why severed are we
twain ?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully passed and gone was the ninth
night ;

And ever at his side stood Pandarus,

Who busily made use of all his might 165

To comfort him, and make his heart more
light ;

Giving him always hope, that she the
morrow

Of the tenth day will come, and end his
sorrow.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

I.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

[Composed 1797.—Published 1800.]

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep
rough road 5
May thence remount at ease. The aged
Man
Had placed his staff across the broad
smooth stone
That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village
dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one
by one ; 10
And scanned them with a fixed and
serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude : 15
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the
waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
showers
Fell on the ground ; and the small moun-
tain birds,

Not venturing yet to peck their destined
meal, 20
Approached within the length of half his
staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ;
and then
He was so old, he seems not older now ;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him 25
The sauntering Horseman throws not
with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the
ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the
coin
Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits
him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the
rein, 30
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who
tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her
door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she
sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may
pass. 36
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels
o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind ; and, if thus
warned
The old man does not change his course,
the boy 40
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-
side,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man ;
 His age has no companion. On the
 ground 45
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves
 along,
They move along the ground ; and, ever-
 more,
 Instead of common and habitual sight
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and
 dale,
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to
 day, 51
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
 He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some
 straw,
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in
 one track, 55
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have
 left
 Impressed on the white road,—in the
 same line,
 At distance still the same. Poor Tra-
 veller !
 His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his
 feet
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still 60
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn
 away,
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
 The vacant and the busy, maids and
 youths,
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass
 him by : 65
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves
 behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-
 men ! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your
 hands
 To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,
 Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye con-
 temptate 71
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem
 him not
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,

Of forms created the most vile and
 brute, 75
 The dulllest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse
 of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured
 That least of all can aught—that ever
 owned 80
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sub-
 lime
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er de-
 pressed,
 So low as to be scorned without a sin ;
 Without offence to God cast out of view ;
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower 85
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
 Worn out and worthless. While from
 door to door,
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity, 90
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of
 years,
 And that half-wisdom half-experience
 gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps
 resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares. 95
 Among the farms and solitary huts,
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his
 rounds,
 The mild necessity of use compels
 To acts of love ; and habit does the work
 Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the
 soul, 102
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds,
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live, and spread, and kindle : even
 such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary Being, 110
 Or from like wanderer, haply have re-
 ceived

(A thing more precious far than all that
books
Or the solicitudes of love can do !)
That first mild touch of sympathy and
thought,
In which they found their kindred with
a world 115
Where want and sorrow were. The easy
man
Who sits at his own door,—and, like the
pear
That overhangs his head from the green
wall,
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and
young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who
live 120
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred ;—all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart 125
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, per-
chance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least, 131
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them
felt.

Yet further.——Many, I believe, there
are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and
feel 135
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they
dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their
blood. 140
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers
peace!
—But of the poor man ask, the abject
poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities, 145

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they
have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-
out 150
Of some small blessings; have been kind
to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
—Such pleasure is to one kind Being
known,
My neighbour, when with punctual care,
each week, 155
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed
herself
By her own wants, she from her store of
meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart, 160
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in
heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his
head!
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he
appears 164
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of
Heaven
Has hung around him: and, while life is
his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered vil-
lagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his
head! 171
And, long as he can wander, let him
breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps
the heath 175
Beat his grey locks against his withered
face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxious-
ness

Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,

Make him a captive!—for that pent-up
din, 180

Those life-consuming sounds that clog the
air,

Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And have around him, whether heard or
not,

The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have
now 186

Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid
orbs, 191

And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit
down

Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and,
finally, 195

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

II.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

[Composed 1800.—Published July 21, 1800 (*Morning Post*); ed. 1815.]

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely
refined,

The squeamish in taste, and the narrow
of mind,

And the small critic wielding his delicate
pen,

That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old
men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide
Town; 5

His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a
crown;

And his bright eyes look brighter, set off
by the streak

Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on
his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—
'mid the joy

Of the fields, he collected that bloom,
when a boy; 10

That countenance there fashioned, which,
spite of a stain

That his life hath received, to the last
will remain.

A Farmer he was; and his house far and
near

Was the boast of the country for excellent
cheer;

How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury
Vale 15

Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he
dealt his mild ale!

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from
ruin,

His fields seemed to know what their
Master was doing;

And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,
and lea,

All caught the infection—as generous as
he. 20

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the
bowl,—

The fields better suited the ease of his
soul:

He strayed through the fields like an
indolent wight,

The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought; and
the poor, 25

Familiar with him, made an inn of his
door:

He gave them the best that he had; or,
to say

What less may mislead you, they took it
away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive
on his farm:

The Genius of plenty preserved him from
harm: 30

At length, what to most is a season of
sorrow,

His means are run out,—he must beg, or
must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free
with their money ;
For his hive had so long been replenished
with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He
continued his rounds, 35
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds
still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten
pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for
himself :
Then (what is too true) without hinting a
word,
Turned his back on the country—and off
like a bird. 40

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that
you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the
shame ;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the *ease* of his
heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—
With his grey hairs he went from the
brook and the green ; 46
And there, with small wealth but his legs
and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter,
and groom ; 50
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green
and is stout ;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run
about ;
You would say that each hair of his beard
was alive, 55
And his fingers as busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisure-
ly goes
About work that he knows, in a track
that he knows ;

But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his
body must stir. 60

In the throng of the town like a stranger
is he,
Like one whose own country's far over
the sea ;
And Nature, while through the great city
he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by
surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is
young, 65
More of soul in his face than of words on
his tongue ;
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and
sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his
eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry
parching heats ?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over
the streets ; 70
With a look of such earnestness often will
stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at
work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate
hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits
and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that
have made 75
Poor winter look fine in such strange
masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of
straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam
can draw ;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory
will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the
sounds of a dream. 80

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his
way,
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells
at the hay ;

He thinks of the fields he so often hath
mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were
his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to re-
pair,— 85
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet
with him there.

The breath of the cows you may see him
inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury
Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam! when low thou
art laid,

May one blade of grass spring up over
thy head; 90

And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever
it be,

Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves
of a tree.

III.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

[Composed 1804.—Published 1807.]

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold
and rain;

And, the first moment that the sun may
shine,

Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm
on swarm, 5

Or blasts the green field and the trees dis-
trest,

Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I
passed

And recognised it, though an altered
form, 10

Now standing forth an offering to the
blast,

And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered
voice,

"It doth not love the shower, nor seek
the cold:

This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old. 16

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the
dew;

It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed
of hue."

And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse
truth,

A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!

O Man, that from thy fair and shining
youth

Age might but take the things Youth
needed not!

IV.

THE TWO THIEVES;

OR,

THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were
mine,

And the skill which he learned on the
banks of the Tyne,

Then the Muses might deal with me just
as they chose,

For I'd take my last leave both of verse
and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical
hand! 5

Book-learning and books should be
banished the land:

And, for hunger and thirst and such
troublesome calls,

Every ale-house should then have a feast
on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes
on a chair;

Let them smoke, let them burn, not a
straw would he care! 10

For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream
and his sheaves,

Oh, what would they be to my tale of two
Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three
birthdays old,
His Grandsire that age more than thirty
times told ;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and
foul weather 15
Between them, and both go a-pilfering
together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his
floor ?
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's
door ?
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will
slide !
And his Grandson's as busy at work by
his side. 20

Old Daniel begins ; he stops short—and
his eye,
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning
and sly :
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly
his own,
But tells a plain tale of the days that are
flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by
the wires 25
Of manifold pleasures and many desires :
And what if he cherished his purse ?
'Twas no more
Than treading a path trod by thousands
before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but
Daniel is one
Who went something farther than others
have gone, 30
And now with old Daniel you see how it
fares ;
You see to what end he has brought his
grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere
the sun
Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is
begun :
And yet, into whatever sin they may
fall, 35
This child but half knows it, and that not
at all.

They hunt through the streets with de-
liberate tread,
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or
led ;
And, wherever they carry their plots and
their wiles,
Every face in the village is dimpled with
smiles. 40

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy
they roam ;
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter
at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage
that's done ;
And three, were it asked, would be ren-
dered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have
eyed, 45
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy
side :
Long yet may'st thou live ! for a teacher
we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

V.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND
DECAY.

[Composed 1798 (? 1797).—Published 1798.]

THE little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the road, regard him
not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression : every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but
moves 6
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet : he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure
given, 10
That patience now doth seem a thing of
which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly
feels.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837.]

WEEP not, belovèd Friends! nor let the
air

For me with sighs be troubled. Not from
life

Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy 5
Together move in fellowship without
end.—

Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him.

And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of
ours

Long to continue in this world; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a
hope 11

To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

[Composed 1809 or 1810.—Published February 22,
1810 (*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

PERHAPS some needful service of the State
Drew TITUS from the depth of studious
bowers,

And doomed him to contend in faithless
courts,

Where gold determines between right and
wrong.

Yet did at length his loyalty of heart 5
And his pure native genius, lead him
back

To wait upon the bright and gracious
Muses,

Whom he had early loved. And not in
vain

Such course he held! Bologna's learned
schools

Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and
hung 10

With fondness on those sweet Nestorian
strains.

There pleasure crowned his days; and all
his thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed¹.—O human
life,

That never art secure from dolorous
change!

Behold a high injunction suddenly 15
To Arno's side hath brought him, and he
charmed

A Tuscan audience: but full soon was
called

To the perpetual silence of the grave.

Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion steadfast and invincible, 20
To quell the rage of literary War!

III.

[Composed 1809 or 1810.—Published February 22,
1810 (*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in
haste!

'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was
born

Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.

On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shep-
herd 6

Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous
flock.

Well did I watch, much laboured, nor
had power

To escape from many and strange indig-
nities;

¹ Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer
to his original.

Was smitten by the great ones of the
 world, 10
 But did not fall; for Virtue braves all
 shocks,
 Upon herself resting immovably.
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of
 France,
 And in his hands I saw a high reward 15
 Stretched out for my acceptance,—but
 Death came.
 Now, Reader, learn from this my fate,
 how false,
 How treacherous to her promise, is the
 world;
 And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of
 earth. 20

IV.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 28, 1809
 (*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

THERE never breathed a man who, when
 his life
 Was closing, might not of that life relate
 Toils long and hard.—The warrior will
 report
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in
 the field,
 And blast of trumpets. He who hath
 been doomed 5
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
 From intricate cabals of treacherous
 friends.
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest
 youth, 10
 Could represent the countenance horrible
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant
 rage
 Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule:—
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic
 pillars, 15
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and
 oft.
 Of every cloud which in the heavens
 might stir

I knew the force; and hence the rough
 sea's pride
 Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow. 20
 What noble pomp and frequent have
 not I
 On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
 I learned that one poor moment can
 suffice
 To equalize the lofty and the low.
 We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One
 finds, 25
 And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.
 If more of my condition ye would know,
 Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang
 Of noble parents: seventy years and three
 Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837.]

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
 With an untoward fate was long involved
 In odious litigation; and full long,
 Fate harder still! had he to endure as-
 saults
 Of racking malady. And true it is 5
 That not the less a frank courageous heart
 And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;
 And he was strong to follow in the steps
 Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
 Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
 That might from him be hidden; not a
 track 11
 Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
 Had traced its windings.—This Savona
 knows,
 Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son
 She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
 Only by gold. And now a simple stone
 Inscribed with this memorial here is
 raised 17
 By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
 Think not, O Passenger! who read'st the
 lines
 That an exceeding love hath dazzled me;
 No—he was One whose memory ought to
 spread 21
 Where'er Permessus bears an honoured
 name,
 And live as long as its pure stream shall
 flow.

VI.

[Composed 1809.—Published December 23, 1809
(*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross:
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands was seen
Of Lybia; and not seldom, on the banks 6
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate:
This only grieves me, for it seems a
wrong, 10
That stripped of arms I to my end am
brought
On the soft down of my paternal home,
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life!

VII.

[Composed ?.—Published 1837.]

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle
blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds to
make
Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,
Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant
day 5
In its sweet opening? and what dire
mishap
Has from Savona torn her best delight?
For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease
to mourn;
And, should the out-pourings of her eyes
suffice not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat
Sebeto 10
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to
death,
In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love!
What profit riches? what does youth
avail?
Dust are our hopes;—I, weeping bitterly,
Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear
to pray 16

That every gentle Spirit hither led
May read them not without some bitter
tears.

VIII.

[Composed 1809.—Published January 4, 1810
(*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

NOT without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!
FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had
borne, 6
POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house;
And, when beneath this stone the Corse
was laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April of his life 10
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early
time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country: to his
kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering
thoughts
His friends had in their fondness enter-
tained¹, 15
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air; 20
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring! in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was
once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX.

[Composed 1809.—Published January 4, 1810
(*The Friend*); ed. 1815.]

PAUSE, courteous Spirit!—Balbi suppli-
cates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for
him

¹ In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:

— e degli amici
Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst
prefer

A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrice,
Enriched and beautified his studious
mind: 10

With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which
the Nymphs

Twine near their loved Permessus.—
Finally,
Himself above each lower thought up-
lifting, 15

His ears he closed to listen to the songs
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of
old;

And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar
sleep; 20

But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him!—O Passenger, fare-
well!

I.

[Composed ?.—Published 1835.]

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new
name;

She came, though meek of soul, in seemly
pride

Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which
proves 5

That God will chasten whom he dearly
loves.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy
given,

And troubles that were each a step to
Heaven:

Two Babes were laid in earth before she
died;

A third now slumbers at the Mother's
side; 10

Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles
afford

A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain—
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to
thwart 15

Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thought
asleep,

Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot
keep;

Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who
makes known

His bitter loss by this memorial Stone; 20
And pray that in his faithful breast the
grace

Of resignation find a hallowed place.

II.

[Composed 1812 (?).—Published 1837.]

Six months to six years added he re-
mained

Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then re-
moved

A Child whom every eye that looked on
loved;

Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly
thine!

III.

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor,
whose remains are deposited in the church of
Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected
by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George
Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the
love of a brother for the deceased, commends
this memorial to the care of his heirs and suc-
cessors in the possession of this place.

[Composed 1824.—Published 1842.]

By vain affections unenthralled,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world's broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
That ever feared the tempting sun, 5
Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
One heart-relieving tear may claim ;
But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice, 10
Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb !

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE."

IV.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE,
WESTMORELAND.

[Composed 1841.—Published : vol. of 1842.]

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft
A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,
Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared 5
To young and old ; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God's chastening love, 10
Here, brought from far, his corse found
rest,—

Fulfilment of his own request ;—
Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he
Planted with such fond hope the tree ;
Less for the love of stream and rock, 15
Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
When they no more their Pastor's voice
Could hear to guide them in their choice
Through good and evil, help might have,
Admonished, from his silent grave, 20
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF
THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —.

[Composed 1798.—Published : vol. of 1842.]

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent ;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died ; 5
And when his breath was fled,

I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand :—it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall 10
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day, blow foul or fair,
Ne'er will the best of all your train
Play with the locks of his white hair,
Or stand between his knees again. 15

Here did he sit confined for hours ;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming
panes.

Now stretched beneath his grass-green
mound 20

He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care. 25
Alas ! what idle words ; but take
The Dirge which for our Master's sake
And yours, love prompted me to make.
The rhymes so homely in attire
With learned ears may ill agree, 30
But chanted by your Orphan Quire
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone ;
Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;
And mourn when thou art all alone, 35
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb. 40

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong
youth,

As he before had sanctified
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay, 45
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this
way,

A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise, 50
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring 55
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME
YEARS AFTER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat;
But benefits, his gift, we trace—
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place. 60

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay, 65
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross, 71
Shining upon thy happy grave¹.

VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE
CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY
SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1807.]

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged
Pile!

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
thee:

I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was
there;

It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no
sleep;

No mood, which season takes away, or
brings: 10

I could have fancied that the mighty
Deep

Was even the gentlest of all gentle
Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
hand,

To express what then I saw; and add
the gleam, 14

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary
Pile

Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-
house divine 21

Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have
made: 30

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be be-
trayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no
more;

I have submitted to a new control:

A power is gone, which nothing can re-
store; 35

A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind
serene. 40

¹ See upon the subject of the three foregoing
pieces "Matthew," &c., &c., pp. 486—488.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would
have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but com-
mend;

This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and
well, 45

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly
swell,

This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here
sublime,

I love to see the look with which it
braves, 50

Cased in the unfeeling armour of old
time,

The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramp-
ling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives
alone,

Housed in a dream, at distance from the
Kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind. 56

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be
borne!

Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here.—

Not without hope we suffer and we
mourn. 60

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

[Composed 1805.—Published 1815.]

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea,
My Brother, too, in loving thee, 5
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide: 10
His wish was gained: a little time

Would bring him back in manhood's prime
And free for life, these hills to climb,
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day 15
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen, 20
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers! 25
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers,
A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the ship is gone;—
Returns from her long course:—anon 30
Sets sail:—in season due,
Once more on English earth they stand:
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his crew. 35

Ill-fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!
—At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained;
And through the stormy night they steer;
Labouring for life, in hope and fear, 40
To reach a safer shore—how near,
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander cried;
To that calm word a shriek replied,
It was the last death-shriek. 45
—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
Survive upon the tall mast's height;
But one dear remnant of the night—
For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea 50
He lay in slumber quietly;
Unforced by wind or wave
To quit the Ship for which he died,
(All claims of duty satisfied;)
And there they found him at her side; 55
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
For this, if other end were none,

That He, who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet 60
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
Should find an undisturbed retreat
Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield, 65
A meek man and a brave !
The birds shall sing and ocean make
A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and
wake
Upon his senseless grave. 70

VIII.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN
WORDSWORTH,

Commander of the E. I. Company's ship, the
Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished
by calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6th, 1805. Com-
posed near the Mountain track, that leads
from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where
it descends towards Patterdale.

[Composed 1805.—Published : vol. of 1842.]

I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, 'and lo !
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow :
Lord of the air, he took his flight ; 5
Oh ! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near. 10

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power 15
That meets me in this unknown Flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn !
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn. 20

III.

Here did we stop ; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,
For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found. 24
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come. 30

IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep !
All vanished in a single word, 35
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it
came,
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name. 40

V.

That was indeed a parting ! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past ;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains ;— 45
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release ;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace. 50

VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower ! To Him I would have
said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place ;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies 55
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss ;
But we will see it, joyful tide !
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross." 60

VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known,
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand—sacred as a Shrine;
And to the few who pass this way, 65
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure¹! 70

IX.

SONNET.

[Composed 1846.—Published 1850.]

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic
boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight
removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart
employ 5
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has
proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome; 10
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy
Spirit's home:
When such divine communion, which we
know,
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

X.

LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

[Composed September (?), 1806. —Published 1807.]

LOUD is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are
gone,

¹ The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (Silene acaulis, of Linnaeus). See Note, p. 925 See among the Poems on the "Naming of Places," No. VI.

A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth 5
In peace is roaring like the Sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load²! 10
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay, 15
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this— 20

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

XI.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

[Composed February, 1816.—Published 1816.]

I.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth!

O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-
kind!"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than
the wind:

"From regions where no evil thing has
birth

I come—thy stains to wash away, 5
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,

And open thy sad eyes upon a milder
day.

The Heavens are thronged with martyrs
that have risen

From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan 10

² Importuna e grave salma.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
 Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
 Into the deserts of Eternity.
 Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
 But not on high, where madness is re-
 sented, 15
 And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
 Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
 The choirs of Angels spread, triumphant-
 ly augmented.

II.

“False Parent of Mankind!
 Obdurate, proud, and blind, 20
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
 Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
 my wings,
 Upon the act a blessing I implore, 24
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
 The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
 Are conscious;—may the like return no
 more!
 May Discord—for a Seraph's care
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
 May she, who once disturbed the seats of
 bliss 30
 These mortal spheres above,
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss!
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
 love,
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-
 prove!” 34

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
 And the pure vision closed in darkness
 infinite.

XII.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY
 OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM “THE EX-
 CURSION,” UPON HEARING OF THE
 DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF
 KENDAL.

[Composed November 13, 1814.—Published 1815.]

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
 Did I deliver this unfinished Song;

Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
 With self-congratulation on the Book
 Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
 read;— 5
 Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
 He conned the new-born Lay with grate-
 ful heart—
 Foreboding not how soon he must de-
 part;
 Unweeting that to him the joy was given
 Which good men take with them from
 earth to heaven. 10

XIII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE
 DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

[Composed probably Dec. 1824.—Published 1827.]

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?
 Ask rather a triumphal strain
 When FERMOR'S race is run;
 A garland of immortal boughs
 To twine around the Christian's brows, 5
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;
 No tears of passionate regret
 Shall stain this votive lay;
 Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief 10
 That flings itself on wild relief
 When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
 For ever covetous to feel,
 And impotent to bear! 15
 Such once was hers—to think and think
 On severed love, and only sink
 From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
 Faith had refined; and to her heart 20
 A peaceful cradle given:
 Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
 Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend 25
 So graciously?—that could descend,
 Another's need to suit,
 So promptly from her lofty throne?—
 In works of love, in these alone,
 How restless, how minute! 30

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathes had felt a
wound ;

Such look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong. 36

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things ;
Her quiet is secure ;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet, 40
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends ; 45
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !
Thou strikest—absence perisheth, 50
Indifference is no more ;
The future brightens on our sight ;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

XIV.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL,
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church,
wherein is a mural monument bearing an
inscription which, in deference to the earnest
request of the deceased, is confined to name,
dates, and these words :—"Enter not into judg-
ment with thy servant, O Lord !"

[Composed November, 1830.—Published 1835.]

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time,

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man
dies.

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and for-
bade, 5

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.

Yet *here* at least, though few have num-
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light of
praise,

His graceful manners, and the temperate
ray

Of that arch fancy which would round
him play, 10

Brightening a converse never known to
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed
to strife ;

Those rare accomplishments, and varied
powers, 15

Might have their record among sylvan
bowers.

Oh, fled for ever ! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it
passed ;—

Gone from this world of earth, air, sea,
and sky,

From all its spirit-moving imagery, 20
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,

A poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not un-
true

To common recognitions while the line 24
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine ;—

Oh ! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal
rights ;—

Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured
page

Lit by that evening lamp which loved to
shed 30

Its mellow lustre round thy honoured
head ;

While Friends beheld thee give with eye,
voice, mien,

More than theatric force to Shakspeare's
scene ;—

If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their
pleasures flow ; 35

If things in our remembrance held so
dear,

And thoughts and projects fondly che-
rished here,

To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's
dream—

Rebuke us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, "Let praise be mute where
I am laid;" 41

The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine
grief

From *silent* admiration wins relief. 45
Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
That doth "within itself its sweetness
close;"

A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.
Within these groves, where still are flit-
ting by 50

Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
When towers and temples fall, to speak
of Thee!

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs
spring forth,

Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain
unbound,

Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill, 61
That could not lie concealed where Thou
wert known;

Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are
thrown.

XV.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB.

[Composed November, 1835.—Published 1837]

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew
breath,

Was reared and taught; and humbly
earned his bread,

To the strict labours of the merchant's
desk

5

By duty chained. Not seldom did those
tasks

Tease, and the thought of time so spent
depress,

His spirit, but the recompense was high;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful
sire;

Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure
came, 11

Knowledge and wisdom, gained from con-
verse sweet

With books, or while he ranged the
crowded streets

With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thought-
ful love 16

Inspired—works potent over smiles and
tears.

And as round mountain-tops the lightning
plays,

Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words. 22
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields

Had been derived the name he bore—
a name,

Wherever Christian altars have been
raised, 25

Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles
strange,

Many and strange, that hung about his
life;

Still, at the centre of his being, lodged 30
A soul by resignation sanctified:

And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins 35
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just
Heaven.

O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing
heart

Those simple lines flowed with an earnest
wish, 40
Though but a doubting hope, that they
might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That
aim is missed ;
For much that truth most urgently re-
quired
Had from a faltering pen been asked in
vain : 45
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand
unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the
air
Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my
Friend, 50
But more in show than truth ; and from
the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural
grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing
flowers ;
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho'
still 55
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even
to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit
lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the
last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest
hour, 60
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light,
enshrined
Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been
The love established between man and
man,
"Passing the love of women ;" and be-
tween
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock
joined 65
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul
of love
Without whose blissful influence Paradise

Had been no Paradise ; and earth were
now
A waste where creatures bearing human
form,
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in
fear, 70
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide
on ;
And let him grieve who cannot choose
but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering chari-
ties,
That, round his trunk and branches,
might have clung 75
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind ; 81
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender
cares,
All softening, humanising, hallowing
powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake un-
sought— 85
More than sufficient recompense !

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell
it here ?)
Was as the love of mothers ; and when
years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part 90
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting
world,
Did they together testify of time 95
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from
one root ;
Such were they—such thro' life they *might*
have been
In union, in partition only such ;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
High ; 100
Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,

Still they were faithful; like two vessels
launched

From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing—to their
league

True, as inexorable winds, or bars 105
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were
taught 111

That the remembrance of foregone distress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike 115
Disarmed of power to unsettle present
good

So prized, and things inward and outward
held

In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy
feels,

And in its depth of gratitude is still. 120

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and
praise,

And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts
of others, 126

A thousand times more beautiful ap-
peared,

Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but
holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead 130
To the blest world where parting is un-
known.

XVI.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

[Composed November, 1835.—Published Decem-
ber 12, 1835 (*The Athenæum*); ed. 1837.]

WHEN first, descending from the moor-
lands,

I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide

Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered, 5
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies; 10
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge 15
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth. 20

Like clouds that rake the mountain-sum-
mits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber 25
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with dark-
ness,

Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-
looking, 31

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered, 35
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep. 40

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead¹.

¹ See Note, p. 926.

XVII.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

[Composed 1843.—Published 1845.]

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither
drew

The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, lov'd
books, no more

Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their
renown, 5

Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the
heart,

Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's
mind 11

By reverence for the rights of all man-
kind.

Wide were his aims, yet in no human
breast

Could private feelings meet for holier
rest.

His joys, his griefs, have vanished like
a cloud 15

From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven
was vowed

Through his industrious life, and Christian
faith

Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death.

O D E.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

[Composed 1803 (? 1802)-1806.—Published 1807.]

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can
see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from
the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy Shepherd-boy! 35

IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,

A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat: 55
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home: 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy; 70
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day. 76

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, 85
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's
eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human
life, 91

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart, 95

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside, 100

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous
stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied
Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation 106

Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost
keep 110

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest, 115

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the
grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by; 120

[To whom the grave

Is but a lonely bed without the sense or
sight

Of day or the warm light,

A place of thought where we in waiting
lie;¹]

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the
might 125

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
strife?)

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly
freight, 130

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers 135

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth
breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be
blest;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed 140

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in
his breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things, 146

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal
Nature 150

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may, 154

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power
to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the
being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never: 160

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavour,

¹ Found in edd. 1807 and 1815; omitted from ed. 1820 and all subsequent issues in consequence of Coleridge's adverse criticism. See *Biographia Literaria*, chap. xxii.—Ed.

Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be, 166
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal
 sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the
 shore, 170
 And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
 more.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
 song !
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng, 175
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-
 day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was
 once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight, 180
 Though nothing can bring back the
 hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
 flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy 185
 Which having been must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through
 death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,
 and Groves, 191
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
 might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their
 channels fret, 196
 Even more than when I tripped lightly
 as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting
 sun 200
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
 tality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms
 are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we
 live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
 fears, 205
 To me the meanest flower that blows can
 give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
 tears.

APPENDIX: POEMS OF 1793¹.

An Evening Walk.

REPRINTED FROM THE QUARTO OF 1793.

AN EVENING WALK. AN EPISTLE; IN VERSE. ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, FROM THE LAKES OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND. BY W. WORDSWORTH, B.A., OF ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE. LONDON: PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. 1793.

ARGUMENT.

General Sketch of the Lakes.—Author's Regret of his Youth passed amongst them.—Short description of Noon.—Cascade Scene.—Noontide Retreat.—Precipice and Sloping Lights.—Face of Nature as the Sun declines.—Mountain Farm, and the Cock.—Slate Quarry.—Sunset.—Superstition of the Country, connected with that Moment.—Swans.—Female Beggar.—Twilight Objects.—Twilight Sounds.—Western Lights.—Spirits.—Night.—Moonlight.—Hope.—Night Sounds.—Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove	Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottag'd grounds,
Thro' bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;	Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes	Where, bosom'd deep, the shy Winander ² peeps
Thro' craggs, and forest glooms, and opening lakes,	'Mid clust'ring isles, and holly-sprinkl'd steep;
Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar	Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore:	And memory of departed pleasures, more.
Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer	Fair scenes! with other eyes, than once, I gaze,
Of giant yews that frown on Rydale's mere;	The ever-varying charm your round displays,
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,	Than when, erewhile, I taught, "a happy child,"
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;	The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:
10	20

¹ The *Errata* of these Poems are here rectified in the text.—Ed.

² These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
 Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand;
 In youth's wild eye the livelong day was
 bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars of
 night,
 Alike, when first the vales the bittern
 fills, 25
 Or the first woodcocks¹ roam'd the moon-
 light hills.

Return Delights! with whom my road
 begun,
 When Life rear'd laughing up her morn-
 ing sun;
 When Transport kiss'd away my april tear,
 "Rocking as in a dream the tedious
 year;" 30
 When link'd with thoughtless Mirth I
 cours'd the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain.
 For then, ev'n then, the little heart would
 beat
 At times, while young Content forsook
 her seat,
 And wild Impatience, panting upward,
 show'd 35
 Where tipp'd with gold the mountain-
 summits glow'd.
 Alas! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round;
 With Hope Reflexion blends her social
 rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days; 40
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant
 Pow'r,
 He knows but from its shade the present
 hour.

While, Memory at my side, I wander here,
 Starts at the simplest sight th' unbidden
 tear, 44
 A form discover'd at the well-known seat,
 A spot, that angles at the riv'let's feet,
 The ray the cot of morning trav'ling nigh,
 And sail that glides the well-known alders
 by.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
 To shew her yet some joys to me remain,
 Say, will my friend, with soft affection's ear,
 The history of a poet's ev'ning hear?

When, in the south, the wan noon brood-
 ing still,
 Breath'd a pale steam around the glaring
 hill,
 And shades of deep embattl'd clouds were
 seen 55
 Spotting the northern cliffs with lights
 between;
 Gazing the tempting shades to them
 deny'd,
 When stood the shorten'd herds amid the
 tide,
 Where, from the barren wall's unshelter'd
 end,
 Long rails into the shallow lake extend;
 When schoolboys stretch'd their length
 upon the green 61
 And round the humming elm, a glimmer-
 ing scene!
 In the brown park, in flocks, the troubl'd
 deer
 Shook the still twinkling tail and glanc-
 ing ear;
 When horses in the wall-girt intake²
 stood, 65
 Unshaded, eying far below, the flood,
 Crouded behind the swain, in mute dis-
 tress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to
 press;
 And long, with wistful gaze, his walk
 survey'd
 Till dipp'd his pathway in the river
 shade; 70
 —Then Quiet led me up the huddling rill,
 Bright'ning with water-breaks the som-
 brous gill³;
 To where, while thick above the branches
 close,
 In dark-brown bason its wild waves re-
 pose,

¹ In the beginning of winter, these mountains, in the moonlight nights, are covered with immense quantities of woodcocks; which, in the dark nights, retire into the woods.

² The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

³ Gill is also, I believe, a term confined to this country. Glen, gill, and dingle, have the same meaning.

Inverted shrubs, and moss of darkest
green, 75
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-
weeds between;
Save that, atop, the subtle sunbeams
shine,
On wither'd briars that o'er the craggs
recline;
Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,
Illumes with sparkling foam the twilight
shade. 80
Beyond, along the vисто of the brook,
Where antique waste its bustling path
o'erlook,
The eye reposes on a secret bridge¹
Half grey, half shagg'd with ivy to its
ridge.
—Sweet rill, farewell! To-morrow's noon
again, 85
Shall hide me wooing long thy wildwood
strain;
But now the sun has gain'd his western
road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps
abroad.
While, near the midway cliff, the silver'd
kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her
flight; 90
Slant wat'ry lights, from parting clouds
a-pace,
Travel along the precipice's base;
Chearing its naked waste of scatter'd
stone
By lichens grey, and scanty moss o'er-
grown,
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, and
thistle's beard, 95
And desert stone-chat, all day long, is
heard.
How pleasant, as the yellowing sun de-
clines,
And with long rays and shades the land-
scape shines;

To mark the birches' stems all golden
light,
That lit the dark slant woods with silvery
white! 100
The willows weeping trees, that twink-
ling hoar,
Glanc'd oft upturn'd along the breezy
shore,
Low bending o'er the colour'd water, fold
Their moveless boughs and leaves like
threads of gold;
The skiffs with naked masts at anchor
laid, 105
Before the boat-house peeping thro' the
shade;
Th' unwearied glance of woodman's echo'd
stroke;
And curling from the trees the cottage
smoke.
Their pannier'd train a groupe of potters
goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep
road; 110
The peasant from yon cliff of fearful edge
Shot, down the headlong pathway darts
his sledge;
Bright beams the lonely mountain horse
illumine,
Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings²,"
and broom;
While the sharp slope the slacken'd team
confounds, 115
Downward³ the pond'rous timber-wain
resounds;
Beside their sheltering cross⁴ of wall, the
flock
Feeds on in light, nor thinks of winter's
shock;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry
song,
Dash'd down the rough rock, lightly leaps
along; 120

² "Vivid rings of green." GREENWOOD'S Poem on Shooting.

³ "Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings." BEATTIE.

⁴ These rude structures, to protect the flocks, are frequent in this country: the traveller may recollect one in Withburne, another upon Whinlatter.

¹ The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognize in this description the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the gardens of Rydale.

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's
feet,

Three humble bells their rustic chime
repeat;

Sounds from the water-side the hammer'd
boat;

And blasted quarry thunders heard re-
mote.

Ev'n here, amid the sweep of endless
woods, 125

Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and fall-
ing floods,

Not undelightful are the simplest charms
Found by the verdant door of mountain
farms.

Sweetly¹ ferocious round his native walks,
Gaz'd by his sister-wives, the monarch
stalks; 130

Spur clad his nervous feet, and firm his
tread,

A crest of purple tops his warrior head.

Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-
ball hurls

Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;

Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to
and fro, 135

Droops, and o'er canopies his regal brow,
On tiptoe rear'd he blows his clarion
throat,

Threaten'd by faintly answering farms
remote.

Bright'ning the cliffs between where
sombrous pine,

And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks re-
cline, 140

I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
Dwarf pannier'd steeds, and men, and
numerous wains:

How busy the enormous hive within,

While Echo dallies with the various din!

Some, hardly heard their chissel's clink-
ing sound, 145

Toil, small as pigmies, in the gulph pro-
found;

Some, dim between th' aerial cliffs de-
sery'd,

O'erwalk the viewless plank from side to
side;

These by the pale-blue rocks that cease-
less ring

Glad from their airy baskets hang and
sing. 150

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that
rears

It's edge all flame, the broad'ning sun
appears;

A long blue bar it's ægis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of it's golden
tides;

And now it touches on the purple steep
That flings his shadow on the pictur'd
deep. 155

Cross the calm lakes blue shades the cliffs
aspire,

With tow'rs and woods a "prospect all on
fire;"

The coves and secret hollows thro' a ray
Of fainter gold a purple gleam betray;

The gilded turf arrays in richer green 161
Each speck of lawn the broken rocks
between;

Deep yellow beams the scatter'd boles
illumine,

Far in the level forest's central gloom;
Waving his hat, the shepherd in the vale
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,
That, barking busy 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where he points, the intercepted
flocks;

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance
shoots

On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots; 170

The Druid² stones their lighted fane un-
fold,

And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;

² Not far from Broughton is a Druid monu-
ment, of which I do not recollect that any tour
descriptive of this country makes mention. Per-
haps this poem may fall into the hands of some
curious traveller, who may thank me for informing
him, that up the Duddon, the river which forms
the estuary at Broughton, may be found some of
the most romantic scenery of these mountains.

¹ "Dolcemente feroce."—Tasso.

In this description of the cock, I remembered a
spirited one of the same animal in the *l'Agriculture, ou Les Georgiques Françaises* of M. Ros-
suet.

Sunk¹ to a curve the day-star lessens
still,
Gives one bright glance, and sinks behind
the hill.
In these lone vales, if aught of faith may
claim, 175
Thin silver hairs, and ancient hamlet
fame;
When up the hills, as now, retreats the
light,
Strange apparitions mock the village
sight.
A desperate form appears, that spurs his
steed,
Along the midway cliffs with violent
speed; 180
Unhurt pursues his lengthen'd flight,
while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong
fall.
Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show
Of horsemen shadows winding to and
fro;
And now the van is gilt with evening's
beam, 185
The rear thro' iron brown betrays a sullen
gleam;
Lost² gradual o'er the heights in pomp
they go,
While silent stands th' admiring vale
below;
Till, but the lonely beacon all is fled,
That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry
head. 190
Now while the solemn evening Shadows
sail,
On red slow-waving pinions down the
vale,
And, fronting the bright west in stronger
lines,
The oak its dark'ning boughs and foliage
twines,
I love beside the flowing lake to stray,
Where winds the road along the secret
bay; 196

By rills that tumble down the woody
steeps,
And run in transport to the dimpling
deeps;
Along the "wild meand'ring" shore to
view,
Obsequious Grace the winding swan pur-
sue. 200
He swells his lifted chest, and backward
flings
His bridling neck between his tow'ring
wings;
Stately, and burning in his pride, di-
vides
And glorying looks around, the silent
tides:
On as he floats, the silver'd waters glow,
Proud of the varying arch and moveless
form of snow. 206
While tender Cares and mild domestic
Loves,
With furtive watch pursue her as she
moves;
The female with a meeker charm suc-
ceeds,
And her brown little ones around her
leads, 210
Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating
grass:
She in a mother's care, her beauty's
pride
Forgets, unweary'd watching every side,
She calls them near, and with affection
sweet 215
Alternately relieves their weary feet;
Alternately³ they mount her back, and
rest
Close by her mantling wings' embraces
prest.
Long may ye roam these hermit waves
that sleep,
In birch besprinkl'd cliffs embosom'd
deep; 220
These fairy holms untrodden, still, and
green,
Whose shades protect the hidden wave
serene;

¹ From Thomson: see Scott's Critical Essays.

² See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's "Survey of the Lakes," accompan-
ied with vouchers of its veracity that may amuse
the reader.

³ This is a fact of which I have been an eye-
witness.

Whence fragrance scents the water's
 desert gale,
 The violet, and the lily¹ of the vale;
 Where, tho' her far-off twilight ditty
 steal, 225
 They not the trip of harmless milkmaid
 feel.

Yon tuft conceals your home, your cottage
 bow'r,
 Fresh water rushes strew the verdant
 floor;
 Long grass and willows form the woven
 wall,
 And swings above the roof the poplar
 fall. 230
 Thence issuing oft, unwieldily as ye
 stalk,
 Ye crush with broad black feet your
 flow'ry walk;
 Safe from your door ye hear at breezy
 morn,
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow
 horn;
 At peace inverted your lithe necks ye
 lave, 235
 With the green bottom strewing o'er the
 wave;
 No ruder sound your desert haunts in-
 vades,
 Than waters dashing wild, or rocking
 shades.
 Ye ne'er, like hapless human wanderers,
 throw
 Your young on winter's winding sheet of
 snow. 240

Fair swan! by all a mother's joys caress'd,
 Haply some wretch has ey'd, and call'd
 thee bless'd;
 Who faint, and beat by summer's breath-
 less ray,
 Hath dragg'd her babes along this weary
 way;
 While arrowy fire extorting feverish
 groans, 245
 Shot stinging through her stark o'er-
 labour'd bones.

—With backward gaze, lock'd joints, and
 step of pain,
 Her seat scarce left, she strives, alas! in
 vain,
 To teach their limbs along the burning
 road
 A few short steps to totter with their
 load, 250
 Shakes her numb arm that slumbers with
 its weight,
 And eyes through tears the mountain's
 shadeless height;
 And bids her soldier come her woes to
 share,
 Asleep on Bunker's charnel hill² afar;
 For hope's deserted well why wistful
 look? 255
 Chok'd is the pathway, and the pitcher
 broke.

I see her now, deny'd to lay her head,
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built
 shed;
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
 By pointing to a shooting star on high:
 I hear, while in the forest depth he sees,
 The Moon's fix'd gaze between the open-
 ing trees,
 In broken sounds her elder grief demand,
 And skyward lift, like one that prays, his
 hand,
 If, in that country, where he dwells
 afar, 265
 His father views that good, that kindly
 star;
 —Ah me! all light is mute amid the
 gloom,
 The interlunar cavern of the tomb.
 —When low-hung clouds each star of
 summer hide,
 And fireless are the valleys far and
 wide, 270
 Where the brook brawls along the painful
 road,
 Dark with bat haunted ashes stretching
 broad,
 The distant clock forgot, and chilling dew,
 Pleas'd thro' the dusk their breaking
 smiles to view,

¹ The lily of the valley is found in great abundance in the smaller islands of Winandermere.

² Substituted in *Errata* for the words of the text:—"Minden's charnel plain."—Ed.

Oft has she taught them on her lap to play
 Delighted, with the glow-worm's harm-
 less ray 276
 Toss'd light from hand to hand; while
 on the ground
 Small circles of green radiance gleam
 around.

Oh! when the bitter showers her path
 assail,
 And roars between the hills the torrent
 gale, 280
 —No more her breath can thaw their
 fingers cold,
 Their frozen arms her neck no more can
 fold;
 Scarce heard, their chattering lips her
 shoulder chill,
 And her cold back their colder bosoms
 thrill;
 All blind she wilders o'er the lightless
 heath, 285
 Led by Fear's cold wet hand, and dogg'd
 by Death;
 Death, as she turns her neck the kiss to
 seek,
 Breaks off the dreadful kiss with angry
 shriek.
 Snatch'd from her shoulder with despair-
 ing moan,
 She clasps them at that dim-seen roofless
 stone.— 290
 "Now ruthless Tempest launch thy dead-
 liest dart!
 Fall fires—but let us perish heart to
 heart."
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes to
 shield,
 And faint the fire a dying heart can yield;
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly
 fears 295
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its
 tears;
 Soon shall the Lightning hold before thy
 head
 His torch, and shew them slumbering in
 their bed,
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom
 warms,
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffin'd in
 thine arms. 300

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from
 afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding
 star,
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling
 sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's
 edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and
 bill 305
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck
 before.
 While, by the scene compos'd, the breast
 subsides,
 Nought wakens or disturbs it's tranquil
 tides; 310
 Nought but the char that for the may-fly
 leaps,
 And breaks the mirror of the circling
 deeps;
 Or clock, that blind against the wanderer
 born,
 Drops at his feet, and stills his droning
 horn.
 —The whistling swain that plods his ring-
 ing way 315
 Where the slow waggon winds along the
 bay;
 The sigh¹ of swallow flocks that twitter-
 ing sweep,
 The solemn curfew swinging long and
 deep;
 The talking boat that moves with pensive
 sound,
 Or drops his anchor down with plunge
 profound; 320
 Of boys that bathe remote the faint
 uproar,
 And restless piper wearying out the shore;
 These all to swell' the village murmurs
 blend,
 That soften'd from the water-head
 descend.

¹ "Sugh," a Scotch word, expressive, as Mr. Gilpin explains it, of the sound of the motion of a stick through the air, or of the wind passing through the trees. See Burn's Cotter's Saturday Night.

While in sweet cadence rising small and
still 325
The far-off minstrels of the haunted hill,
As the last bleating of the fold expires,
Tune in the mountain dells their water
lyres.

Now with religious awe the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of the
night; 330
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the moun-
tain's brow,

And round the West's proud lodge their
shadows throw,
Like Una¹ shining on her gloomy way,
The half seen form of Twilight roams
astray;

Thence, from three paly loopholes mild
and small, 335
Slow lights upon the lake's still bosom
fall,

Beyond the mountain's giant reach that
hides

In deep determin'd gloom his subject
tides.

—'Mid the dark steeps repose the shadowy
streams,

As touch'd with dawning moonlight's
hoary gleams, 340

Long streaks of fairy light the wave
illumine

With bordering lines of intervening gloom,
Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale
Tracking with silvering path the change-
ful gale.

—'Tis restless magic all; at once the
bright 345

Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the
light,

Fair Spirits are abroad; in sportive chase
Brushing with lucid wands the water's
face,

While music stealing round the glimmer-
ing deeps

Charms the tall circle of th' enchanted
steeps. 350

—As thro' th' astonish'd woods the notes
ascend,

The mountain streams their rising song
suspend;

Below Eve's listening Star the sheep walk
stills

It's drowsy tinklings on th' attentive
hills;

The milkmaid stops her ballad, and her
pail 355

Stays it's low murmur in th' unbreathing
vale;

No night-duck clamours for his wilder'd
mate,

Aw'd, while below the Genii hold their
state.

—The pomp is fled, and mute the won-
drous strains,

No wrack of all the pageant scene re-
mains, 360

So² vanish those fair Shadows, human joys,
But Death alone their vain regret de-
stroys.

Unheeded Night has overcome the vales,
On the dark earth the baffl'd vision fails,

If peep between the clouds a star on
high, 365

There turns for glad repose the weary
eye;

The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded
plain;

Last evening sight, the cottage smoke no
more,

Lost in the deepen'd darkness, glimmers
hoar; 370

High towering from the sullen dark-brown
mere,

Like a black wall, the mountain steeps
appear,

Thence red from different heights with
restless gleam

Small cottage lights across the water
stream,

Nought else of man or life remains be-
hind 375

To call from other worlds the wilder'd
mind,

¹ Alluding to this passage of Spenser—

“Her angel face
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in that shady place.”

² “So break those glittering shadows, human joys.”
YOUNG.

Till pours the wakeful bird her solemn strains
 Heard¹ by the night-calm of the wat'ry plains.
 —No purple prospects now the mind employ
 Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy, 380
 But o'er the sooth'd accordant heart we feel
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deep'ning on the tranquil mind.
 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay! 385
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away.
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains,
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.
 The bird, with fading light who ceas'd to tread
 Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed, 390
 From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
 Salute with boding note the rising moon,
 Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,
 And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound;
 Rejoic'd her solemn pomp of clouds to fold 395
 In robes of azure, fleecy white, and gold,
 While rose and poppy, as the glow-worm fades,
 Checquer with paler red the thicket shades.
 Now o'er the eastern hill, where Darkness broods
 O'er all its vanish'd dells, and lawns, and woods 400
 Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
 She lifts in silence up her lovely face;
 Above the gloomy valley flings her light,
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;

And gives, where woods the checquer'd upland strew, 405
 To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.
 Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn;
 'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
 The weary hills, impervious, black'ning near; 410
 —Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
 On darling spots remote her tempting smile.
 —Ev'n now she decks for me a distant scene,
 (For dark and broad the gulph of time between)
 Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way; 416
 How fair it's lawn and silvery woods appear!
 How sweet it's streamlet murmurs in mine ear!)
 Where we, my friend, to golden days shall rise,
 'Till our small share of hardly-painingsighs
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
 Creep hush'd into the tranquil breast of Death.
 But now the clear-bright Moon her zenith gains,
 And rimy without speck extend the plains;
 The deepest dell the mountain's breast displays, 425
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
 From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
 The scene is waken'd, yet its peace unbroke,
 By silver'd wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke, 430
 That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,
 Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

¹ "Charming the night-calm with her powerful song." A line of one of our older poets.

The song of mountain streams unheard by day,	Sound of clos'd gate, across the water born,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my home- ward way.	Hurrying the feeding hare thro' rustling corn;
All air is, as the sleeping water, still, 435	The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;
List'ning th' aëreal music of the hill,	And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,	The distant forge's swinging thump pro- found; 445
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,	Or yell in the deep woods of lonely hound.
Soon follow'd by his hollow-parting oar,	
And echo'd hoof approaching the far shore; 440	

Descriptive Sketches.

(REPRINTED FROM THE QUARTO OF 1793.)

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. IN VERSE. TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN THE ITALIAN, GRISON, SWISS, AND SAVOYARD ALPS. BY W. WORDSWORTH, B.A., OF ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE. "LOCA PASTORUM DESERTA ATQUE OTIA DIA."—*Lucret.* "CASTELLA IN TUMULIS—ET LONGE SALTUS LATEQUE VACANTES."—*Virgil.* LONDON: PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. 1793.

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES, FELLOW
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of my having accompanied you amongst the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in re-

minding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together, consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethkelert, Menai and her druids, the Alpine steepes of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem, I am, Dear Sir, Your most obedient very humble servant.
W. WORDSWORTH.

ARGUMENT.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on Earth) amongst the Charms of Nature.—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller.—Author crosses France to the Alps.—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse.—Lake of Como.—Time, Sunset.—Same Scene, Twilight.—Same Scene, Morning, it's Voluptuous Character; Old Man and Forest Cottage Music.—River Tusa.—Via Mala and Grison Gypsy.—Valley of Skellenenthal.—Lake of Uri.—Stormy Sunset.—Chapel of William Tell.—Force of Local Emotion. Chamois Chaser.—View of the higher Alps.—Manner of Life of a Swiss Mountaineer interspersed with Views of the higher Alps.—Golden Age of the Alps.—Life and Views continued.—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air.—Abbey of Einsiedlen and it's Pilgrims.—Valley of Chamouny.—Mont Blanc.—Slavery of Savoy.—Influence of Liberty on Cottage Happiness.—France.—Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery.—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground,
By Pain and her sad family unfound,
Sure, Nature's GOD that spot to man had
giv'n,

Where murmuring rivers join the song of
ev'n;

Where falls the purple morning far and
wide

In flakes of light upon the mountain-
side;

Where summer Suns in ocean sink to
rest,

Or moonlight Upland lifts her hoary
breast;

Where Silence, on her night of wing, o'er-
broods

Unfathom'd dells and undiscover'd woods;
Where rocks and groves the power of
waters shakes

In cataracts, or sleeps in quiet lakes.
But doubly pitying Nature loves to show'r
Soft on his wounded heart her healing
pow'r,

Who plods o'er hills and vales his road
forlorn,

Wooing her varying charms from eve to
morn.

No sad vacuities his heart annoy,
Blows not a Zephyr but it whispers
joy;

For him lost flowers their idle sweets
exhale;

He tastes the meanest note that swells
the gale;

For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn,
And peeps the far-off spire, his evening
bourn!

Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
And dear the green-sward to his velvet
tread;

Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming
eye?

Upward he looks—and calls it luxury;
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend,
In every babbling brook he finds a friend,
While chast'ning thoughts of sweetest
use, bestow'd

By Wisdom, moralize his pensive road.
Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide
bow'r,

To his spare meal he calls the passing
poor;

He views the Sun uprear his golden fire,
Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's¹
lyre;

Blesses the Moon that comes with kindest
ray

To light him shaken by his viewless way.

With bashful fear no cottage children steal
From him, a brother at the cottage meal,
His humble looks no shy restraint impart,
Around him plays at will the virgin heart.

While unsuspended wheels the village
dance,

The maidens eye him with inquiring
glance,

Much wondering what sad stroke of craz-
ing Care

Or desperate Love could lead a wanderer
there.

Me, lur'd by hope her sorrows to re-
move,

A heart, that could not much itself ap-
prove,

O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,
Her² road elms rustling thin above my
head,

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

² There are few people whom it may be neces-

Or through her truant pathway's native
charms,
By secret villages and lonely farms, 50
To where the Alps, ascending white in
air,
Toy with the Sun, and glitter from afar.
Ev'n now I sigh at hoary Chartreuse'
doom
Weeping beneath his chill of mountain
gloom.
Where now is fled that Power whose frown
severe 55
Tam'd "sober Reason" till she crouch'd
in fear?
That breath'd a death-like peace these
woods around,
Broke only by th' unvaried torrent's
sound,
Or prayer-bell by the dull cicada
drown'd.
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,
And Blasphemy the shuddering fane
alarms; 61
Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubl'd
heads,
Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night
o'erspreads.
Strong terror checks the female peasant's
sighs,
And start th' astonish'd shades at female
eyes. 65
The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
And swells the groaning torrent with his
tears.
From Bruno's forest screams the frightened
jay,
And slow th' insulted eagle wheels away.
The cross with hideous laughter Demons
mock, 70
By angels¹ planted on the aerial rock.
The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and
Death²,

Swelling the outcry dull, that long re-
sounds
Portentous, thro' her old woods' trackless
bounds, 75
Deepening her echoing torrents' awful
peal
And bidding paler shades her form con-
ceal,
Vallombre³, 'mid her falling fanes, de-
plores,
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bow'rs.
More pleas'd, my foot the hidden
margin roves 80
Of Como bosom'd deep in chestnut groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy
steeps
Tower, bare or silvan, from the narrow
deeps.
To towns, whose shades of no rude sound
complain,
To ringing team unknown and grating
wain, 85
To flat-roof'd towns, that touch the water's
bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
Or from the bending rocks obtrusive cling,
And o'er the whiten'd wave their shadows
fling;
Wild round the steepes the little⁴ path-
way twines, 90
And Silence loves it's purple roof of vines.
The viewless lingerer hence, at evening,
sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between
the trees;
Or marks, mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
ey'd maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden
glades, 95
Or, led by distant warbling notes, sur-
veys,
With hollow ringing ears and darkening
gaze,

sary to inform, that the sides of many of the
post-roads in France are planted with a row of
trees.

¹ Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the
spiry rocks of the Chartreuse, which have every
appearance of being inaccessible.

² Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

³ Name of one of the vallies of the Chartreuse.

⁴ If any of my readers should ever visit the
Lake of Como, I recommend it to him to take
a stroll along this charming little pathway; he
must chuse the evening, as it is on the western
side of the Lake. We pursued it from the foot
of the water to its head: it is once interrupted
by a ferry.

Binding the charmed soul in powerless
 trance,
 Lip-dewing Song and ringlet-tossing
 Dance,
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles
 illumine 100
 The bosom'd cabin's lyre-enliven'd gloom;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to
 view
 Stretch, o'er their pictur'd mirror, broad
 and blue,
 Tracking the yellow sun from steep to
 steep,
 As up th' opposing hills, with tortoise
 foot, they creep. 105
 Here half a village shines, in gold ar-
 ray'd,
 Bright as the moon, half hides itself in
 shade.
 From the dark sylvan roofs the restless
 spire,
 Inconstant glancing, mounts like spring-
 ing fire, 109
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the waves below.
 Slow glides the sail along th' illumined
 shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
 sighs,
 And amorous music on the water dies.
 Heedless how Pliny, musing here, sur-
 vey'd
 Old Roman boats and figures thro' the
 shade,
 Pale Passion, overpower'd, retires and
 woos
 The thicket, where th' unlisten'd stock-
 dove coos.
 How bless'd, delicious Scene! the eye
 that greets 120
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
 Th' unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs
 that scales,
 The never-ending waters of thy vales;
 The cots, those dim religious groves em-
 bow'r,
 Or, under rocks that from the water tow'r
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore, 126
 Each with his household boat beside the
 door,

Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic
 droop,
 Bright'ning the gloom where thick the
 forests stoop;
 —Thy torrents shooting from the clear-
 blue sky, 130
 Thy towns, like swallows' nests that cleave
 on high;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,
 descri'd
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy
 side,
 Whence lutes and voices down th' en-
 charmed woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten
 floods, 135
 While Evening's solemn bird melodious
 weeps,
 Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the
 steeps;
 —Thy lake, mid smoking woods, that
 blue and grey
 Gleams, streak'd or dappled, hid from
 morning's ray
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to
 fold 140
 It's green-tint'd margin in a blaze of gold;
 From thickly-glittering spires the matin-
 bell
 Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
 A summons to the sound of oars, that pass,
 Spotting the steaming deeps, to early
 mass; 145
 Slow swells the service o'er the water
 born,
 While fill each pause the ringing woods of
 morn.
 Farewel! those forms that, in thy
 noon-tide shade,
 Rest, near their little plots of wheaten
 glade;
 Those steadfast eyes, that beating breasts
 inspire 150
 To throw the "sultry ray" of young De-
 sire;
 Those lips, whose tides of fragrance come,
 and go,
 Accordant to the cheek's unquiet glow;
 Those shadowy breasts in love's soft light
 array'd,
 And rising, by the moon of passion sway'd.

—Thy fragrant gales and lute-resounding
streams, 156
Breathe o'er the failing soul voluptuous
dreams;
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to
dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's
cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes along thy
marge, 160
And winds between thine isles the vocal
barge.
Yet, arts are thine that rock th' un-
sleeping heart,
And smiles to Solitude and Want im-
part.
I lov'd, mid thy most desert woods
astray,
With pensive step to measure my slow
way¹, 165
By lonely, silent cottage-doors to roam,
The far-off peasant's day-deserted home;
Once did I pierce to where a cabin
stood,
The redbreast peace had bury'd it in
wood,
There, by the door a hoary-headed sire
Touch'd with his wither'd hand an aged
lyre; 171
Beneath an old-grey oak as violets lie,
Stretch'd at his feet with steadfast, up-
ward eye,
His children's children join'd the holy
sound,
A hermit—with his family around. 175
Hence shall we seek where fair Locarno
smiles
Embower'd in walnut slopes and citron
isles,
Or charms that smile on Tusa's evening
stream,
While mid dim towers and woods her²
waters gleam:

From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,
retire 180
The dull-red steep, and darkening still,
aspire,
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguish'd clouds, and rocks,
and snow;
Or, led where Viamala's chasms con-
fine
Th' indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Bend o'er th' abyss?—the else impervious
gloom 186
His burning eyes with fearful light
illumine.
The Grison gypsey here her tent has
plac'd,
Sole human tenant of the piny waste;
Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy
locks, 190
Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath
the rocks.

—The mind condemn'd, without reprieve,
to go
O'er life's long deserts with it's charge of
woe,
With sad congratulation joins the
train,
Where beasts and men together o'er } 195
the plain
Move on,—a mighty caravan of pain;
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffer-
ing brings,
Freshening the waste of sand with shades
and springs.
—She solitary through the desert drear
Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with
Fear. 200

A giant moan along the forest swells
Protracted, and the twilight storm fore-
tells,
And, ruining from the cliffs their deafen-
ing load
Tumbles, the wildering Thunder slips
abroad;
On the high summits Darkness comes
and goes, 205
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and
snows;
The torrent, travers'd by the lustre broad,
Starts like a horse beside the flashing road;

¹ "Solo, e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vò misurando à passi tardi, e lenti."—
PETRARCH.

² The river along whose banks you descend in
crossing the Alps by the Semplon pass. From
the striking contrast of it's features, this pass I
should imagine to be the most interesting among
the Alps.

In the roof'd¹ bridge, at that despairing
 hour,
 She seeks a shelter from the battering
 show'r. 210
 —Fierce comes the river down; the crash-
 ing wood
 Gives way, and half it's pines torment
 the flood;
 Fearful², beneath, the Water-spirits call,
 And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its
 fall.
 —Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the
 night, 215
 No star supplies the comfort of it's light,
 Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated, round,
 And one sole light shifts in the vale
 profound;
 While, opposite, the waning moon hangs
 still,
 And red, above her melancholy hill. 220
 By the deep quiet gloom appall'd, she sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary
 eyes.
 —Breaking th' ascending roar of desert
 floods,
 And insect buzz, that stuns the sultry
 woods,
 She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,
 The death-dog, howling loud and long,
 below; 226
 On viewless fingers counts the valley-
 clock,
 Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.
 —Bursts from the troubl'd Larch's giant
 boughs
 The pie, and chattering breaks the night's
 repose. 230
 Low barks the fox: by Havoc rous'd the
 bear,
 Quits, growling, the white bones that
 strew his lair;
 The dry leaves stir as with the serpent's
 walk,
 And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk;

Behind her hill the Moon, all crimson,
 rides, 235
 And his red eyes the slinking water
 hides;
 Then all is hushed; the bushes rustle near,
 And with strange tinglings sings her
 fainting ear.
 —Vex'd by the darkness, from the piny
 gulf
 Ascending, nearer howls the famish'd
 wolf, 240
 While thro' the stillness scatters wild
 dismay,
 Her babe's small cry, that leads him to
 his prey.
 Now, passing Urseren's open vale
 serene,
 Her quiet streams, and hills of downy
 green,
 Plunge with the Russ embrown'd by
 Terror's breath, 245
 Where danger roofs the narrow walks of
 death;
 By floods, that, thundering from their
 dizzy height,
 Swell more gigantic on the steadfast sight;
 Black dizzying craggs, that beaten by
 the din,
 Vibrate, as if a voice complain'd within;
 Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks,
 afraid, 251
 Unsteadfast, by a blasted yew upstay'd;
 By cells³ whose image, trembling as he
 prays,
 Awe struck, the kneeling peasant scarce
 surveys;
 Loose-hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye
 that hide, 255
 And crosses⁴ rear'd to Death on every
 side,
 Which with cold kiss Devotion planted
 near,
 And, bending, water'd with the human
 tear,

¹ Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood and covered: these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

² "Red came the river down, and loud, and oft
 The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd."

HOME'S *Douglas*.

³ The Catholic religion prevails here. These cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like Roman tombs, along the road side.

⁴ Crosses commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents very common along this dreadful road.

Soon fading "silent" from her upward
eye,

Unmov'd with each rude form of Danger
nigh, 260

Fix'd on the anchor left by him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring
waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect opes,
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan
slopes.

While mists, suspended on th' expiring
gale, 265

Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale,
The beams of evening, slipping soft be-
tween,

Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene;
Winding it's dark-green wood and eme-
erald glade,

The still vale lengthens underneath the
shade; 270

While in soft gloom the scattering bowers
recede,

Green dewy lights adorn the freshen'd
mead,

Where solitary forms illumin'd stray
Turning with quiet touch the valley's
hay,

On the low¹ brown wood-huts delighted
sleep 275

Along the brighten'd gloom reposing
deep.

While pastoral pipes and streams the
landscape lull,

And bells of passing mules that tinkle
dull,

In solemn shapes before th' admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and
tow'rs, 281

And antique castles seen thro' drizzling
show'rs.

From such romantic dreams my soul
awake,

Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,
By whose unpathway'd margin still and
dread 285

Was never heard the plodding peasant's
tread.

Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or
reach

Far o'er the secret water dark with beach,
More high, to where creation seems to
end,

Shade above shade the desert pines as-
cend, 290

And still, below, where mid the savage
scene

Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,
There with his infants man undaunted
creeps

And hangs his small wood-hut upon the
steeps.

A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard
blooms, 296

A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff
Threading the painful cragg surmounts
the cliff.

—Before those hermit doors, that never
know 299

The face of traveller passing to and fro,
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning toll'd the funeral
bell,

Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark for-
goes,

Touch'd by the beggar's moan of human
woes,

The grassy seat beneath their casement
shade 305

The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never
stay'd.

—There, did the iron Genius not dis-
dain

The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle
plain,

There might the love-sick maiden sit, and
chide

Th' insuperable rocks and severing tide,
There watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt
sail 311

Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale,
There list at midnight till is heard no
more,

Below, the echo of his parting oar,
There hang in fear, when growls the
frozen stream, 315

To guide his dangerous tread the taper's
gleam.

¹ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys
are all built of wood.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons
 cry,
 Where hardly giv'n the hopeless waste to
 cheer
 Deny'd the bread of life the foodful ear,
 Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest
 spray, 321
 And apple sickens pale in summer's ray,
 Ev'n here Content has fix'd her smiling
 reign
 With Independence child of high Dis-
 dain.
 Exulting mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom
 flies, 326
 And often grasps her sword, and often
 eyes,
 Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest
 pine,
 Strange "weeds" and alpine plants her
 helm entwine,
 And wildly-pausing oft she hangs aghast,
 While thrills the "Spartan fife" between
 the blast. 331
 'Tis storm; and hid in mist from hour
 to hour
 All day the floods a deeper murmur
 pour,
 And mournful sounds, as of a Spirit
 lost,
 Pipe wild along the hollow-blustering
 coast, 335
 'Till the Sun walking on his western
 field
 Shakes from behind the clouds his flash-
 ing shield.
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling
 form;
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering,
 shine 340
 The wood-crown'd cliffs that o'er the lake
 recline;
 Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams
 unfold,
 At once to pillars turn'd that flame with
 gold;
 Behind his sail the peasant strives to
 shun
 The west that burns like one dilated sun,

Where in a mighty crucible expire 346
 The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of
 fire¹.
 But lo! the boatman, over-aw'd, before
 The pictur'd fane of Tell suspends his oar;
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While burn in his full eyes the glorious
 tears. 351
 And who but feels a power of strong con-
 trol,
 Felt only there, oppress his labouring
 soul,
 Who walks, where honour'd men of an-
 cient days
 Have wrought with god-like arm the
 deeds of praise? 355
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lull'd by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain; or where with
 soften'd gaze
 The old grey stones the plaided chief
 surveys,
 Can guess the high resolve, the cherish'd
 pain 360
 Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,
 Where breath'd the gale that caught
 Wolfe's happiest sigh,
 And the last sun-beam fell on Bayard's eye,
 Where bleeding Sydney from the cup
 retir'd,
 And glad Dundee in "faint huzza's" ex-
 pir'd. 365

¹ I had once given to these sketches the title of Picturesque; but the Alps are insulted in applying to them that term. Whoever, in attempting to describe their sublime features, should confine himself to the cold rules of painting would give his reader but a very imperfect idea of those emotions which they have the irresistible power of communicating to the most impassive imaginations. The fact is, that controuling influence, which distinguishes the Alps from all other scenery, is derived from images which disdain the pencil. Had I wished to make a picture of this scene I had thrown much less light into it. But I consulted nature and my feelings. The ideas excited by the stormy sunset I am here describing owed their sublimity to that deluge of light, or rather of fire, in which nature had wrapped the immense forms around me; any intrusion of shade, by destroying the unity of the impression, had necessarily diminished its grandeur.

But now with other soul I stand alone
 Sublime upon this far-surveying cone,
 And watch from pike¹ to pike amid the
 sky

Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly.
 'Tis his with fearless step at large to roam
 Thro' wastes, of Spirits wing'd the solemn
 home, 371

Thro'² vacant worlds where Nature never
 gave
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred
 keep;

Thro' worlds where Life and Sound, and
 Motion sleep, 375
 Where Silence still her death-like reign
 extends,

Save when the startling cliff unfrequent
 rends:

In the deep snow the mighty ruin drown'd,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf
 abortive sound;

—To mark a planet's pomp and steady
 light 380

In the least star of scarce-appearing night,
 And neighbouring moon, that coasts the
 vast profound,

Wheel pale and silent her diminish'd
 round,

While far and wide the icy summits blaze
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays; 385
 The star of noon that glitters small and
 bright,

Shorn of his beams, insufferably white,
 And flying fleet behind his orb to view
 Th' interminable sea of sable blue.

—Of cloudless suns no more ye frost-built
 spires 390

Refract in rainbow hues the restless fires!
 Ye dewy mists the arid rocks o'er-spread
 Whose slippery face derides his deathful
 tread!

—To wet the peak's impracticable sides
 He opens of his feet the sanguine tides,

Weak and more weak the issuing current
 eyes 396
 Lapp'd by the panting tongue of thirsty
 skies³.

—At once bewildering mists around him
 close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of
 woes; 399

The Demon of the snow with angry roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Craz'd by the strength of hope at morn
 he eyes

As sent from heav'n the raven of the skies,
 Then with despair's whole weight his
 spirits sink,

No bread to feed him, and the snow his
 drink, 405

While ere his eyes can close upon the
 day,

The eagle of the Alps o'ershades his prey.
 —Meanwhile his wife and child with
 cruel hope

All night the door at every moment ope;
 Haply that child in fearful doubt may
 gaze, 410

Passing his father's bones in future days,
 Start at the reliques of that very thigh,
 On which so oft he prattled when a boy.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with
 fear afar,

Thunders thro' echoing pines the head-
 long Aar? 415

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's⁴ pastoral
 heights?

—Is there who mid these awful wilds
 has seen

The native Genii walk the mountain
 green?

Or heard, while other worlds their charms
 reveal, 420

Soft music from th' aerial summit steal?

¹ Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of England, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale pike, &c.

² For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

³ The rays of the sun drying the rocks frequently produce on their surface a dust so subtle and slippery, that the wretched chamois-chasers are obliged to bleed themselves in the legs and feet in order to secure a footing.

⁴ The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps: this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

While o'er the desert, answering every
close,
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes
and goes.
—And sure there is a secret Power that
reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot
profanes, 425
Nought but the herds that pasturing up-
ward creep,
Hung dim-discover'd from the dangerous
steep,
Or summer hamlet¹, flat and bare, on high
Suspended, mid the quiet of the sky. 429
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouzes the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
Broke only by the melancholy sound
Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue 436
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods steady
sugh²;
The solitary heifer's deepen'd low;
Or rumbling heard remote of falling snow.
Save that, the stranger seen below, the
boy 440
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage
joy.
When warm from myrtle bays and
tranquil seas,
Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal
breeze³,
When hums the mountain bee in May's
glad ear,
And emerald isles to spot the heights
appear, 445
When shouts and lowing herds the valley
fill,
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide
hill,

When fragrant scents beneath th' en-
chanted tread
Spring up, his little all around him spread,
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to
scale, 450
To silence leaving the deserted vale,
Up the green mountain tracking Sum-
mer's feet,
Each twilight earlier call'd the Sun to
meet,
With earlier smile the ray of morn to view
Fall on his shifting hut that gleams mid
smoking dew; 455
Bless'd with his herds, as in the patri-
arch's age,
The summer long to feed from stage to
stage;
O'er azure pikes serene and still, they go,
And hear the rattling thunder far below;
Or lost at eve in sudden mist the day 460
Attend, or dare with minute-steps their
way;
Hang from the rocks that tremble o'er
the steep,
And tempt the icy valley yawning deep,
O'er-walk the chasmy torrent's foam-lit
bed,
Rock'd on the dizzy larch's narrow tread,
Whence Danger leans, and pointing ghast-
ly, joys 466
To mock the mind with "desperation's
toys";
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half-
deter'd,
That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.
—I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he
throws
The fodder of his herds in winter snows.
Far different life to what tradition hoar
Transmits of days more bless'd in times
of yore⁴. 475

¹ These summer hamlets are most probably (as I have seen observed by a critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) what Virgil alludes to in the expression "Castella in tumulis."

² Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

³ This wind, which announces the spring to the Swiss, is called in their language FOEN; and is according to M. Raymond the Syroco of the Italians.

⁴ This tradition of the golden age of the Alps, as M. Raymond observes, is highly interesting, interesting not less to the philosopher than to the poet. Here I cannot help remarking, that the superstitions of the Alps appear to be far from possessing that poetical character which so eminently distinguishes those of Scotland and the other mountainous northern countries. The

Then Summer lengthen'd out his season
 bland,
 And with rock-honey flow'd the happy
 land.
 Continual fountains welling cheer'd the
 waste,
 And plants were wholesome, now of dead-
 ly taste.
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had
 pil'd 480
 Usurping where the fairest herbage
 smil'd;
 Nor Hunger forc'd the herds from pas-
 tures bare
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to
 dare.
 Then the milk-thistle bad those herds
 demand
 Three times a day the pail and welcome
 hand. 485
 But human vices have provok'd the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,
 On the lone mountain top, their chang'd
 estate. 489
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.
 —'Tis morn: with gold the verdant moun-
 tain glows,
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of
 rose.
 Far stretch'd beneath the many-tinted
 hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea! whose vales and moun-
 tains round 496
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships
 appear 500
 The pines that near the coast their sum-
 mits rear
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant
 shore
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still
 and hoar;

Devil with his horns, &c., seems to be, in their
 idea, the principal agent that brings about the
 sublime natural revolutions that take place daily
 before their eyes.

Loud thro' that midway gulf ascending,
 sound
 Unnumber'd streams with hollow roar
 profound. 505
 Mounts thro' the nearer mist the chaunt
 of birds,
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest
 swell.
 Think not, suspended from the cliff on
 high 510
 He looks below with undelighted eye.
 —No vulgar joy is his, at even tide
 Stretch'd on the scented mountain's pur-
 ple side.
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 Beyond his native valley hardly stray, 515
 Nought round it's darling precincts can
 he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his
 mind,
 While Hope that ceaseless leans on Plea-
 sure's urn
 Binds her wild wreathes, and whispers
 his return.
 Once Man entirely free, alone and
 wild, 520
 Was bless'd as free—for he was Nature's
 child.
 He, all superior but his God disdain'd,
 Walk'd none restraining, and by none
 restrain'd,
 Confess'd no law but what his reason
 taught,
 Did all he wish'd, and wish'd but what he
 ought. 525
 As Man in his primæval dower ar-
 ray'd
 The image of his glorious sire display'd,
 Ev'n so, by vestal Nature guarded, here
 The traces of primæval Man appear,
 The native dignity no forms debase, 530
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace.
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
 He marches with his flute, his book, and
 sword,
 Well taught by that to feel his rights,
 prepar'd
 With this "the blessings he enjoys to
 guard." 535

And as on glorious ground he draws his
breath,
Where Freedom oft, with Victory and
Death,
Hath seen in grim array amid their
Storms
Mixed with auxiliar Rocks, three hundred
Forms¹;
While twice ten thousand corselets at the
view 540
Dropp'd loud at once, Oppression shriek'd,
and flew.
Oft as those sainted Rocks before him
spread,
An unknown power connects him with
the dead.
For images of other worlds are there,
Awful the light, and holy is the air. 545
Uncertain thro' his fierce uncultur'd soul
Like lighted tempests troubled transports
roll;
To viewless realms his Spirit towers
again,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.
And oft, when pass'd that solemn vision
by, 550
He holds with God himself communion
high,
When the dread peal of swelling torrents
fills
The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal
hills,
And savage Nature humbly joins the
rite,
While flash her upward eyes severe de-
light. 555
Or gazing from the mountain's silent brow,
Bright stars of ice and azure worlds of
snow,

Where needle peaks of granite shooting
bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air,
Great joy by horror tam'd dilates his
heart, 560
And the near heav'ns their own delights
impart.
—When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene
farewell,
Alps overlooking Alps their state up-
swell;
Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear²
and Storms,
Lift, all serene, their still, illumin'd
forms, 565
In sea-like reach of prospect round him
spread,
Ting'd like an angel's smile all rosy red.
When downward to his winter hut he
goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle
grows,
The hut which from the hills his eyes
employs 570
So oft, the central point of all his joys.
And as a swift by tender cares oppress'd
Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
So to th' untrodden floor, where round
him looks
His father helpless as the babe he
rocks, 575
Oft he descends to nurse the brother
pair,
Till storm and driving ice blockade him
there;
There hears, protected by the woods
behind,
Secure, the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter, calling all his Terrors
round, 580
Rush down the living rocks with whirl-
wind sound.
Thro' Nature's vale his homely pleasures
glide
Unstain'd by envy, discontent, and pride,
The bound of all his vanity to deck
With one bright bell a favourite heifer's
neck; 585

¹ Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and in particular, to one fought at Naefels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempting to make a stand were repulsed anew.

² As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror. Wetter-Horn the pike of storms, &c., &c.

Content upon some simple annual feast,
Remember'd half the year, and hop'd the
rest,

If dairy produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers consecrate the
board.

—Alas! in every clime a flying ray 590
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way,
Condemn'd, in mists and tempests ever
rife,

To pant slow up the endless Alp of life.
“Here,” cried a swain, whose venerable
head

Bloom'd with the snow-drops of Man's
narrow bed, 595

Last night, while by his dying fire, as
clos'd

The day, in luxury my limbs repos'd,
“Here Penury oft from misery's mount
will guide

Ev'n to the summer door his icy tide,
And here the avalanche of Death destroy
The little cottage of domestic Joy. 601
But, ah! th' unwilling mind may more
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race:
The churlish gales, that unremitting blow
Cold from necessity's continual snow, 605
To us the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more; the tyrant Genius, still at strife
With all the tender Charities of life,
When close and closer they begin to
strain, 610

No fond hand left to staunch th' unclosing
vein,

Tearing their bleeding ties leaves Age to
groan

On his wet bed, abandon'd and alone.
For ever, fast as they of strength become
To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,
The father forc'd by Powers that only
deign 616

That solitary Man disturb their reign,
From his bare nest amid the storms of
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, his sons as he was
driven,

His last dread pleasure! watches to the
plain— 620

And never, eagle-like, beholds again.”

When the poor heart has all its joys
resign'd,

Why does their sad remembrance cleave
behind?

Lo! by the lazy Seine the exile roves,
Or where thick sails illumine Batavia's
groves; 625

Soft o'er the waters mournful measures
swell,

Unlocking bleeding Thought's “memorial
cell;”

At once upon his heart Despair has set
Her seal, the mortal tear his cheek has wet;
Strong poison not a form of steel can brave
Bows his young hairs with sorrow to the
grave! 631

Gay lark of hope thy silent song
resume!

Fair smiling lights the purpled hills
illumine!

Soft gales and dews of life's delicious
morn,

And thou! lost fragrance of the heart
return! 635

Soon² flies the little joy to man allow'd,
And tears before him travel like a cloud.
For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,
Labour, and Pain, and Grief, and joyless
Age,

And Conscience dogging close his bleeding
way 640

Cries out, and leads her Spectres to their
prey,

'Till Hope-deserted, long in vain his
breath

Implores the dreadful untried sleep of
Death.

—Mid savage rocks and seas of snow that
shine

Between interminable tracts of pine, 645
Round a lone fane the human Genii
mourn,

Where fierce the rays of woe collected
burn.

¹ The effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss troops removed from their native country is well known, as also the injunction of not playing it on pain of death, before the regiments of that nation, in the service of France and Holland.

² *Optima quaque dies, &c.*

—From viewless lamps a ghastly dimness
falls,
And ebbs uncertain on the troubled walls,
Dim dreadful faces thro' the gloom
appear, 650
Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in
fear,
While strives a secret Power to hush the
croud,
Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her
rights aloud.
Oh give not me that eye of hard
disdain
That views undimm'd Einsiedlen's wretch-
ed fane¹. 655
Mid muttering prayers all sounds of tor-
ment meet,
Dire clap of hands, distracted chase of
feet,
While loud and dull ascends the weeping
cry,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may
die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance
bear 660
One flower of hope—Oh pass and leave it
there.
—The tall Sun, tip-toe on an Alpine
spire,
Flings o'er the desert blood-red streams
of fire.
At such an hour there are who love to
stray,
And meet the gladdening pilgrims on
their way. 665
—Now with joy's tearful kiss each other
greet,
Nor longer naked be your way-worn feet,
For ye have reach'd at last the happy
shore,
Where the charm'd worm of pain shall
gnaw no more.
How gayly murmur and how sweetly
taste 670
The fountains² rear'd for you amid the
waste!

Yes I will see you when ye first behold
Those turrets tipp'd by hope with morn-
ing gold,
And watch, while on your brows the cross
ye make,
Round your pale eyes a wintry lustre
wake. 675
—Without one hope her written griefs to
blot,
Save in the land where all things are
forgot,
My heart, alive to transports long un-
known,
Half wishes your delusion were it's
own.
Last let us turn to where Chamouny³
shields, 680
Bosom'd in gloomy woods, her golden
fields,
Five streams of ice amid her cots de-
scend,
And with wild flowers and blooming
orchards blend,
A scene more fair than what the Grecian
feigns
Of purple lights and even vernal
plains. 685
Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets
fann'd,
Here all the Seasons revel hand in
hand.
—Red stream the cottage lights; the
landscape fades,
Erroneous wavering mid the twilight
shades.
Alone ascends that mountain nam'd of
white⁴ 690
That dallies with the Sun the summer
night.
Six thousand years amid his lonely bounds
The voice of Ruin, day and night, re-
sounds.

¹ This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

² Rude fountains built and covered with sheds

for the accommodation of the pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain. Under those sheds the sentimental traveller and the philosopher may find interesting sources of meditation.

³ This word is pronounced upon the spot Chamouny, I have taken the liberty of reading it long thinking it more musical.

⁴ It is only from the higher part of the valley of Chamouny that Mont Blanc is visible.

Where Horror-led his sea of ice assails,
Havoc and Chaos blast a thousand vales,
In waves, like two enormous serpents,
wind 696

And drag their length of deluge train
behind.

Between the pine's enormous boughs
descry'd

Serene he towers, in deepest purple dy'd;
Glad Day-light laughs upon his top of
snow, 700

Glitter the stars above, and all is black
below.

At such an hour I heav'd the human
sigh,

When roar'd the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thee, delicious vale! unfold
Thy reddening orchards, and thy fields of
gold; 705

That thou, the slave of slaves¹, art
doom'd to pine,

While no Italian arts their charms com-
bine

To teach the skirt of thy dark cloud to
shine;

For thy poor babes that, hurrying from
the door,

With pale-blue hands, and eyes that fix'd
implore, 710

Dead muttering lips, and hair of hungry
white,

Besiege the traveller whom they half
affright.

—Yes, were it mine, the cottage meal to
share

Forc'd from my native mountains bleak
and bare;

O'er Anet's² hopeless seas of marsh to
stray, 715

Her shrill winds roaring round my lonely
way;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breath-
ing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
In the wide range of many a weary round,

Still have my pilgrim feet unailing
found, 720

¹ It is scarce necessary to observe that these lines
were written before the emancipation of Savoy.

² A vast extent of marsh so called near the
lake of Neuchatel.

As despot courts their blaze of gems
display,
Ev'n by the secret cottage far away }
The lily of domestic joy decay;
While Freedom's farthest hamlets bless-
ings share,

Found still beneath her smile, and only
there. 725

The casement shade more luscious wood-
bine binds,

And to the door a neater pathway winds,
At early morn the careful housewife, led
To cull her dinner from it's garden bed,

Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect
sees, 730

While hum with busier joy her happy
bees;

In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,
And laugh with merrier blaze her even-
ing fires;

Her infant's cheeks with fresher roses
glow,

And wilder graces sport around their
brow; 735

By clearer taper lit a cleanlier board
Receives at supper hour her tempting
hoard;

The chamber hearth with fresher boughs
is spread,

And whiter is the hospitable bed.

—And thou! fair favoured region! which
my soul 740

Shall love, 'till Life has broke her golden
bowl,

Till Death's cold touch her cistern-wheel
assail,

And vain regret and vain desire shall fail;
Tho' now, where erst the grey-clad peasant
stray'd,

To break the quiet of the village shade
Gleam war's³ discordant habits thro' the
trees, 746

And the red banner mock the sullen
breeze;

'Tho' now no more thy maids their voices
suit

To the low-warbled breath of twilight
lute,

³ This, as may be supposed, was written before
France became the seat of war.

And heard, the pausing village hum be-
 tween, 750
 No solemn songstress lull the fading green,
 Scared by the fife, and rumbling drum's
 alarms,
 And the short thunder, and the flash of
 arms;
 While, as Night bids the startling uproar
 die,
 Sole sound, the sound¹ renews his mourn-
 ful cry: 755
 —Yet, hast thou found that Freedom
 spreads her pow'r
 Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage
 door:
 All nature smiles; and owns beneath her
 eyes
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
 Yes, as I roam'd where Loiret's² waters
 glide 760
 Thro' rustling aspens heard from side to
 side,

¹ An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard, at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

² The river Loiret, which has the honour of giving name to a department, rises out of the earth at a place, called La Source, a league and a half south-east of Orleans, and taking at once the character of a considerable stream, winds under a most delicious bank on its left, with a flat country of meadows, woods, and vineyards on its right, till it falls into the Loire about three or four leagues below Orleans. The hand of false taste has committed on its banks those outrages which the Abbé de Lille so pathetically deprecates in those charming verses descriptive of the Seine, visiting in secret the retreat of his friend Watelet. Much as the Loiret, in its short course, suffers from injudicious ornament, yet are there spots to be found upon its banks as soothing as meditation could wish for: the curious traveller may meet with some of them where it loses itself among the mills in the neighbourhood of the villa called La Fontaine. The walks of La Source, where it takes its rise, may, in the eyes of some people, derive an additional interest from the recollection that they were the retreat of Bolingbroke during his exile, and that here it was that his philosophical works were chiefly composed. The inscriptions of which he speaks in one of his letters to Swift descriptive of this spot, are not, I believe, now extant. The gardens have been modelled within these twenty years according to a plan evidently not dictated by the taste of the friend of Pope.

When from october clouds a milder
 light
 Fell, where the blue flood rippled into
 white,
 Methough from every cot the watchful
 bird
 Crowed with ear-piercing power 'till then
 unheard; 765
 Each clacking mill, that broke the mur-
 muring streams,
 Rock'd the charm'd thought in more de-
 lightful dreams,
 Chasing those long long dreams the fall-
 ing leaf
 Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief;
 The measured echo of the distant flail 770
 Winded in sweeter cadence down the
 vale;
 A more majestic tide the water³ roll'd
 And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer
 gold:
 —Tho' Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
 Red on his hills his beacon's comet
 blaze;
 Bid from on high his lonely cannon
 sound,
 And on ten thousand hearths his shout
 rebound;
 His larum-bell from village-tow'r to tow'r
 Swing on th' astounded ear it's dull un-
 dying roar:
 Yet, yet rejoice, tho' Pride's perverted
 ire 780
 Rouze Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills
 in fire.
 Lo! from th' innocuous flames, a lovely
 birth!
 With it's own Virtues springs another
 earth:
 Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
 Begins, and Love and Truth compose her
 train; 785
 With pulseless hand, and fix'd unwearied
 gaze,
 Unbreathing Justice her still beam sur-
 veys:

³ The duties upon many of the French rivers were so exorbitant that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

No more, along thy vales and viny groves,
Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves,
With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of bale-
ful glow, 790

On his pale horse shall fell Consumption
go.

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves
to ride

Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and
Pride,

To break, the vales where Death with
Famine scow'rs,

And dark Oppression builds her thick-
ribb'd tow'rs; 795

Where Machination her fell soul re-
signs,

Fled panting to the centre of her
mines;

Where Persecution decks with ghastly
smiles

Her bed, his mountains mad Ambition
piles;

Where Discord stalks dilating, every
hour, 800

And crouching fearful at the feet of
Pow'r,

Like Lightnings eager for th' almighty
word,

Look up for sign of havoc, Fire and
Sword¹,

—Give them, beneath their breast while
Gladness springs,

To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like
wings; 805

And grant that every sceptred child of
clay,

Who cries, presumptuous, "here their
tides shall stay,"

Swept in their anger from th' affrighted
shore,

With all his creatures sink—to rise no
more.

To-night, my friend, within this humble
cot 810

Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot,
Renewing, when the rosy summits glow

At morn, our various journey, sad and
slow.

¹ ———— And, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine,
Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employment.

SUPPLEMENT OF PIECES NOT APPEAR- ING IN THE EDITION OF 1849-50;

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

I.

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT
HAWKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

[Composed 1784-5.—Published 1851 (*Memoirs of W.*).

"I was called upon, among other scholars," Wordsworth says, "to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys. The verses were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up. The only part of that poem which has been preserved is the conclusion of it, which stands at the beginning of my collected Poems." (*See Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem, &c., page 1.*)—Ed.

"And has the Sun his flaming chariot
driven
Two hundred times around the ring of
heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred
train,
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly
reign?
While thus I mused, methought, before
mine eyes,
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the
boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender
age
Spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's
rage;
But she who trains the generous British
youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth:
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seem'd to move.

Stern was her forehead, but a smile serene
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien.' 16
Close at her side were all the powers,
design'd

To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind:
With panting breast, now pale as winter
snows,

Now flush'd as Hebe, Emulation rose; 20
Shame follow'd after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye;
Last Industry appear'd with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train, 25
Threw back my eyes, return'd, and gazed
again.

When lo! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents
ran.

"When Superstition left the golden
light
And fled indignant to the shades of night;
When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful
breast 31
And lull'd the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that
roll

In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful ray,
And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter
day; 36

So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,
Hush'd are the winds and silent are the
tides;

The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and
dissipates the night; 40

Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling
blaze;

Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,
Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought the
cheerful isle, 46

The shades of night no more the soul
involve,
She sheds her beam, and, lo! the shades
dissolve;

No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,
With mazy rules perplex the weary mind;
No shadowy forms entice the soul aside, 51
Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.
Britain, who long her warriors had adored,
And deem'd all merit centred in the sword;
Britain, who thought to stain the field was
fame, 55

Now honour'd Edward's less than Bacon's
name.

Her sons no more in listed fields advance
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance;
No longer steel their indurated hearts
To the mild influence of the finer arts; 60
Quick to the secret grotto they retire
To court majestic truth, or wake the golden
lyre;

By generous Emulation taught to rise,
The seats of learning brave the distant
skies.

Then noble Sandys, inspir'd with great
design, 65
Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and call'd
it mine.

There have I loved to show the tender age
The golden precepts of the classic page;
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science
reigns; 70

Fair to the view is sacred Truth display'd,
In all the majesty of light array'd,
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole
to pole,

From thence to search the mystic cause of
things 75

And follow Nature to her secret springs;
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
To regulate the mind's disordered frame,
And quench the passions kindling into
flame; 80

The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
And purge from Vice's dross my tender
charge.

Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,
And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do;
Go to the world, peruse the book of man,
And learn from thence thy own defects to
scan; 86

Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
But coldly rest not here—be more than
just;

Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
The gentler manners of the private dome;
When Virtue weeps in agony of woe, 91
Teach from the heart the tender tear to
flow;

If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul en-
tice,

Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,

Arise superior to the Siren's power, 95
The wretch, the short-lived vision of an
hour;

Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties
fly,
As fades the chequer'd bow that paints the
sky.

“So shall thy sire, whilst hope his
breast inspires,

And wakes anew life's glimmering trem-
bling fires, 100

Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise
with joy,

Look up to heaven, and bless his darling
boy.

If e'er these precepts quell'd the passions'
strife,

If e'er they smooth'd the rugged walks of
life,

If e'er they pointed forth the blissful way
That guides the spirit to eternal day, 106

Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.

Awake, awake! and snatch the slumbering
lyre,

Let this bright morn and Sandys the song
inspire. 110

“I look'd obedience: the celestial Fair
Smiled like the morn, and vanish'd into
air.”

II.

SONNET, ON SEEING MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS WEEP AT A TALE OF DISTRESS.

[Composed 1787.—Published March, 1787 (*The European Magazine*, Vol. XI, p. 202); never reprinted by W.]

SHE wept.—Life's purple tide began to
flow

In languid streams through every thrilling
vein;

Dim were my swimming eyes—my pulse
beat slow,

And my full heart was swell'd to dear
delicious pain. 4

Life left my loaded heart, and closing eye;
A sigh recall'd the wanderer to my breast;

Dear was the pause of life, and dear the
sigh

That call'd the wanderer home, and home
to rest.

That tear proclaims—in thee each virtue
dwells,

And bright will shine in misery's midnight
hour; 10

As the soft star of dewy evening tells

What radiant fires were drown'd by day's
malignant pow'r,
That only wait the darkness of the night
To cheer the wand'ring wretch with hospi-
table light.

AXIOLOGUS.

III.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

[Composed 1795 (?).—Published 1795.]

Reprinted from a vol. entitled *Poems by Francis
Wrangham, M.A.* A translation (signed
Wordsworth) of some French stanzas signed
Anon.; never reprinted by Wordsworth—Ed.

WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,
What dire intrigues disturbed *Cythera's*
joy!

Till VENUS cried, "A mother's heart is
mine;

None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child 5
In that divine embrace enchanted lay;
And, by the beauty of the vase beguil'd,
Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away.

"And must my offspring languish in my
sight?"

(Alive to all a mother's pain, 10
The Queen of Beauty thus her court ad-
dress'd)

"No: Let the most discreet of all my
train

Receive him to her breast:

Think all, he is the God of young
delight." 14

Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR join'd,
And GAIETY the charming office sought;
Nor even DELICACY stayed behind:

But none of those fair Graces brought
Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he
pin'd.

Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seem'd
inclin'd; 20

But she had surely spoil'd the boy:

And sad experience forbade a thought
On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS
JOY.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
Till of the beauteous court, at length, a
voice 25

Pronounced the name of HOPE:—The
conscious child

Stretched forth his little arms and smil'd.

'Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averr'd

The charge belong'd to her alone)

Jealous that HOPE had been preferr'd 30
Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
The blushing mien and downcast look;

And came her services to proffer:
And HOPE (what has not HOPE believ'd!)
By that seducing air deceiv'd, 36
Accepted of the offer.

It happen'd that, to sleep inclin'd,
Deluded HOPE for one short hour
To that false INNOCENCE's power 40
Her little charge consign'd.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats
fill'd

And gave, in handfuls gave, the treach-
erous store:

A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd;
But soon upon her breast he sunk—to
wake no more. 45

IV.

THE CONVICT.

[Composed ?.—Published 1798; never reprinted
by W.]

THE glory of evening was spread through
the west;

—On the slope of a mountain I stood,
While the joy that precedes the calm season
of rest

Rang loud through the meadow and
wood.

"And must we then part from a dwelling
so fair?" 5

In the pain of my spirit I said,
And with a deep sadness I turned, to
repair

To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick-ribb'd walls that o'ershadow the
gate

Resound; and the dungeons unfold: 10
I pause; and at length, through the glim-
mering grate,

That outcast of pity behold.

His black matted hair on his shoulder is
bent,

And deep is the sigh of his breath,
And with steadfast dejection his eyes are
intent 15

On the fetters that link him to death.

'Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,
That body dismiss'd from his care;

Yet my fancy has pierced to his heart, and
pourtays

More terrible images there. 20

His bones are consumed, and his life-blood
is dried,
With wishes the past to undo;
And his crime, through the pains that o'er-
whelm him, descried,
Still blackens and grows on his view.

When from the dark synod, or blood-
reeking field, ²⁵
To his chamber the monarch is led,
All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall
yield,
And quietness pillow his head.

But if grief, self-consumed, in oblivion
would doze,
And conscience her tortures appease, ³⁰
'Mid tumult and uproar this man must
repose;
In the comfortless vault of disease.

When his fetters at night have so press'd
on his limbs,
That the weight can no longer be borne,
If, while a half-slumber his memory be-
dims, ³⁵
The wretch on his pallet should turn,

While the jail-mastiff howls at the dull
clanking chain,
From the roots of his hair there shall
start
A thousand sharp punctures of cold-
sweating pain,
And terror shall leap at his heart. ⁴⁰

But now he half-raises his deep-sunken
eye,
And the motion unsettles a tear;
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
And asks of me why I am here.

"Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood
With o'erweening complacence our state
to compare, ⁴⁶
But one, whose first wish is the wish to be
good,
Is come as a brother thy sorrows to
share.

"At thy name though compassion her
nature resign,
Though in virtue's proud mouth thy
report be a stain, ⁵⁰
My care, if the arm of the mighty were
mine,
Would plant thee where yet thou
might'st blossom again."

V.

ANDREW JONES.

[Composed probably 1800.—Published 1809, 1802,
1805 (*Lyrical Ballads*); ed. 1815; omitted from
edd. 1820—1849-50.]

I HATE that Andrew Jones: he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press-gang or the drum
Would, with its rattling music, come,
And sweep him from the village! ⁵

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tittle;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless Man, a travelling Cripple! ¹⁰

For this poor crawling helpless wretch
Some Horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor Cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground ¹⁶
For it had long been drouthy weather;
So with his staff the Cripple wrought
Among the dust till he had brought
The halfpennies together. ²⁰

It chanc'd that Andrew pass'd that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The Cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground. ²⁵

He stooped and took the penny up:
And when the Cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my Friend, good-day to you." ³⁰

And hence I say, that Andrew's boys
Will all be train'd to waste and pillage;
And wish'd the press-gang, or the drum
Would, with its rattling music, come,
And sweep him from the village! ³⁵

VI.

"ON NATURE'S INVITATION DO
I COME."

[Composed probably in 1800.—Published 1851.]

ON Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice
mislead,
That made the calmest, fairest spot on
earth,
With all its unappropriated good,
My own; and not mine only, for with me

Entrenched—say rather peacefully embowered— 6

Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a Home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents dwells :
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir ; 10

Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame

No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where then

Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er 15

Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,

But either she, whom now I have, who now
Divides with me this loved abode, was there,

Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned, 20

Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang ;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.

In all my goings, in the new and old 25
Of all my meditations, and in this
Favourite of all, in this the most of all . . .

Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in.
Now in the clear and open day I feel 29
Your guardianship : I take it to my heart ;
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful ; for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art pleased, 35

Pleased with thy crags, and woody steepes,
thy Lake,

Its one green Island, and its winding shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy Church, and cottages of mountain-stone

Clustered like stars some few, but single most, 40

And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between.

VII¹.

"BLEAK SEASON WAS IT, TURBULENT AND WILD."

[Composed (possibly) in 1800.—Published 1851.]

BLEAK season was it, turbulent and wild,
When hitherward we journeyed, side by side,

Through bursts of sunshine and through flying showers,

Paced the long Vales, how long they were, and yet

How fast that length of way was left behind, 5

Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's naked heights.

The frosty wind, as if to make amends
For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,

And drove us onward as two ships at sea ;
Or, like two birds, companions in mid-air,
Parted and reunited by the blast. 11

Stern was the face of nature ; we rejoiced
In that stern countenance ; for our souls thence drew

A feeling of their strength. The naked trees,

The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared
To question us, " Whence come ye? To what end?" 16

VIII.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN.

[Composed April 12, 1802.—Published 1807 ; never reprinted by W.]

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been ;

Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew

About her home ; but she had never seen
A Glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night 5

A single Glow-worm did I chance to espy ;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night : 10

And, as before, it shone without dismay ;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the Orchard quietly,
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by name, 15

Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

Wordsworth in his *Memoirs* of the poet (1851), from *The Recluse*, Book I., Part I., *Home at Grasmere* ;—a poem which, being copyright, is not included in this volume. For two other extracts from the same poem see *Water-Fowl*, page 218, and the *Preface to The Excursion*.—Ed.

¹ Nos. VI. and VII. are extracts, given by Bishop

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped
with fear;
At night the Glow-worm shone beneath
the Tree:
I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here!"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

IX.

SONNET².

[Composed ?.—Published October 10, 1803 (*Morning Post*); never reprinted by W.]

I FIND it written of Simonides
That travelling in strange countries
once he found
A corpse that lay expiring on the
ground,
For which, with pain, he caused due
obsequies
To be performed, and paid all holy fees. 5
Soon after, this man's Ghost unto him
came
And told him not to sail as was his aim,
On board a ship then ready for the seas.
Simonides, admonished by the ghost,
Remained behind; the ship the following
day 10
Set sail, was wrecked, and all on board
was lost.
Thus was the tenderest Poet that could be,
Who sang in ancient Greece his loving
lay,
Saved out of many by his piety.

X.

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN³.

[Composed 1808.—Published September, 1839
(*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*); never printed
by W.]

WHO weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose grave may here be seen.

¹ The incident described in this poem took place in 1795—probably at Racedown—between the poet and his sister Dorothy.—Ed.

² This sonnet bears no signature in the *Morning Post*, but Coleridge, in an unpublished letter, assigns it to Wordsworth. Cf. line 12 with line 53 of the Poem, No. II., on *September*, 1819 (*Poems of Sentiment*, XXVIII, p. 498), and with a passage in the *Essay on Epitaphs* (page 929) in which the story of this sonnet is related in prose.—Ed.

³ See De Quincey's *Early Memorials of Grasmere*.—Ed.

By night, upon these stormy fells, 5
Did wife and husband roan;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For any dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek. 10
He perish'd; and a voice was heard—
The widow's lonely shriek.

Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life—
A few short steps were the chain that
bound 15
The husband to the wife.

Now do those sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave. 20

But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind. 25
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night— 30
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright?

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love, 35
That may not be untied!

XI.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

[Written c. 1816.—Published 1832 (*The Philological Museum*); not reprinted by W.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "PHILOLOGICAL
MUSEUM."

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be printed in the "Philological Museum," was not very acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment—for it was nothing more—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became con-

vinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request.—W. W.

BUT Cytherea, studious to invent
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, chang'd in form and
face
To young Ascanius, should assume his
place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle
heat
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat. 5
She dreads the treacherous house, the
double tongue;
She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour
stung;
The calm of night is powerless to remove
These cares, and thus she speaks to winged
Love: 10

“O son, my strength, my power! who
dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares through
earth and skies)

The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his course, 15
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is
known;
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs
thine own.

Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
Of bland entreaty at her court detains; 20
Junoian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the
queen

With passion for Æneas, such strong love
That at my beck, mine only, she shall
move. 26

Hear, and assist;—the father's mandate
calls

His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest
things

Preserv'd from fire and flood for presents
brings. 30

Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
Mid groves Idalian, lull'd to gentle sleep,
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
That he may neither know what hope is
mine,

Nor by his presence traverse the design. 35
Do thou, but for a single night's brief
space,

Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!

And when enraptured Dido shall receive
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs
high, 40
And goblets crown the proud festivity,
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
At every touch, an unsuspected fire.”

Love, at the word, before his mother's
sight
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud
delight, 45

Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
The true Ascanius steep'd in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherish'd on her careful
breast,

Through upper air to an Idalian glade, 50
Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and
fragrant shade.

But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
And, as the hall he entered, there, between
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
Reclin'd in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
The Trojans too (Æneas at their head),
On couches lie, with purple overspread:
Meantime in canisters is heap'd the bread,
Pellucid water for the hands is borne, 60
And napkins of smooth texture, finely
shorn.

Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
And fume the household deities with store
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
Match'd with an equal number of like age,
But each of manly sex, a docile page,
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
To cup or viand its appointed place. 70
The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
Their painted couches seek, obedient to
command.

They look with wonder on the gifts—they
gaze

Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
That from his ardent countenance are
flung, 75

And charm'd to hear his simulating tongue;
Nor pass unprais'd the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wan-
dering foliage twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to
fill; 80

She views the gifts; upon the child then
turns

Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;

Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he
tries; 85
She fastens on the boy enamour'd eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot
unblest!)
How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees 90
Blots out Sichaens, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest,
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn,
and ceas'd 95
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs
recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they
crown the wine;
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts
rebound; 100
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly—till, at the queen's com-
mand,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand;
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with
wine; 106
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from
Troy; 110
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning
cheer,
Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours
wait
Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the
board; 116
Then sipp'd the bowl whence she the wine
had pour'd
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He rais'd the bowl, and took a long deep
draught;
Then every chief in turn the beverage
quaff'd. 120

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wander-
ings;
Whence human kind, and brute; what
natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling
showers. 125

He chaunts Arcturus,—that fraternal
twain
The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught
with rain;
—Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's
steep heights
Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy
nights.
The learned song from Tyrian hearers
draws 130
Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the ap-
plause.
—But, lengthening out the night with
converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido
drew;
Of Priam ask'd, of Hector,—o'er and
o'er—
What arms the son of bright Aurora
wore;— 135
What steeds the car of Diomed could
boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host
How looked Achilles—their dread para-
mount—
"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest,
recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its
source, 140
Your own grief and your friends'—your
wandering course;
For now, till this seventh summer have
ye rang'd
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace
estrang'd."

XII.

SONNET.

AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE
(THIRTY YEARS AGO).

[Composed probably 1821.—Published 1822 (*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820);
never reprinted by W.]

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold design,
We saw the living Landscapes of the
Rhine,
Reach after reach, salute us and depart;
Slow sink the Spires,—and up again they
start! 5
But who shall count the Towers as they
recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon
line
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye
athwart?

More touching still, more perfect was the
 pleasure,
 When hurrying forward till the slack'ning
 stream¹⁰
 Spread like a spacious Mere, we there
 could measure
 A smooth free course along the watery
 gleam,
 Think calmly on the past, and mark at
 leisure
 Features which else had vanished like
 a dream.

XIII.

A CENTO MADE BY WORDSWORTH.

[Published 1835 (*Yarrow Revisited and other Poems*); never reprinted by W.]

For printing [the following piece] some reason
 should be given, as not a word of it is original:
 it is simply a fine stanza of Akenside, connected
 with a still finer from Beattie, by a couplet
 from Thomson. This practice, in which the
 author sometimes indulges, of linking together,
 in his own mind, favourite passages from different
 authors, seems in itself unobjectionable: but,
 as the *publishing* such compilations might
 lead to confusion in literature, he should deem
 himself inexcusable in giving this specimen,
 were it not from a hope that it might open to
 others a harmless source of *private* gratification.—W. W.

THRONED in the Sun's descending car
 What Power unseen diffuses far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What Genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What God in whispers from the wood⁵
 Bids every thought be kind?

O ever pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
 Thy charms my only theme;¹⁰
 My haunt the hollow cliff whose Pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream;
 Whence the scared Owl on pinions grey
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away¹⁵
 To more profound repose!

XIV.

INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK AT RYDAL MOUNT. (1838.)

WOULDST thou be gathered to Christ's
 chosen flock,
 Shun the broad way too easily explored,
 And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,
 The living Rock of God's eternal Word.

XV.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.
(1838.)

[Composed 1838.—Published 1838 (collected vol. of *Sonnets*); 1839 (Supplement to ed. 1842); afterwards omitted by W.]

FORTH rushed from Envy sprung and
 Self-conceit,
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of RE-
 FORM,
 And through the astonished Island swept
 in storm,
 Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to
 entreat⁵
 Licence to hide at intervals her head
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
 In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
 St. George of England! keep a watchful
 eye
 Fixed on the Sutor; frustrate her re-
 quest—¹⁰
 Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
 From such Pandorian gift may come a
 Pest
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low
 his crest,
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

XVI.

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

SEQUEL TO "A PLEA FOR AUTHORS¹."

[Composed 1838.—Same dates and mode of publication as XV.; omitted from edd. 1843—1849—50.]

"SON of my buried Son, while thus thy
 hand
 Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
 How Want may press thee down, and with
 thee sink
 Thy Children left unfit, through vain de-
 mand
 Of culture, even to feel or understand⁵
 My simplest Lay that to their memory
 May cling;—hard fate! which haply need
 not be
 Did Justice mould the Statutes of the
 Land.
 A Book time-cherished and an honoured
 name
 Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's
 claim¹⁰
 Or Reason's? No—hopes spun in timid
 line

¹ See page 280.—ED.

From out the bosom of a modest home
 Extend through unambitious years to come,
 My careless Little-one, for thee and thine !¹

May 23, 1838.

XVII.

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. (ISABELLA
 FENWICK), PAINTED BY MARGA-
 RET GILLIES¹.

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we
 must die,
 But that the precious love this friend hath
 sown

Within our hearts, the love whose flower
 hath blown

Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
 Will pass so soon from human memory ; 5
 And not by strangers to our blood alone,
 But by our best descendants be unknown,
 Unthought of—this may surely claim a
 sigh.

Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection ;
 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive.
 Where'er, preserved in this most true
 reflection, 11

An image of her soul is kept alive,
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure
 affection,

Whose flower with us will vanish, must
 survive.

RYDAL MOUNT, *New Year's Day*, 1840.

XVIII.

TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day to
 shine

More heavenly bright than when it leads
 the morn,

Is Friendship's emblem, whether the for-
 lorn

She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
 Through shades that solemnize Life's calm
 decline, 5

Doth make the happy happier. This have
 we

Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
 Which now we too unwillingly resign

Though for brief absence. But farewell !
 the page

Glimmers before my sight through thank-
 ful tears, 10

Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by age,

Call thee, though known but for a few
 fleet years,

The heart-affianced sister of our love !

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb.* 1840.

XIX.

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD
 HAD OVERTHROWN."

In 1842 a bazaar was held in Cardiff Castle to
 raise funds for the building of a Church. Words-
 worth assisted by contributing this Sonnet, which
 was printed and sold along with verses by James
 Montgomery and others (cf. Prof. Knight's note,
 in his edition of the *Poems*, Vol. VIII.).—Ed.

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had over-
 thrown

St. Mary's Church, the preacher then
 would cry :—

"Thus, Christian people, God his might
 hath shown

That ye to him your love may testify ;
 Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not
 a stone 5

Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
 And Heaven still lacked its due, though
 piety

In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
 But now her Spirit hath put forth its
 claim 9

In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice ;
 Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice !

Oh ! in the past if cause there was for
 shame,

Let not our times halt in their better
 choice.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Jan.* 23, 1842.

XX.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

[Composed 1842 (?).—Published 1842 (*La Petite
 Chouannerie ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton
 sous l'Empire.* By A. F. Rio).]

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love
 The cause they fought for in their earthly
 home,

To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
 May soothe thy memory of the chains of
 Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire ;
 the breath 5

Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains,
 fans

A flame within them that despises death
 And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

¹ XVII. and XVIII. were first published (1851)
 in the *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by his
 nephew, the late Bishop of Lincoln.—Ed.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they
advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
A silver cross enchased with Flowers of
France 11
Their badge, attests the holy fight they
wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise ;
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid 15
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless
boys.

XXI.

LINES

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS
SENT TO THE QUEEN FOR THE ROYAL
LIBRARY AT WINDSOR.

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a
lay,
No Laureate offering of elaborate art ;
But salutation taking its glad way
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-judging
Heaven 5
Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee
and Thine
Felicity that only can be given
On earth to goodness blest by grace
divine.

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved
Through every realm confided to thy
sway; 10
May'st thou pursue thy course by God
approved,
And He will teach thy people to obey.

As thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn
With woman's gentleness, yet firm and
staid;
So shall that earthly crown thy brows have
worn 15
Be changed for one whose glory cannot
fade.

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust
That on its simplest pages thou wilt look
With a benign indulgence more than
just. 20

Nor wilt thou blame an aged Poet's prayer,
That issuing hence may steal into thy
mind
Some solace under weight of royal care,
Or grief—the inheritance of humankind.

For know we not that from celestial
spheres, 25
When Time was young, an inspiration
came
(Oh were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,
And help life onward in its noblest aim
W. W.

January 9th, 1846.

XXII.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT
AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVER-
SITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1847¹.

[Composed 1847.—Published 1847.]

FOR thirst of power that Heaven dis-
owns,
For temples, towers, and thrones
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last 5
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.
War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name :
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven
to dare,
The servile million bow ; 10
But will the Lightning glance aside to
spare
The Despot's laurelled brow?

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,
Freedom, such as man may claim 15
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory,
Let rescued Europe tell the story.
But lo! what sudden cloud has darkened
all
The land as with a funeral pall? 20
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The Flower has drooped, the Isle's delight:
Flower and bud together fall;
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's
desolate Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears— 25
Earth awakes from wintry sleep :
Again the Tree a blossom bears ;
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep !
Hark to the peals on this bright May-
morn !
They tell that your future Queen is born.
A Guardian Angel fluttered 31
Above the babe, unseen ;

¹ The poet's nephew Christopher (late Bishop of Lincoln) aided in the composition of this "commanded" Ode.—ED.

One word he softly uttered,
 It named the future Queen; 34
 And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
 As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
 As bland as the reed of peace :
 "VICTORIA be her name !"
 For righteous triumphs are the base
 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful
 fame. 40

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold
 Uplifted in his arms the child,
 And while the fearless infant smiled,
 Her happier destiny foretold :—
 "Infancy, by Wisdom mild, 45
 Trained to health and artless beauty;
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
 From the lore of lofty duty;
 Womanhood in pure renown,
 Seated on her lineal throne; 50
 Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
 Fresh with lustre all their own.
 Love, the treasure worth possessing
 More than all the world beside,
 This shall be her choicest blessing, 55
 Oft to royal hearts denied."

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
 With steadfast ray benign
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
 The softly flowing Leine, 60
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
 And glittered on the Rhine.
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
 Was conscious of the ray;
 And his willows whispered in its light, 65
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,
 But with a Delphic life, in sight
 Of this auspicious day—
 This day, when Granta hails her chosen
 Lord,
 And, proud of her award, 70
 Confiding in that Star serene,
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
 Where science, leagued with holier truth,
 Guards the sacred heart of youth, 75
 Solemn monitors are ours.
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed
 towers,
 Raised by many a hand august,
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,
 The Memories of the Wise and Just, 80
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,
 Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought
 In that bold form and impress high
 That best betoken patriot loyalty. 85
 Not in vain those Sages taught,—
 True disciples, good as great,

Have pondered here their country's weal,
 Weighed the Future by the Past,
 Learned how social frames may last, 90
 And how a Land may rule its fate
 By constancy inviolate,
 Though worlds to their foundations reel
 The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

Albert, in thy race we cherish 95
 A Nation's strength that will not perish
 While England's sceptred Line
 True to the King of Kings is found;
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's
 life 100
 When first, above the yells of bigot strife,
 The trumpet of the Living Word
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber
 heard.
 What shield more sublime 105
 E'er was blazoned or sung?
 And the PRINCE whom we greet
 From its Hero is sprung.
 Resound, resound the strain
 That hails him for our own! 110
 Again, again, and yet again,
 For the Church, the State, the Throne!
 And that Presence fair and bright,
 Ever blest wherever seen,
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite, 115
 The Pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
 THE QUEEN!

XXIII.

QUINZAIN

CONJECTURALLY ASSIGNED TO WORDS-
 WORTH.

[Composed ?.—Published 1802 (*Morning Post*);
 never reprinted by W.]

A writer (E. H. C.) in the *Athenæum* of November 4, 1893, suggests that the following lines, which appeared in the *Morning Post* on February 9, 1802, were probably composed by Wordsworth. "It may be remembered," writes E. H. C., "that the phrase 'monthly grave' is to be found in *Lines to the Moon* (1835); and in one of Wordsworth's latest sonnets, that *To Lucca Giordano*, the aged poet turns with pleasure to the delightful vision of 'young Endymion, couched on Latmos Hill.'" The suggestion is undoubtedly a happy one. The rhyme-arrangement of these lines resembles that of the piece beginning, *With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the Sky*, which first appeared in *Poems in Two Volumes* (1807), but may have been written in or about 1802. Both pieces appear to be experiments in metre. They are neither sonnets nor quatorzains, but *quinzains*, or stanzas consisting of fifteen lines each; though that published in 1807 was subsequently curtailed

by one line and placed amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets* (1815 onwards). Moreover, the turn of the sentence in lines 8 and 9—the repetition of the substantive (*Nymphs*) in apposition, qualified by an adjective or adjectival phrase—is of frequent occurrence in Wordsworth's poetry. Cf. *Misc. Son.*, Part II., xx., ll. 7, 8:—

"As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged."—Ed.

WRITTEN IN A GROTTO.

O Moon! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light
Danc'd to the murmuring rill on Lo-
mond's wave,
Or sighed for thy sweet presence some dark
night,
When thou wert hidden in thy monthly
grave;

If e'er, on wings which active fancy gave,
I sought thy golden vale with dancing
flight,
Then, stretcht at ease in some sequestered
cave,
Gaz'd on thy lovely Nymphs with fond
delight,
Thy Nymphs with more than earthly
beauty bright;
If e'er thy beam, as Smyrna's shepherds
tell,
Soft as the gentle kiss of amorous maid
On the closed eyes of young Endymion fell,
That he might wake to clasp thee in the
shade:
Each night, while I recline within this cell,
Guide hither, O sweet Moon, the maid I love
so well.

6

10

15

The Prelude;

OR,

Growth of a Poet's Mind;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

[BY THE EDITOR OF 1850.]

THE following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805¹.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the "Excursion," first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the "Recluse;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic Church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the "Recluse," and that the "Recluse," if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz. the "Excursion," was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the "Recluse" still [1850] remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the "Excursion."

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country) are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the "Sibylline Leaves," p. 197, ed. 1817, or "Poetical Works, by S. T. Coleridge," vol. i., p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT,

July 13th, 1850.

¹ For further information regarding the dates of composition of the several Books of *The Prelude*, see the *Chronological Table of the Life of Wordsworth*, under the years 1799, 1800, 1804, and 1805.—ED.

The Prelude.

BOOK FIRST.

INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

OH THERE is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it
 brings
From the green fields, and from yon
 azure sky.
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can
 come 5
To none more grateful than to me; es-
 caped
From the vast city, where I long had
 pined
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.
What dwelling shall receive me? in what
 vale 10
Shall be my harbour? underneath what
 grove
Shall I take up my home? and what
 clear stream
Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?
The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty, 15
I look about; and should the chosen
 guide
Be nothing better than a wandering
 cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
Trances of thought and mountings of the
 mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off, 20
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine, and such as were not made
 for me.
Long months of peace (if such bold word
 accord
With any promises of human life), 25
Long months of ease and undisturbed
 delight

Are mine in prospect; whither shall I
 turn,
By road or pathway, or through trackless
 field,
Up hill or down, or shall some floating
 thing 29
Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear Liberty! Yet what would it avail
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
For I, methought, while the sweet breath
 of heaven
Was blowing on my body, felt within
A correspondent breeze, that gently
 moved 35
With quickening virtue, but is now be-
 come
A tempest, a redundant energy,
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,
And their congenial powers, that, while
 they join
In breaking up a long-continued frost, 40
Bring with them vernal promises, the
 hope
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient
 thought
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service
 high, 44
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to
 make
A present joy the matter of a song,
Pour forth that day my soul in measured
 strains
That would not be forgotten, and are
 here
Recorded: to the open fields I told 50
A prophecy: poetic numbers came

Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
 A renovated spirit singled out,
 Such hope was mine, for holy services.
 My own voice cheered me, and, far more,
 the mind's 55
 Internal echo of the imperfect sound;
 To both I listened, drawing from them
 both
 A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give
 A respite to this passion, I paced on 60
 With brisk and eager steps; and came,
 at length,
 To a green shady place, where down I
 sate
 Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts
 by choice,
 And settling into gentler happiness.

'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,
 With warmth, as much as needed, from a
 sun 66

Two hours declined towards the west;
 a day

With silver clouds, and sunshine on the
 grass,

And in the sheltered and the sheltering
 grove

A perfect stillness. Many were the
 thoughts 70

Encouraged and dismissed, till choice
 was made

Of a known Vale, whither my feet should
 turn,

Nor rest till they had reached the very
 door

Of the one cottage which methought I
 saw. 74

No picture of mere memory ever looked
 So fair; and while upon the fancied scene
 I gazed with growing love, a higher
 power

Than Fancy gave assurance of some work
 Of glory there forthwith to be begun,
 Perhaps too there performed. Thus long
 I mused, 80

Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,
 Save when, amid the stately grove of
 oaks,

Now here, now there, an acorn, from its
 cup

Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or
 at once

To the bare earth dropped with a start-
 ling sound. 85

From that soft couch I rose not, till the
 sun

Had almost touched the horizon; casting
 then

A backward glance upon the curling
 cloud

Of city smoke, by distance ruralised;
 Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive, 90

But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
 Even with the chance equipment of that
 hour,

The road that pointed toward the chosen
 Vale.

It was a splendid evening, and my soul
 Once more made trial of her strength,
 nor lacked 95

Æolian visitations; but the harp
 Was soon defrauded, and the banded
 host

Of harmony dispersed in straggling
 sounds,

And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;
 Why think of anything but present
 good?" 100

So, like a home-bound labourer, I pursued
 My way beneath the mellowing sun, that
 shed

Mild influence; nor left in me one wish
 Again to bend the Sabbath of that time
 To a servile yoke. What need of many
 words? 105

A pleasant loitering journey, through
 three days

Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
 I spare to tell of what ensued, the life
 In common things—the endless store of
 things,

Rare, or at least so seeming, every day
 Found all about me in one neighbour-
 hood— 111

The self-congratulation, and, from morn
 To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
 But speedily an earnest longing rose
 To brace myself to some determined aim,
 Reading or thinking; either to lay up
 New stores, or rescue from decay the old
 By timely interference: and therewith

Came hopes still higher, that with out-
ward life
I might endue some airy phantasies 120
That had been floating loose about for
years,
And to such beings temperately deal
forth
The many feelings that oppressed my
heart.
That hope hath been discouraged; wel-
come light
Dawns from the east, but dawns to dis-
appear 125
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning: if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the
past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble
theme,
Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she
finds 130
Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield
up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present
gifts
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear
Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is, 135
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his
own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best
pleased
While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that
end, 141
But like the innocent bird, hath goadings
on
That drive her as in trouble through the
groves;
With me is now such passion, to be
blamed
No otherwise than as it lasts too long. 145

When, as becomes a man who would
prepare
For such an arduous work, I through
myself

Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither seem
To lack that first great gift, the vital
soul, 150
Nor general Truths, which are them-
selves a sort
Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with
toil 156
And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and
these
Are found in plenteous store, but no-
where such 159
As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little band of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might
hope
To summon back from lonesome banish-
ment,
And make them dwellers in the hearts of
men
Now living, or to live in future years. 165
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice,
mistaking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular
sea,
Will settle on some British theme, some
old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
More often turning to some gentle place
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe 171
To shepherd swains, or seated harp in
hand,
Amid reposing knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and over-
come 175
By the strong mind, and tales of warlike
feats,
Where spear encountered spear, and
sword with sword
Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
That the shield bore, so glorious was the
strife;
Whence inspiration for a song that winds
Through ever-changing scenes of votive
quest 181

Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To patient courage and unblemished
truth,

To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
And Christian meekness hallowing faith-
ful loves. 185

Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would
relate

How vanquished Mithridates northward
passed,

And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom

Perished the Roman Empire: how the
friends 190

And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate
Isles,

And left their usages, their arts and laws,
To disappear by a slow gradual death,

To dwindle and to perish one by one, 195
Starved in those narrow bounds: but
not the soul

Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
Survived, and, when the European came
With skill and power that might not be
withstood,

Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
And wasted down by glorious death that
race 201

Of natural heroes: or I would record
How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled
man,

Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
Suffered in silence for Truth's sake; or
tell, 205

How that one Frenchman¹, through con-
tinued force

Of meditation on the inhuman deeds

Of those who conquered first the Indian
Isles,

Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the op-
pressed, 210

But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about
Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus
sought

Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:

¹ Dominique de Gourgues, who in 1567 sailed
to Florida to avenge the massacre of the French
by the Spaniards.—Ed. of 1850.

How Wallace fought for Scotland; left
the name

Of Wallace to be found, like a wild
flower, 215

All over his dear Country; left the
deeds

Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river

banks,

Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty. 220

Sometimes it suits me better to invent

A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts;

Some variegated story, in the main

Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure
melts 225

Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,

My last and favourite aspiration, mounts
With yearning toward some philosophic

song

Of Truth that cherishes our daily life; 230

With meditations passionate from deep

Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse

Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;

But from this awful burthen I full soon

Take refuge and beguile myself with
trust 235

That mellow years will bring a ripener
mind

And clearer insight. Thus my days are
past

In contradiction; with no skill to part

Vague longing, haply bred by want of
power,

From paramount impulse not to be with-
stood, 240

A timorous capacity from prudence,

From circumspection, infinite delay.

Humility and modest awe themselves

Betray me, serving often for a cloak 244

To a more subtle selfishness; that now

Locks every function up in blank reserve,

Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye

That with intrusive restlessness beats off

Simplicity and self-presented truth.

Ah! better far than this, to stray about

Voluptuously through fields and rural
walks, 251

And ask no record of the hours, resigned

To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday. 254
Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every
hour

Turns recreant to her task; takes heart
again,

Then feels immediately some hollow
thought

Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot; for either still I find 261
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in my-
self,

That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity, 266
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much
received

And renders nothing back.

Was it for this

That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's
song, 271

And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a
voice

That flowed along my dreams? For this,
didst thou, 274

O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my
thoughts

To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills
and groves. 281

When he had left the mountains and
received

On his smooth breast the shadow of those
towers

That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river
passed 285

Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly
loved.

Oh, many a time have I, a five years'
child,

In a small mill-race severed from his
stream,

Made one long bathing of a summer's
day; 290

Basked in the sun, and plunged and
basked again

Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery
groves

Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and
hill,

The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty
height, 295

Were bronzed with deepest radiance,
stood alone

Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's
hut

Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew
up 301

Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birthplace, and no
less

In that beloved Vale to which erelong
We were transplanted—there were we let
loose 305

For sports of wider range. Ere I had
told

Ten birth-days, when among the mountain-
slopes

Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had
snapped

The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder
hung 310

To range the open heights where wood-
cocks run

Among the smooth green turf. Through
half the night,

Scudding away from snare to snare, I
plied

That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,

And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it
befell 317

In these night wanderings, that a strong
 desire
 O'erpowered my better reason, and the
 bird
 Which was the captive of another's toil
 Became my prey; and when the deed
 was done 321
 I heard among the solitary hills
 Low breathings coming after me, and
 sounds
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod. 325

Nor less when spring had warmed the
 cultured Vale,
 Moved we as plunderers where the mother-
 bird
 Had in high places built her lodge;
 though mean
 Our object and inglorious, yet the end
 Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have
 hung 330
 Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
 And half-inch fissures in the slippery
 rock
 But ill sustained, and almost (so it
 seemed)
 Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
 Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that
 time 335
 While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
 With what strange utterance did the loud
 dry wind
 Blow through my ear! the sky seemed
 not a sky
 Of earth—and with what motion moved
 the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit
 grows 340
 Like harmony in music; there is a dark
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
 Discordant elements, makes them cling
 together
 In one society. How strange that all
 The terrors, pains, and early miseries, 345
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne
 a part,
 And that a needful part, in making up
 The calm existence that is mine when I

Am worthy of myself! Praise to the
 end! 350
 Thanks to the means which Nature
 deigned to employ;
 Whether her fearless visitings, or those
 That came with soft alarm, like hurtless
 light
 Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may
 use
 Severer interventions, ministry 355
 More palpable, as best might suit her
 aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I
 found
 A little boat tied to a willow tree
 Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
 Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping
 in 360
 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
 stealth
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the
 voice
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
 Until they melted all into one track 365
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one
 who rows,
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge, 370
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey
 sky.
 She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
 Went heaving through the water like
 a swan; 375
 When, from behind that craggy steep till
 then
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black
 and huge,
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck
 again, 380
 And growing still in stature the grim
 shape
 Towered up between me and the stars,
 and still,

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars

I turned, 385

And through the silent water stole my
way

Back to the covert of the willow tree ;

There in her mooring-place I left my
bark,—

And through the meadows homeward
went, in grave 389

And serious mood ; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined
sense

Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my
thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes 395

Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not
live

Like living men, moved slowly through
the mind

By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe ! 401
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first
dawn 405

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for
me

The passions that build up our human
soul ;

Not with the mean and vulgar works of
man,

But with high objects, with enduring
things—

With life and nature—purifying thus 410
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November
days, 416

When vapours rolling down the valley
made

A lonely scene more lonesome, among
woods,

At noon and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling
lake, 420

Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I
went

In solitude, such intercourse was mine ;

Mine was it in the fields both day and
night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile 426
The cottage windows blazed through
twilight gloom,

I heeded not their summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me

It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled
about, 431

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod
with steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in
games

Confederate, imitative of the chase 435
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
horn,

The pack loud chiming, and the hunted
hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ; 440

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills

Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the
stars

Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the
west 445

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired

Into a silent bay, or sportively

Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star 450

That fled, and, flying still before me,
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the
wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness,
spinning still 455

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn
train, 461

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
watched

Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth ! Ye Visions of the
hills ! 465

And Souls of lonely places ! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye em-
ployed

Such ministry, when ye through many
a year

Haunting me thus among my boyish
sports,

On caves and trees, upon the woods and
hills, 470

Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire ; and thus did make

The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope
and fear,

Work like a sea ?

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every
change 476

Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew ; the sun in
heaven

Beheld not vales more beautiful than
ours ; 480

Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they
trod.

I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel
bowers

With milk-white clusters hung ; the rod
and line, 485

True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose
strong

And unproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every
star,

All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain
brooks. 490

—Unfading recollections ! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which
I felt,

From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous
courser ; 495

Or, from the meadows sent on gusty
days,

Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the
storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours ; 500
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood ? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with
which

Ye dealt out your plain comforts ? Yet
had ye 505

Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-
fire

At evening, when with pencil, and smooth
slate

In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled
o'er, 511

We schemed and puzzled, head opposed
to head

In strife too humble to be named in
verse :

Or round the naked table, snow-white
deal,

Cherry or maple, sate in close array, 515
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army ; not, as in the-
world,

Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
 Even for the very service they had
 wrought,
 But husbanded through many a long
 campaign. 520
 Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
 Had changed their functions; some,
 plebeian cards
 Which Fate, beyond the promise of their
 birth,
 Had dignified, and called to represent
 The persons of departed potentates. 525
 Oh, with what echoes on the board they
 fell!
 Iron diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds,
 spades,
 A congregation piteously akin!
 Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
 Those sooty knaves, precipitated down
 With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out
 of heaven: 531
 The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
 Queens gleaming through their splen-
 dour's last decay,
 And monarchs surly at the wrongs sus-
 tained
 By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad 535
 Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
 Raged bitterly, with keen and silent
 tooth;
 And, interrupting oft that eager game,
 From under Esthwaite's splitting fields
 of ice
 The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
 Gave out to meadow-grounds and hills
 a loud 541
 Protracted yelling, like the noise of
 wolves
 Howling in troops along the Bothnic
 Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace
 How Nature by extrinsic passion first 545
 Peopled the mind with forms sublime or
 fair,
 And made me love them, may I here
 omit
 How other pleasures have been mine, and
 joys
 Of subtler origin; how I have felt,
 Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,

Those hallowed and pure motions of the
 sense 551
 Which seem, in their simplicity, to own
 An intellectual charm; that calm delight
 Which, if I err not, surely must belong
 To those first-born affinities that fit 555
 Our new existence to existing things,
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute
 The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful
 earth,
 And twice five summers on my mind had
 stamped 560
 The faces of the moving year, even then
 I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
 Old as creation, drinking in a pure
 Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
 Of curling mist, or from the level plain 565
 Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks
 and bays
 Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
 How, when the Sea threw off his evening
 shade
 And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills
 Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,
 How I have stood, to fancies such as
 these
 A stranger, linking with the spectacle 573
 No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
 And bringing with me no peculiar sense
 Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,
 Even while mine eye hath moved o'er
 many a league
 Of shining water, gathering as it seemed,
 Through every hair-breadth in that field
 of light,
 New pleasure like a bee among the
 flowers. 580

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy
 Which, through all seasons, on a child's
 pursuits
 Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy
 bliss
 Which, like a tempest, works along the
 blood
 And is forgotten; even then I felt 585
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the
 earth

And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis
true,

By chance collisions and quaint accidents
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work sup-
posed 590

Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
Collateral objects and appearances,
Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep
Until maturer seasons called them forth
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.
—And if the vulgar joy by its own
weight

Wearied itself out of the memory,
The scenes which were a witness of that
joy

Remained in their substantial lineaments
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye 601
Were visible, a daily sight; and thus
By the impressive discipline of fear,
By pleasure and repeated happiness,
So frequently repeated, and by force 605
Of obscure feelings representative
Of things forgotten, these same scenes so
bright,

So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
Though yet the day was distant, did
become

Habitually dear, and all their forms 610
And changeful colours by invisible links
Were fastened to the affections.

I began

My story early—not misled, I trust,
By an infirmity of love for days
Disowned by memory—ere the breath of
spring 615
Planting my snowdrops among winter
snows:

Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so
prompt

In sympathy, that I have lengthened out
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I
might fetch 620

Invigorating thoughts from former years;
Might fix the wavering balance of my
mind,

And haply meet reproaches too, whose
power

May spur me on, in manhood now
mature,

To honourable toil. Yet should these
hopes 625

Prove vain, and thus should neither I be
taught

To understand myself, nor thou to know
With better knowledge how the heart
was framed

Of him thou lovest; need I dread from
thee

Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to
quit 630

Those recollected hours that have the
charm

Of visionary things, those lovely forms
And sweet sensations that throw back
our life,

And almost make remotest infancy .
A visible scene, on which the sun is
shining? 635

One end at least hath been attained;
my mind

Hath been revived, and if this genial
mood

Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought
down

Through later years the story of my life.
The road lies plain before me;—'tis a
theme 640

Single and of determined bounds; and
hence

I choose it rather at this time, than work
Of ampler or more varied argument,
Where I might be discomfited and lost:

And certain hopes are with me, that to
thee 645

This labour will be welcome, honoured
Friend!

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME—(CONTINUED).

THUS far, O Friend! have we, though leaving much Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace The simple ways in which my childhood walked; Those chiefly that first led me to the love Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion yet 5 Was in its birth, sustained as might befall By nourishment that came unsought; for still From week to week, from month to month, we lived A round of tumult. Duly were our games Prolonged in summer till the day-light failed: 10 No chair remained before the doors; the bench And threshold steps were empty; fast asleep The labourer, and the old man who had sate A later lingerer; yet the revelry Continued and the loud uproar: at last, When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars 16 Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went, Feverish with weary joints and beating minds. Ah! is there one who ever has been young, Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride 20 Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem? One is there, though the wisest and the best Of all mankind, who covets not at times Union that cannot be;—who would not give, If so he might, to duty and to truth 25 The eagerness of infantine desire? A tranquillising spirit presses now	On my corporeal frame, so wide appears The vacancy between me and those days Which yet have such self-presence in my mind, 30 That, musing on them, often do I seem Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself And of some other Being. A rude mass Of native rock, left midway in the square Of our small market village, was the goal Or centre of these sports; and when, returned 36 After long absence, thither I repaired, Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream, 40 And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know That more than one of you will think with me Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame From whom the stone was named, who there had sate, And watched her table with its huckster's wares 45 Assiduous, through the length of sixty years. We ran a boisterous course; the year span round With giddy motion. But the time ap- proached That brought with it a regular desire For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms 50 Of Nature were collaterally attached To every scheme of holiday delight And every boyish sport, less grateful else And languidly pursued. When summer came,
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Our pastime was, on bright half-holi-
days, 55
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister
Isle
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert,
sown 60
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where sur-
vived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a
race 65
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the
pride of strength,
And the vain-glory of superior skill, 70
Were tempered; thus was gradually pro-
duced
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may
add,
Fearless of blame, that hence for future
days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty, 75
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too
much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine
fare!
More than we wished we knew the bless-
ing then
Of vigorous hunger — hence corporeal
strength 80
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, ex-
clude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered
year
In penniless poverty. But now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that
sufficed 86
To furnish treats more costly than the
Dame

Of the old grey stone, from her scant
board, supplied.
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green
ground,
Or in the woods, or by a river's side 90
Or shady fountain's, while among the
leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day
sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those
half-years, 95
We from our funds drew largely;—proud
to curb,
And eager to spur on, the galloping steed;
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose
stud
Supplied our want, we haply might
employ
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound
Were distant: some famed temple where
of yore 101
The Druids worshipped, or the antique
walls
Of that large abbey, where within the
Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour
built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with frac-
tured arch, 105
Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene!—Along the smooth green
turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland
peace,
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and
towers 110
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and
such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons
given, 115
With whip and spur we through the
chauntry flew
In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged
knight,

And the stone-abbot, and that single wren
 Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
 Of the old church, that—though from recent showers 120
 The earth was comfortless, and, touched by faint
 Internal breezes, sobbings of the place
 And respirations, from the roofless walls
 The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—yet still
 So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird 125
 Sang to herself, that there I could have made
 My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
 To hear such music. Through the walls we flew
 And down the valley, and, a circuit made
 In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth 130
 We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams,
 And that still spirit shed from evening air!
 Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
 Your presence, when with slackened step we breathed
 Along the sides of the steep hills, or when
 Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea 136
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,
 Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
 A tavern stood; no homely-featured house, 140
 Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,
 But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
 With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within
 Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
 In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built 145
 On the large island, had this dwelling been

More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
 Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade.
 But—though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed
 The threshold, and large golden characters, 150
 Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged
 The old Lion and usurped his place, in slight
 And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—
 Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
 With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay 155
 Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
 Of a small bowling-green; beneath us stood
 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees
 And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream. 160
 There, while through half an afternoon we played
 On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed
 Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
 Made all the mountains ring. But, ere nightfall,
 When in our pinnace we returned at leisure 165
 Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
 Of some small island steered our course with one,
 The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him there,
 And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
 Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm
 And dead still water lay upon my mind
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
 Never before so beautiful, sank down
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
 Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus 175
 Daily the common range of visible things
 Grew dear to me: already I began

To love the sun ; a boy I loved the sun,
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
 And surety of our earthly life, a light 180
 Which we behold and feel we are alive ;
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
 But for this cause, that I had seen him

lay

His beauty on the morning hills, had
 seen

The western mountain touch his setting
 orb, 185

In many a thoughtless hour, when, from
 excess

Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with
 joy.

And, from like feelings, humble though
 intense,

To patriotic and domestic love 190

Analogous, the moon to me was dear ;

For I could dream away my purposes,
 Standing to gaze upon her while she
 hung

Midway between the hills, as if she knew
 No other region, but belonged to thee, 195

Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
 To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear
 Vale !

Those incidental charms which first
 attached

My heart to rural objects, day by day
 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell 200
 How Nature, intervenient till this time
 And secondary, now at length was sought
 For her own sake. But who shall parcel
 out

His intellect by geometric rules,
 Split like a province into round and
 square? 205

Who knows the individual hour in which
 His habits were first sown, even as a
 seed?

Who that shall point as with a wand and
 say

“This portion of the river of my mind
 Came from yon fountain?” Thou, my
 Friend ! art one 210

More deeply read in thy own thoughts ;
 to thee

Science appears but what in truth she is,

Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop
 To our infirmity. No officious slave 215
 Art thou of that false secondary power
 By which we multiply distinctions, then
 Deem that our puny boundaries are
 things

That we perceive, and not that we have
 made.

To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
 The unity of all hath been revealed, 221
 And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly
 skilled

Than many are to range the faculties
 In scale and order, class the cabinet
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
 Run through the history and birth of
 each 226

As of a single independent thing.

Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the
 mind,

If each most obvious and particular
 thought,

Not in a mystical and idle sense, 230

But in the words of Reason deeply
 weighed,

Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,
 (For with my best conjecture I would
 trace

Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the
 Babe,

Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks
 to sleep, 235

Rocked on his Mother's breast ; who with
 his soul

Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's
 eye !

For him, in one dear Presence, there
 exists

A virtue which irradiates and exalts
 Objects through widest intercourse of
 sense. 240

No outcast he, bewildered and depressed :
 Along his infant veins are interfused
 The gravitation and the filial bond
 Of nature that connect him with the
 world.

Is there a flower, to which he points with
 hand 245

Too weak to gather it, already love

Drawn from love's purest earthly fount
for him
Hath beautified that flower; already
shades

Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unightly marks of violence or harm. 251
Emphatically such a Being lives,
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe:
For feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of
sense 256

Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
Create, creator and receiver both,
Working but in alliance with the works
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the
first 260

Poetic spirit of our human life,
By uniform control of after years,
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,
Through every change of growth and of
decay,
Pre-eminent till death.

From early days, 265
Beginning not long after that first time
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
I held mute dialogues with my Mother's
heart,

I have endeavoured to display the means
Whereby this infant sensibility, 270
Great birthright of our being, was in me
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
More difficult before me; and I fear
That in its broken windings we shall need
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's
wing: 275

For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing
why.

The props of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sus-
tained 280

By its own spirit! All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
The mind lay open, to a more exact
And close communion. Many are our
joys 284

In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access

Of knowledge, when all knowledge is
delight,

And sorrow is not there! The seasons
came,

And every season wheresoe'er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities, 290
Which, but for this most watchful power
of love,

Had been neglected; left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-
tude

More active even than "best society"—
Society made sweet as solitude 296
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,

And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the un-
watchful eye, 300

No difference is, and hence, from the
same source,

Sublimar joy; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in
sound 304

To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming
storm,

Beneath some rock, listening to notes
that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant
winds. 310

Thence did I drink the visionary power;
And deem not profitless those fleeting
moods

Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she
felt 316

Remembering not, retains an obscure
sense

Of shadowy sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they
yet 321

Have something to pursue.

And not alone,

'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair
 And tranquil scenes, that universal power
 And fitness in the latent qualities 325
 And essences of things, by which the mind
 Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
 Came strengthened with a superadded soul,
 A virtue not its own. My morning walks
 Were early;—oft before the hours of
 school 330
 I travelled round our little lake, five
 miles
 Of pleasant wandering. Happy time!
 more dear
 For this, that one was by my side, a
 Friend¹,
 Then passionately loved; with heart how
 full
 Would he peruse these lines! For many
 years 335
 Have since flowed in between us, and,
 our minds
 Both silent to each other, at this time
 We live as if those hours had never been.
 Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
 Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had
 risen 340
 From human dwelling, or the vernal
 thrush
 Was audible; and sate among the woods
 Alone upon some jutting eminence,
 At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the
 Vale,
 Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude. 345
 How shall I seek the origin? where find
 Faith in the marvellous things which then
 I felt?
 Oft in these moments such a holy calm
 Would overspread my soul, that bodily
 eyes
 Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
 Appeared like something in myself, a
 dream, 351
 A prospect in the mind.
 'Twere long to tell
 What spring and autumn, what the winter
 snows,
 And what the summer shade, what day
 and night,

Evening and morning, sleep and waking,
 thought 355
 From sources inexhaustible, poured forth
 To feed the spirit of religious love
 In which I walked with Nature. But let
 this
 Be not forgotten, that I still retained
 My first creative sensibility; 360
 That by the regular action of the world
 My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power
 Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
 Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
 A local spirit of his own, at war 265
 With general tendency, but, for the most,
 Subservient strictly to external things
 With which it communed. An auxiliar
 light
 Came from my mind, which on the setting
 sun
 Bestowed new splendour; the melodious
 birds, 370
 The fluttering breezes, fountains that run
 on
 Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
 obeyed
 A like dominion, and the midnight storm
 Grew darker in the presence of my eye:
 Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
 And hence my transport.
 Nor should this, perchance,
 Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved
 The exercise and produce of a toil,
 Than analytic industry to me
 More pleasing, and whose character I
 deem 380
 Is more poetic as resembling more
 Creative agency. The song would speak
 Of that interminable building reared
 By observation of affinities
 In objects where no brotherhood exists
 To passive minds. My seventeenth year
 was come; 386
 And, whether from this habit rooted now
 So deeply in my mind, or from excess
 In the great social principle of life
 Coercing all things into sympathy, 390
 To inorganic natures were transferred
 My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
 Coming in revelation, did converse
 With things that really are; I, at this
 time,

¹ Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg, Windermere.
 —Ed. of 1850.

Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
 Thus while the days flew by, and years
 passed on, 396
 From Nature and her overflowing soul
 I had received so much, that all my
 thoughts

Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
 Contented, when with bliss ineffable 400
 I felt the sentiment of Being spread
 O'er all that moves and all that seemeth
 still;

O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
 thought

And human knowledge, to the human eye
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart; 405
 O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts
 and sings,

Or beats the glad some air; o'er all that
 glides

Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
 And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
 If high the transport, great the joy I felt
 Communing in this sort through earth
 and heaven 411

With every form of creature, as it looked
 Towards the Uncreated with a counte-
 nance

Of adoration, with an eye of love. 414
 One song they sang, and it was audible,
 Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
 O'ercome by humblest prelude of that
 strain,

Forgot her functions, and slept undis-
 turbed.

If this be error, and another faith
 Find easier access to the pious mind, 420
 Yet were I grossly destitute of all
 Those human sentiments that make this
 earth

So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
 To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye
 lakes

And sounding cataracts, ye mists and
 winds 425

That dwell among the hills where I was
 born.

If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
 If, mingling with the world, I am content
 With my own modest pleasures, and have
 lived

With God and Nature communing, re-
 moved 430

From little enmities and low desires,
 The gift is yours; if in these times of fear
 This melancholy waste of hopes o'er-
 thrown,

If, 'mid indifference and apathy, 434
 And wicked exultation when good men
 On every side fall off, we know not how,
 To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
 Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
 Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
 On visionary minds; if, in this time 440
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet

Despair not of our nature, but retain
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
 The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis
 yours,

Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
 hast fed

My lofty speculations; and in thee,
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
 A never-failing principle of joy 450
 And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! wert reared
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
 But we, by different roads, at length have
 gained

The self-same bourne. And for this cause
 to thee

I speak, unapprehensive of contempt, 455
 The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
 And all that silent language which so oft
 In conversation between man and man
 Blots from the human countenance all trace
 Of beauty and of love. For thou hast
 sought 460

The truth in solitude, and, since the days
 That gave thee liberty, full long desired,
 To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
 The most assiduous of her ministers; 464
 In many things my brother, chiefly here
 In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!
 Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
 Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
 And yet more often living with thyself,
 And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
 Be many, and a blessing to mankind. 471

BOOK THIRD.

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with
clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first
we saw

The long-roofed chapel of King's College
lift

Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove. 6

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled
cap,

Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air; 10

He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's
force.

Onward we drove beneath the Castle;
caught, 15

While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a
glimpse of Cam;

And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were
full of hope;

Some friends I had, acquaintances who
there

Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys,
now hung round 20

With honour and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and ad-
vice,

Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh
day 24

Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
A man of business and expense, and went

From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
From street to street with loose and care-
less mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream;
I roamed 30

Delighted through the motley spectacle;
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,
streets,

Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-
ways, towers:

Migration strange for a stripling of the
hills,

A northern villager.

As if the change 35
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in monies, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and
hair

Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is
keen.

My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by, 40
With other signs of manhood that sup-
plied

The lack of beard.—The weeks went
roundly on,

With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all
without

Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array. 45

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the
first

Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the College kitchens
made

A humming sound, less tuneable than
bees, 50

But hardly less industrious; with shrill
 notes
 Of sharp command and scolding inter-
 mixed.
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the
 hours 55
 Twice over with a male and female voice.
 Her pealing organ was, my neighbour too;
 And from my pillow, looking forth by
 light
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could be-
 hold
 The antechapel where the statue stood 60
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
 The marble index of a mind for ever
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought,
 alone.
 Of College labours, of the Lecturer's
 room
 All studded round, as thick as chairs
 could stand, 65
 With loyal students faithful to their
 books,
 Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
 And honest dunces—of important days,
 Examinations, when the man was weighed
 As in a balance! of excessive hopes, 70
 Tremblings withal and commendable
 fears,
 Small jealousies, and triumphs good or
 bad—
 Let others that know more speak as they
 know.
 Such glory was but little sought by me,
 And little won. Yet from the first crude
 days 75
 Of settling time in this untried abode,
 I was disturbed at times by prudent
 thoughts,
 Wishing to hope without a hope, some
 fears
 About my future worldly maintenance,
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the
 mind, 80
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,
 Nor for that place. But wherefore be
 cast down?
 For (not to speak of Reason and her pure

Reflective acts to fix the moral law
 Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian
 Hope, 85
 Bowing her head before her sister Faith
 As one far mightier), hither I had come,
 Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy
 powers
 And faculties, whether to work or feel.
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer new
 Had ceased to dazzle, oftimes did I quit
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings
 and groves,
 And as I paced alone the level fields
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds
 sublime
 With which I had been conversant, the
 mind 95
 Drooped not; but there into herself re-
 turning,
 With prompt rebound seemed fresh as
 heretofore.
 At least I more distinctly recognised
 Her native instincts: let me dare to speak
 A higher language, say that now I felt
 What independent solaces were mine, 101
 To mitigate the injurious sway of place
 Or circumstance, how far soever changed
 In youth, or to be changed in after years.
 As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-
 strained, 105
 I looked for universal things; perused
 The common countenance of earth and
 sky:
 Earth, nowhere unembellished by some
 trace
 Of that first Paradise whence man was
 driven;
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are
 expressed 110
 By the proud name she bears—the name
 of Heaven.
 I called on both to teach me what they
 might;
 Or turning the mind in upon herself,
 Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread
 my thoughts
 And spread them with a wider creeping;
 felt 115
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,

And, from the centre of Eternity
 All finite motions overruling, lives 120
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough
 Here to record that I was mounting now
 To such community with highest truth—
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,
 From strict analogies by thought sup-
 plied 125
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
 To every natural form, rock, fruit, or
 flower,
 Even the loose stones that cover the high-
 way,
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great
 mass 130
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
 That I beheld respired with inward
 meaning.
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
 From transitory passion, unto this 135
 I was as sensitive as waters are
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most
 rich— 140
 I had a world about me—'twas my own;
 I made it, for it only lived to me,
 And to the God who sees into the heart.
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were be-
 trayed 144
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness ma-
 tured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up 151
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
 May in these tutored days no more be
 seen
 With undisordered sight. But leaving
 this,
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye 155
 Amid my strongest workings evermore
 Was searching out the lines of difference
 As they lie hid in all external forms,
 Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye

Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered
 leaf, 160
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of
 stars,
 Could find no surface where its power
 might sleep;
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
 And by an unrelenting agency 165
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced
 my life
 Up to an eminence, and told a tale
 Of matters which not falsely may be
 called
 The glory of my youth. (Of genius,
 power, 170
 Creation and divinity itself
 I have been speaking, for my theme has
 been
 What passed within me. Not of outward
 things
 Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,
 Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
 Have I been speaking, and my youthful
 mind. 176
 O Heavens! how awful is the might of
 souls,
 And what they do within themselves
 while yet
 The yoke of earth is new to them, the
 world
 Nothing but a wild field where they were
 sown. 180
 This is, in truth, heroic argument.)
 This genuine prowess, which I wished to
 touch
 With hand however weak, but in the
 main
 It lies far hidden from the reach of words.
 Points have we all of us within our souls
 Where all stand single; this I feel, and
 make 186
 Breathings for incommunicable powers;
 But is not each a memory to himself?—
 And, therefore, now that we must quit
 this theme,
 I am not heartless, for there's not a man
 That lives who hath not known his god-
 like hours, 191

And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of
Nature.

No more: for now into a populous plain
We must descend. A Traveller I am, 195
Whose tale is only of himself; even so,
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
To follow, and if thou, my honoured
Friend!

Who in these thoughts art ever at my
side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first
delight 201
That flashed upon me from this novel
show

Had failed, the mind returned into her-
self;

Yet true it is, that I had made a change
In climate, and my nature's outward coat
Changed also slowly and insensibly. 206
Full off the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently forced
hopes; 210

And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity.—And
yet

This was a gladsome time. Could I be-
hold—

Who, less insensible than sodden clay 215
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted
heart,

So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at
once 220

So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen
unmoved

That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world? To me, at
least, 225

It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,
Though I had learnt betimes to stand
unproped,

And independent musings pleased me so
That spells seemed on me when I was
alone,

Yet could I only cleave to solitude 230
In lonely places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my
heart

Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
Though not unused to mutter lonesome
songs, 236

Even with myself divided such delight,
Or looked that way for aught that might
be clothed

In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary works 241
Of careless youth, unburdened, unalarmed.
Caverns there were within my mind which
sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbours* where the
light 245

Might enter in at will. Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome
all.

We sauntered, played, or rioted; we
talked

Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and
walks, 250

Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind
zeal

Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of *Cam* sailed boisterously, and let the
stars

Come forth, perhaps without one quiet
thought. 255

Such was the tenour of the second act
In this new life. (Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to
the steps

Of generations of illustrious men, 260
Unmoved. I could not always lightly
pass

Through the same gateways, sleep where
they had slept,

Wake where they waked, range that in-
closure old,
That garden of great intellects, undis-
turbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual
men, 266
Even the great Newton's own ethereal
self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence
to be
The more endeared. Their several me-
mories here
(Even like their persons in their portraits
clothed 270
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn
shade; 276
Heard him, while birds were warbling,
tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle
Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of
State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
heaven 280
With the moon's beauty and the moon's
soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and
Friend!
Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious
truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice be-
hind, 285
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling
youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks 290
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very
room

Honoured by Milton's name. O tempe-
rate Bard! 295
Be it confessed that, for the first time,
seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till
pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain 300
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth
I ran
From the assembly; through a length of
streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell 306
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra
voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy
mind,
The place itself and fashion of the rites. 310
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng
I clove
Of the plain Burghers, who in audience
stood
On the last skirts of their permitted
ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty
thoughts! 315
I am ashamed of them: and that great
Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample
mind
Hast placed me high above my best
deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities, 320
Brother to many more.
In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given
up
To wilful alienation from the right, 323
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things
Not doing in their stead the needful work.
The memory languidly revolved, the heart

Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat. 331
Such life might not inaptly be compared
To a floating island, an amphibious spot
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water-weeds
And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living
praise, 336

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the
sight

Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth,
and bred 340

A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—
Alas! such high emotion touched not me,
Look was there none within these walls
to shame

My easy spirits, and discountenance 344
Their light composure, far less to instil
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
To puissant efforts. Nor was this the
blame

Of others but my own; I should, in truth,
As far as doth concern my single self,
Misdeem most widely, lodging it else-
where: 350

For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like
the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse
With those crystalline rivers, solemn
heights,

And mountains, ranging like a fowl of
the air, 355

I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to
month,

Take up a station calmly on the perch
Of sedentary peace.) Those lovely forms
Had also left less space within my mind,
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had
found 361

A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power.
Not that I slighted books,—that were to
lack

All sense,—but other passions in me
ruled, 365

Passions more fervent, making me less
prompt

To in-door study than was wise or well,
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though
used

In magisterial liberty to rove,
Culling such flowers of learning as might
tempt 370

A random choice, could shadow forth a
place

(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent
me down

To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written lore, acknowledged my liege
lord, 376

A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and
pains

In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and
stately groves, 380

Majestic edifices, should not want

A corresponding dignity within.

The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be
taught

To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would per-
form with love. 386

Youth should be awed, religiously pos-
sessed

With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and
prized 389

For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put
aside

Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed

Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over
all 395

A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you
will,

Republican or pious.

If these thoughts

Are a gratuitous emblazonry

That mocks the recreant age *we* live in,
then 400

Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
 Whatever formal gait of discipline
 Shall raise them highest in their own
 esteem—

Let them parade among the Schools at
 will,

But spare the House of God. Was ever
 known

The witless shepherd who persists to
 drive

A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
 A weight must surely hang on days begun
 And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the
 spirit

Of ancient times revive, and youth be
 trained

At home in pious service, to your bells
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
 And your officious doings bring disgrace
 On the plain steeples of our English
 Church,

Whose worship, 'mid remotest village
 trees,

Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
 hand

In daily sight of this irreverence,
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
 This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
 That having 'mid my native hills given
 loose

To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a
 pile

Upon the basis of the coming time,
 That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what
 joy

To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
 Informed with such a spirit as might be
 Its own protection; a primeval grove,
 Where, though the shades with cheerful-
 ness were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp
 of awe;

A habitation sober and demure

For ruminating creatures; a domain

For quiet things to wander in; a haunt

In which the heron should delight to feed
 By the shy rivers, and the pelican
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
 Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! alas!

In vain for such solemnity I looked;
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies,
 ears vexed

By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
 Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight 446

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
 When all who dwelt within these famous
 walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
 When, in forlorn and naked chambers
 cooped

And crowded, o'er the ponderous books
 they hung

Like caterpillars eating out their way
 In silence, or with keen devouring noise
 Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes
 then

At matins froze, and couched at curfew-
 time,

Trained up through piety and zeal to
 prize

Spare diet, patient labour, and plain
 weeds.

O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the
 world!

Far different service in those homely days
 The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
 From their first childhood: in that glo-
 rious time

When Learning, like a stranger, came
 from far,

Sounding through Christian lands her
 trumpet, roused

Peasant and king; when boys and youths,
 the growth

Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the
 quest

Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might
 sit down,

From town to town and through wide
 scattered realms

Journeyed with ponderous folios in their
 hands;

470

And often, starting from some covert place,
 Saluted the chance comer on the road,
 Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
 To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious
 men,
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read 476
 Before the doors or windows of their cells
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper
 light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but
 darkly
 Even when we look behind us, and best
 things 480
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
 Their highest promise. If the mariner,
 When at reluctant distance he hath
 passed
 Some tempting island, could but know
 the ills 485
 That must have fallen upon him had he
 brought
 His bark to land upon the wished-for
 shore,
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the
 surf
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or
 wind that blew
 Inexorably adverse: for myself 490
 I grieve not; happy is the gown'd youth,
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls
 No lower than I fell.)

I did not love,
 Judging not ill perhaps, the timid
 course
 Of our scholastic studies; could have
 wished 495
 To see the river flow with ampler range
 And freer pace; but more, far more, I
 grieved
 To see displayed among an eager few,
 Who in the field of contest persevered,
 Passions unworthy of youth's generous
 heart 500
 And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
 When so disturbed, whatever palms are
 won.
 From these I turned to travel with the
 shoal

Of more unthinking natures, easy minds
 And pillowy; yet not wanting love that
 makes 505
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight
 sleeps,
 And wisdom and the pledges inter-
 changed
 With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
 To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood 510
 In my own mind remote from social life,
 (At least from what we commonly so
 name,)
 Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
 Who lacking occupation looks far forth
 Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
 Than finds what he beholds. And sure
 it is, 516
 That this first transit from the smooth
 delights
 And wild outlandish walks of simple
 youth
 To something that resembles an approach
 Towards human business, to a privileged
 world 520
 Within a world, a midway residence
 With all its intervenient imagery,
 Did better suit my visionary mind,
 Far better, than to have been bolted
 forth, 524
 Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
 Among the conflicts of substantial life;
 By a more just gradation did lead on
 To higher things; more naturally ma-
 tured,
 For permanent possession, better fruits,
 Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue. 530
 In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
 With playful zest of fancy, did we note
 (How could we less?) the manners and the
 ways
 Of those who lived distinguished by the
 badge
 Of good or ill report; or those with whom
 By frame of Academic discipline 536
 We were perforce connected, men whose
 sway
 And known authority of office served
 To set our minds on edge, and did no
 more.

Nor wanted we rich pastime of this
 kind, 540
 Found everywhere, but chiefly in the
 ring
 Of the grave Elders, men unsoured,
 grotesque
 In character, tricked out like aged trees
 Which through the lapse of their in-
 firmity
 Give ready place to any random seed 545
 That chooses to be reared upon their
 trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
 Those shepherd swains whom I had lately
 left,
 Appeared a different aspect of old age;
 How different! yet both distinctly
 marked, 550
 Objects embossed to catch the general
 eye,
 Or portraitures for special use designed,
 As some might seem, so aptly do they
 serve
 To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
 That book upheld as with maternal care
 When she would enter on her tender
 scheme 556
 Of teaching comprehension with delight,
 And mingling playful with pathetic
 thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life
 And manners finely wrought, the delicate
 race 560
 Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and
 down
 Through that state arras woven with silk
 and gold;
 This wily interchange of snaky hues,
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
 I neither knew nor cared for; and as
 such 565
 Were wanting here, I took what might be
 found
 Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
 Of character, in points of wit as broad, 570
 As aught by wooden images performed
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd
 At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit

Remembrances before me of old men—
 Old humourists, who have been long in
 their graves, 575
 And having almost in my mind put off
 Their human names, have into phantoms
 passed
 Of texture midway between life and
 books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
 That here in dwarf proportions were
 expressed 580
 The limbs of the great world; its eager
 strifes
 Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
 Though short of mortal combat; and
 whate'er 584
 Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
 More that way, was not wasted upon
 me—
 And yet the spectacle may well demand
 A more substantial name, no mimic
 show,
 Itself a living part of a live whole, 590
 A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-
 lived praise
 Here sate in state, and fed with daily
 alms
 Retainers won away from solid good;
 And here was Labour, his own bond-
 slave; Hope, 595
 That never set the pains against the
 prize;
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless
 Fear,
 And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and
 guile 601
 Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
 ment,
 (The idol weak as the idolater),
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
 And blind Authority beating with his
 staff 605
 The child that might have led him;
 Emptiness

Followed as of good omen, and meek
Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
I cannot say what portion is in truth 610
The naked recollection of that time,
And what may rather have been called to
life

By after-meditation. But delight
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
Is still with Innocence its own reward, 615
This was not wanting. Carelessly I
roamed

As through a wide museum from whose
stores

A casual rarity is singled out
And has its brief perusal, then gives way
To others, all supplanted in their turn;

Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of
things 621

That are by nature most unneighbourly,
The head turns round and cannot right
itself;

And though an aching and a barren sense
Of gay confusion still be uppermost, 625
With few wise longings and but little love,
Yet to the memory something cleaves at
last,

Whence profit may be drawn in times to
come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend!
The labouring time of autumn, winter,
spring, 630

Eight months! rolled pleasingly away;
the ninth

Came and returned me to my native hills.

BOOK FOURTH.

SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when
quickenings steps

Followed each other till a dreary moor
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon
whose top

Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,
I overlooked the bed of Windermere, 5
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.

With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming
bays,

A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantaneous
burst, 10

Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.

I bounded down the hill shouting amain
For the old Ferryman; to the shout the
rocks

Replied, and when the Charon of the
flood

Had staid his oars, and touched the
jutting pier, 15

I did not step into the well-known boat

Without a cordial greeting. Thence with
speed

Up the familiar hill I took my way
Towards that sweet Valley¹ where I had
been reared;

'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering
round 20

I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a throned Lady, sending out

A gracious look all over her domain.

Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking
town;

With eager footsteps I advance and reach
The cottage threshold where my journey

closed. 26

Glad welcome had I, with some tears,
perhaps,

From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
While she perused me with a parent's

pride.

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew

¹ Hawkshead.

Upon thy grave, good creature! While
 my heart 31
 Can beat never will I forget thy name.
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee where
 thou liest
 After thy innocent and busy stir
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth 35
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life,
 Childless, yet by the strangers to thy
 blood
 Honoured with little less than filial love,
 What joy was mine to see thee once
 again, 40
 Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of
 things
 About its narrow precincts all beloved,
 And many of them seeming yet my own!
 Why should I speak of what a thousand
 hearts
 Have felt, and every man alive can
 guess? 45
 The rooms, the court, the garden were not
 left
 Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
 Round the stone table under the dark
 pine,
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was
 boxed 51
 Within our garden, found himself at once,
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple
 down
 (Without an effort and without a will) 55
 A channel paved by man's officious care.
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled
 again,
 And in the press of twenty thousand
 thoughts,
 "Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you
 there!"
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have
 whispered, 60
 "An emblem here behold of thy own life;
 In its late course of even days with all
 Their smooth enthrallment;" but the
 heart was full,
 Too full for that reproach. My aged
 Dame

Walked proudly at my side: she guided
 me; 65
 I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.
 —The face of every neighbour whom
 I met
 Was like a volume to me; some were
 hailed
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged
 With half the length of a long field
 between. 71
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered
 round
 Like recognitions, but with some con-
 straint
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
 But with more shame, for my habili-
 ments, 75
 The transformation wrought by gay
 attire.
 Not less delighted did I take my place
 At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
 In this endeavour simply to relate
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold 80
 The thankfulness with which I laid me
 down
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome
 now
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired
 Or been more often thought of with
 regret;
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the
 wind 85
 Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so
 oft
 Had lain awake on summer nights to
 watch
 The moon in splendour couched among
 the leaves
 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to
 and fro 90
 In the dark summit of the waving tree
 She rocked with every impulse of the
 breeze.
 Among the favourites whom it pleased
 me well
 To see again, was one by ancient right
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills; 95
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained

To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
Among the impervious crags, but having
been

From youth our own adopted, he had
passed 99

Into a gentler service. And when first
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the vernal heat
Of poesy, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, then this dog was
used 105

To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dilatory walk
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.

A hundred times when, roving high and
low, 110

I have been harassed with the toil of
verse,

Much pains and little progress, and at
once

Some lovely Image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the
sea; 114

Then have I darted forwards to let loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Caressing him again and yet again.

And when at evening on the public way
I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things
else 120

Are still, the creature trotted on before;
Such was his custom; but whene'er he
met

A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give me timely notice, and straight-
way,

Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with
the air 126

And mien of one whose thoughts are free,
advanced

To give and take a greeting that might
save

My name from piteous rumours, such as
wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized
and loved— 131

Regretted!—that word, too, was on my
tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with
thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now
came back 136

Like a returning Spring. When first I
made

Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was
mine, 140

Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contem-
plative.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon
brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene,
For cold and raw the air was, and un-
tuned; 145

But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fulness in herself; even so with me
It fared that evening. Gently did my
soul 150

Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted,
stood

Naked, as in the presence of her God.

While on I walked, a comfort seemed to
touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate:
Strength came where weakness was not
known to be, 155

At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed
myself.

—Of that external scene which round me
lay, 160

Little, in this abstraction, did I see;
Remembered less; but I had inward
hopes

And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and
soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmer-
ing views 164

How life pervades the undecaying mind;

How the immortal soul with God-like
power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest
sleep
That time can lay upon her; how on
earth
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that can-
not fail. — 171
Nor was there want of milder thoughts,
of love,
Of innocence, and holiday repose;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the
stir 174
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.
Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse: the
slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly over-
spread
With darkness, and before a rippling
breeze 180
The long lake lengthened out its hoary
line,
And in the sheltered coppice where I
sate,
Around me from among the hazel leaves,
Now here, now there, moved by the
straggling wind, 184
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were
there;
Then into solemn thought I passed once
more. 190

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved;
The peaceful scene oft filled me with
surprise
Changed like a garden in the heat of
spring, 195
After an eight-days' absence. For (to
omit
The things which were the same and yet
appeared

Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to
all,
'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny
nook, 201
Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant; pale-faced babes whom I
had left
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and
down; 205
And growing girls whose beauty, filched
away
With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely
cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to
smiles 210
Such as a delicate work of humour breeds;
I read, without design, the opinions,
thoughts,
Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge; with another
eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new
delight, 216
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired
Dame;
Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state, equipped in monumental trim;
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the
like), 220
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic
life,
Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me; and
no less
Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher
course; 226
With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her
read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had
dropped asleep
And made of it a pillow for her head. 230

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed
spirit 236

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.

But now there opened on me other
thoughts

Of change, congratulation or regret, 240
A pensive feeling! It spread far and
wide;

The trees, the mountains shared it, and
the brooks,

The stars of Heaven, now seen in their
old haunts—

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern
crags,

Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
Acquaintances of every little child, 246

And Jupiter, my own beloved star!

Whatever shadings of mortality,

Whatever imports from the world of
death

Had come among these objects here-
tofore, 250

Were, in the main, of mood less tender:
strong,

Deep, gloomy were they, and severe;
the scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had
given way

In later youth to yearnings of a love

Enthusiastic, to delight and hope. 255

As one who hangs down-bending from
the side

Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast

Of a still water, solacing himself

With such discoveries as his eye can
make

Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,

Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes,
flowers, 261

Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies
more,

Yet often is perplexed and cannot part

The shadow from the substance, rocks
and sky,

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the
depth 265

Of the clear flood, from things which
there abide

In their true dwelling; now is crossed by
gleam

Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,

And wavering motions sent he knows not
whence,

Impediments that make his task more
sweet; 270

Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time

With like success, nor often have ap-
peared

Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
Than these to which the Tale, indulgent

Friend! 275

Would now direct thy notice. Yet in
spite

Of pleasure won, and knowledge not
withheld,

There was an inner falling off—I loved,

Loved deeply all that had been loved
before,

More deeply even than ever: but a
swarm 280

Of heady schemes jostling each other,
gawds,

And feast and dance, and public revelry,
And sports and games (too grateful in
themselves,

Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,
Than as they were a badge glossy and

fresh 285

Of manliness and freedom) all conspired
To lure my mind from firm habitual

quest

Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal

And damp those yearnings which had
once been mine—

A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given
up 290

To his own eager thoughts. It would
demand

Some skill, and longer time than may be
spared,

To paint these vanities, and how they
wrought

In haunts where they, till now, had been
unknown.

It seemed the very garments that I wore
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped the
 quiet stream 296
 Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless chase
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
 For books and nature at that early age.
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge might
 be gained 300
 Of character or life; but at that time,
 Of manners put to school I took small
 note,
 And all my deeper passions lay else-
 where.

Far better had it been to exalt the mind
 By solitary study, to uphold 305
 Intense desire through meditative peace;
 And yet, for chastisement of these re-
 grets,

The memory of one particular hour
 Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a
 throng

Of maids and youths, old men, and
 matrons staid, 310

A medley of all tempers, I had passed
 The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
 With din of instruments and shuffling
 feet,

And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
 And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and
 there 316

Slight shocks of young love-liking inter-
 spersed,

Whose transient pleasure mounted to the
 head,

And tingled through the veins. Ere we
 retired,

The cock had crowed, and now the
 eastern sky 320

Was kindling, not unseen, from humble
 copse

And open field, through which the path-
 way wound,

And homeward led my steps. Magni-
 ficent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
 Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
 The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the
 clouds, 327

Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean
 light;

And in the meadows and the lower
 grounds

Was all the sweetness of a common
 dawn— 330

Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
 And labourers going forth to till the
 fields.

Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to
 the brim

My heart was full; I made no vows, but
 vows

Were then made for me; bond unknown
 to me 335

Was given, that I should be, else sinning
 greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet sur-
 vives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at
 that time

A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,
 Solid and light, short-sighted and pro-
 found; 341

Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
 Consorting in one mansion unreprieved.

The worth I knew of powers that I
 possessed,

Though slighted and too oft misused.
 Besides, 345

That summer, swarming as it did with
 thoughts

Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time

Shrunk, and the mind experienced in
 herself

Conformity as just as that of old 350
 To the end and written spirit of God's

works,

Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
 Through pregnant vision, separate or
 conjoined.

When from our better selves we have
 too long

Been parted by the hurrying world, and
 droop, 355

Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;

How potent a mere image of her sway ;
Most potent when impressed upon the
mind

With an appropriate human centre—
hermit, 360

Deep in the bosom of the wilderness ;
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)

Kneeling at prayers ; or watchman on
the top 364

Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,

When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer
months 370

Were flown, and autumn brought its
annual show

Of oars with oars contending, sails with
sails,

Upon Winander's spacious breast, it
chanced

That—after I had left a flower-decked
room

(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, sur-
vived 375

To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
Were making night do penance for a day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—

My homeward course led up a long
ascent,

Where the road's watery surface, to the
top 380

Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
And bore the semblance of another stream
Stealing with silent lapse to join the

brook

That murmured in the vale. All else
was still ;

No living thing appeared in earth or air,
And, save the flowing water's peaceful
voice, 386

Sound there was none—but, lo ! an un-
couth shape,

Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
So near that, slipping back into the shade
Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him
well, 390

Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,

A span above man's common measure,
tall,

Stiff, lank, and upright ; a more meagre
man

Was never seen before by night or day.

Long were his arms, pallid his hands ;
his mouth 395

Looked ghastly in the moonlight : from
behind,

A mile-stone propped him ; I could also
ken

That he was clothed in military garb,
Though faded, yet entire. Companion-
less, 399

No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
He stood, and in his very dress appeared

A desolation, a simplicity,

To which the trappings of a gaudy world
Make a strange back-ground. From his
lips, ere long,

Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
Or some uneasy thought ; yet still his
form 406

Kept the same awful steadiness—at his
feet

His shadow lay, and moved not. From
self-blame

Not wholly free, I watched him thus ; at
length 409

Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
I left the shady nook where I had stood
And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-
place

He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
In measured gesture lifted to his head

Returned my salutation ; then resumed
His station as before ; and when I asked

His history, the veteran, in reply, 417

Was neither slow nor eager ; but, un-
moved,

And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,
A stately air of mild indifference, 420

He told in few plain words a soldier's
tale—

That in the Tropic Islands he had served,
Whence he had landed scarcely three

weeks past ;

That on his landing he had been dis-
missed,

And now was travelling towards his
native home. 425

This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with me."

He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up

An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—
A staff which must have dropt from his slack hand

And lay till now neglected in the grass.
Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared 431

To travel without pain, and I beheld,
With an astonishment but ill suppressed,
His ghostly figure moving at my side;
Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear 435

To turn from present hardships to the past,

And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,

On what he might himself have seen or felt. 439

He all the while was in demeanour calm,
Concise in answer; solemn and sublime
He might have seemed, but that in all he said

There was a strange half-absence, as of one

Knowing too well the importance of his theme, 444

But feeling it no longer. Our discourse
Soon ended, and together on we passed
In silence through a wood gloomy and still.

Up-turning, then, along an open field,
We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked,

And earnestly to charitable care 450
Commended him as a poor friendless man,

Belated and by sickness overcome.
Assured that now the traveller would repose

In comfort, I entreated that henceforth
He would not linger in the public ways,
But ask for timely furtherance and help
Such as his state required. At this re-proof, 457

With the same ghastly mildness in his look,

He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven,

And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarred, 461

And now the soldier touched his hat once more

With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,

Whose tone bespoke reviving interests
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned 465

The farewell blessing of the patient man,
And so we parted. Back I cast a look,
And lingered near the door a little space,
Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOK FIFTH.

BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt

Through earth and sky, spreads widely,
and sends deep

Into the soul its tranquillising power,
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee,
O Man,

Earth's paramount Creature! not so much
for woes 5

That thou endurest; heavy though that weight be,

Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine

Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved,

Through length of time, by patient exercise
Of study and hard thought; there, there,
it is 10

That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,
 In progress through this Verse, my mind
 hath looked
 Upon the speaking face of earth and
 heaven
 As her prime teacher, intercourse with
 man
 Established by the sovereign Intellect, 15
 Who through that bodily image hath
 diffused,
 As might appear to the eye of fleeting
 time,
 A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast
 wrought,
 For commerce of thy nature with herself,
 Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
 And yet we feel—we cannot choose but
 feel— 21
 That they must perish. Tremblings of
 the heart
 It gives, to think that our immortal
 being
 No more shall need such garments; and
 yet man,
 As long as he shall be the child of earth,
 Might almost “weep to have” what he
 may lose, 26
 Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
 Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.
 A thought is with me sometimes, and I
 say,—
 Should the whole frame of earth by in-
 ward throes 30
 Be wrenched, or fire come down from far
 to scorch
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
 Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
 Yet would the living Presence still sub-
 sist
 Victorious, and composure would ensue,
 And kindlings like the morning—presage
 sure 36
 Of day returning and of life revived.
 But all the meditations of mankind,
 Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth
 By reason built, or passion, which itself 40
 Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
 The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
 Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
 Twin labourers and heirs of the same
 hopes;

Where would they be? Oh! why hath
 not the Mind 45
 Some element to stamp her image on
 In nature somewhat nearer to her own?
 Why, gifted with such powers to send
 abroad
 Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so
 frail?

One day, when from my lips a like
 complaint 50
 Had fallen in presence of a studious
 friend,
 He with a smile made answer, that in truth
 'Twas going far to seek disquietude;
 But on the front of his reproof confessed
 That he himself had oftentimes given
 way 55
 To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I
 told,
 That once in the stillness of a summer's
 noon,
 While I was seated in a rocky cave
 By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,
 The famous history of the errant knight
 Recorded by Cervantes, these same
 thoughts 61
 Beset me, and to height unusual rose,
 While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
 The book, had turned my eyes toward
 the wide sea.
 On poetry and geometric truth, 65
 And their high privilege of lasting life,
 From all internal injury exempt,
 I mused; upon these chiefly: and at
 length,
 My senses yielding to the sultry air,
 Sleep seized me, and I passed into a
 dream. 70
 I saw before me stretched a boundless
 plain
 Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
 And as I looked around, distress and fear
 Came creeping over me, when at my side,
 Close at my side, an uncouth shape
 appeared 75
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high,
 He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin
 tribes:
 A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
 A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell

Have shaped him wandering upon this
quest!

Nor have I pitied him; but rather felt
Reverence was due to a being thus em-
ployed; 150

And thought that, in the blind and awful
lair

Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
Enow there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their
virgin loves,

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
Enow to stir for these; yea, will I say, 156
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven made manifest, that I could
share

That maniac's fond anxiety, and go 160
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least
Me hath such strong entrancement over-
come,

When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine!

Great and benign, indeed, must be the
power 166
Of living nature, which could thus so
long

Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-
praised.

Even in the time of lisping infancy, 170
And later down, in prattling childhood
even,

While I was travelling back among those
days,

How could I ever play an ingrate's part?
Once more should I have made those
bowers resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies; at
least 176

It might have well beseemed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes
me now. 180

O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along un-
touched

By these remembrances. Yet wherefore
speak?

Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts 185
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of
all

Drops daily from the tongue of every
child,

Wherever man is found? The trickling
tear

Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look 190
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered: whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain 195
Where still it works, though hidden from
all search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which
lay

Their sure foundations in the heart of
man,

Whether by native prose, or numerous
verse, 200

That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from
the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that
shake 205

Our shores in England,—from those
loftiest notes

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,
made

For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their
tired limbs,

Stretched under wayside hedge-rows,
ballad tunes, 210

Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their
joys—

'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them,
whether known,

Or sleeping nameless in their scattered
graves, 215

That I should here assert their rights,
 attest
 Their honours, and should, once for all,
 pronounce
 Their benediction; speak of them as
 Powers
 For ever to be hallowed; only less,
 For what we are and what we may
 become, 220
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of
 God,
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I
 stoop
 To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will
 pour out 225
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
 reared
 Safe from an evil which these days have
 laid
 Upon the children of the land, a pest
 That might have dried me up, body and
 soul.
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self, 230
 And things that teach as Nature teaches:
 then,
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet
 where,
 Where had we been, we two, beloved
 Friend!
 If in the season of unperilous choice,
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through
 vales 235
 Rich with indigenous produce, open
 ground
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at
 will,
 We had been followed, hourly watched,
 and noosed,
 Each in his several melancholy walk
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its
 feed, 240
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servi-
 tude;
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
 From touch of growing grass, that may
 not taste
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe. 245

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
 Though fledged and feathered, and well
 pleased to part
 And straggle from her presence, still a
 brood,
 And she herself from the maternal bond
 Still undischarged; yet doth she little
 more 250
 Than move with them in tenderness and
 love,
 A centre to the circle which they make;
 And now and then, alike from need of
 theirs
 And call of her own natural appetites,
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for
 food, 255
 Which they partake at pleasure. Early
 died
 My honoured Mother, she who was the
 heart
 And hinge of all our learnings and our
 loves:
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,
 Trooping together. Little suits it me 260
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest
 With any thought that looks at others'
 blame;
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
 Hence am I checked: but let me boldly
 say,
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely
 taught, 266
 Fetching her goodness rather from times
 past,
 Than shaping novelties for times to come,
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mis-
 trust 270
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
 Who fills the mother's breast with in-
 nocent milk,
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,
 Under His great correction and control,
 As innocent instincts, and as innocent
 food; 275
 Or draws for minds that are left free to
 trust
 In the simplicities of opening life
 Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded
 weeds.

This was her creed, and therefore she was
pure

From anxious fear of error or mishap, 280
And evil, overweeningly so called ;

Was not puffed up by false unnatural
hopes,

Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season
asked

More than its timely produce ; rather
loved 285

The hours for what they are, than from
regard

Glanced on their promises in restless
pride.

Such was she—not from faculties more
strong

Than others have, but from the times,
perhaps,

And spot in which she lived, and through
a grace 290

Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious ; but, that common
sense

May try this modern system by its fruits,
Leave let me take to place before her
sight 295

A specimen pourtrayed with faithful
hand.

Full early trained to worship seemliness,
This model of a child is never known

To mix in quarrels ; that were far be-
neath 300

Its dignity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er
As generous as a fountain ; selfishness

May not come near him, nor the little
throng

Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his
path ;

The wandering beggars propagate his
name, 305

Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
And natural or supernatural fear,

Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder,
see

How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he 311

To the broad follies of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself withal, though
shrewd,

And can read lectures upon innocence ;
A miracle of scientific lore, 315

Ships he can guide across the pathless
sea,

And tell you all their cunning ; he can
read

The inside of the earth, and spell the
stars ;

He knows the policies of foreign lands ;
Can string you names of districts, cities,
towns, 320

The whole world over, tight as beads of
dew

Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he
weighs ;

All things are put to question ; he must
live

Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too 325

Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :

For this unnatural growth the trainer
blame,

Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be
left 330

Which he could truly love ; but how es-
cape ?

For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermeddler still is on the watch

To drive him back, and pound him, like
a stray, 335

Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved
to find

The playthings, which her love designed
for him,

Unthought of : in their woodland beds
the flowers 339

Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
Oh ! give us once again the wishing-cap
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat

Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sabra in the forest with St. George !

The child, whose love is here, at least,
doth reap 345

One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have over-
bridged

The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have
the skill 350

To manage books, and things, and make
them act

On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our
time,

The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road 356

Which they have fashioned would confine
us down,

Like engines; when will their presump-
tion learn,

That in the unreasoning progress of the
world

A wiser spirit is at work for us, 360
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal

Of blessings, and most studious of our
good,

Even in what seem our most unfruitful
hours?

There was a Boy¹: ye knew him well,
ye cliffs 364

And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began

To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone

Beneath the trees or by the glimmering
lake,

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands 370

Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,

That they might answer him; and they
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering

peals, 376
And long halloos and screams, and echoes

loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild

Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened
pause

Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he

hung 381
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise

Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene

Would enter unawares into his mind, 385
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,

Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates,
and died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
old. 390

Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; the grassy church-

yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school,

And through that churchyard when my
way has led 394

On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood

Mute, looking at the grave in which he
lies!

Even now appears before the mind's clear
eye

That self-same village church; I see her
sit

(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile wé
hailed) 400

On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,

Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,
And listening only to the gladsome sounds

That, from the rural school ascending,
play 405

Beneath her and about her. May she long
Behold a race of young ones like to those

With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
We might have fed upon a fatter soil

Of arts and letters—but be that for-
given)— 410

A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wanton,

fresh,
And banded up and down by love and
hate;

¹ See page 183.

Not unresentful where self-justified ;
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest,
 shy ; 415
 Mad at their sports like withered leaves
 in winds ;
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and
 full oft
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious
 weight
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding
 not
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech, 421
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their
 minds ;
 May books and Nature be their early joy !
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with
 that name—
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of
 power ! 425

Well do I call to mind the very week
 When I was first intrusted to the care
 Of that sweet Valley ; when its paths, its
 shores,
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty
 To my half-infant thoughts ; that very
 week, 430
 While I was roving up and down alone,
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to
 cross
 One of those open fields, which, shaped
 like ears,
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's
 Lake :
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the
 gloom 435
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
 A heap of garments, as if left by one
 Who might have there been bathing.
 Long I watched,
 But no one owned them ; meanwhile the
 calm lake
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its
 breast, 440
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping
 snapped
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding
 day,
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain
 tale

Drew to the spot an anxious crowd ; some
 looked
 In passive expectation from the shore,
 While from a boat others hung o'er the
 deep, 446
 Sounding with grappling irons and long
 poles.
 At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous
 scene
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre
 shape 450
 Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
 Such sights before, among the shining
 streams
 Of faery land, the forest of romance. 455
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
 With decoration of ideal grace ;
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long pos-
 sessed, 460
 A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;
 And, from companions in a new abode,
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize
 of mine
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty
 quarry— 465
 That there were four large volumes, laden
 all
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in
 truth,
 A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
 With one not richer than myself, I made
 A covenant that each should lay aside
 The moneys he possessed, and hoard up
 more, 471
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough
 To make this book our own. Through
 several months,
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved
 Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's
 house 477
 The holidays returned me, there to find

That golden store of books which I had
left,

What joy was mine! How often in the
course 480

Of those glad respites, though a soft west
wind

Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain

Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring
stream,

On the hot stones, and in the glaring
sun, 485

And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate!

Till with a sudden bound of smart re-
proach,

Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again. 490

A gracious spirit o'er this earth pre-
sides,

And o'er the heart of man: invisibly
It comes, to works of unreprieved delight,

And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what
they do. 495

The tales that charm away the wakeful
night

In Araby, romances; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;

Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires; adventures endless,
spun 500

By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes

In which his youth did first extravagate;
These spread like day, and something in
the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no
more. 505

Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are
ours,

And *they must* have their food. Our
childhood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the ele-
ments. 509

I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;

But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see

This dawning earth, to recognise, ex-
pect, 514

And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live

In reconcilment with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,

Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows 520

To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down;—oh! then we feel,

we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye
dreamers, then,

Forgers of daring tales! we bless you
then, 524

Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you: *then* we feel

With what, and how great might ye are
in league,

Who make our wish, our power, our
thought a deed,

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom

Earth crouches, the elements are potter's
clay, 531

Space like a heaven filled up with northern
lights,

Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at
once,

Relinquishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not the less
a tract 535

Of the same isthmus, which our spirits
cross

In progress from their native continent
To earth and human life, the Song might
dwell

On that delightful time of growing youth
When craving for the marvellous gives
way 540

To strengthening love for things that we
have seen;

When sober truth and steady sympathies,
Offered to notice by less daring pens,

Take firmer hold of us, and words them-
selves

Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
At thought of raptures now for ever
flown; 546

Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad
 To think of, to read over, many a page,
 Poems withal of name, which at that time
 Did never fail to entrance me, and are
 now 550
 Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
 Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five
 years
 Or less I might have seen, when first my
 mind
 With conscious pleasure opened to the
 charm
 Of words in tuneful order, found them
 sweet 555
 For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a
 power;
 And phrases pleased me chosen for de-
 light,
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public
 roads
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning
 light
 Was yellowing the hill tops, I went
 abroad 560
 With a dear friend, and for the better
 part
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along
 By the still borders of the misty lake,
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds
 That round us chaunted. Well might we
 be glad, 566
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
 More bright than madness or the dreams
 of wine;
 And, though full oft the objects of our
 love
 Were false, and in their splendour over-
 wrought, 570
 Yet was there surely then no vulgar
 power
 Working within us,—nothing less, in
 truth,
 Than that most noble attribute of man,

Though yet untutored and inordinate,
 That wish for something loftier, more
 adorned, 575
 Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
 Of human life. What wonder, then, if
 sounds
 Of exultation echoed through the groves!
 For, images, and sentiments, and words,
 And everything encountered or pursued
 In that delicious world of poesy, 581
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

 Here must we pause: this only let me
 add,
 From heart-experience, and in humblest
 sense 585
 Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
 A daily wanderer among woods and fields
 With living Nature hath been intimate,
 Not only in that raw unpractised time
 Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are, 590
 By glittering verse; but further, doth
 receive,
 In measure only dealt out to himself,
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
 From the great Nature that exists in
 works
 Of mighty Poets. Visionary power 595
 Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
 Embodied in the mystery of words:
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the
 host
 Of shadowy things work endless changes,
 —there, 599
 As in a mansion like their proper home,
 Even forms and substances are circum-
 fused
 By that transparent veil with light divine,
 And, through the turnings intricate of
 verse,
 Present themselves as objects recognised,
 In flashes, and with glory not their
 own. 605

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esth-
waite's banks

And the simplicities of cottage life

I bade farewell; and, one among the
youth

Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's
lure, 5

Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so
prompt

Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my
face

Without repining from the coves and
heights 10

Clothed in the sunshine of the withering
fern;

Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and
you,

Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumber-
land,

You and your not unwelcome days of
mirth 15

Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
And in my own unlovely cell sate down
In lightsome mood—such privilege has
youth

That cannot take long leave of pleasant
thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society 20
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
More to myself. Two winters may be
passed

Without a separate notice: many books
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously
perused,

But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares; 26

Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hardy disobedience towards friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and un-
kind.

This spurious virtue, rather let it bear 30
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-
love

Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own

As from restraints and bonds. Yet who
can tell— 35

Who knows what thus may have been
gained, both then

And at a later season, or preserved;
What love of nature, what original
strength

Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,
The deepest and the best, what keen
research, 40

Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that
time;

Sweet meditations, the still overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
No few of which have since been realised;
And some remain, hopes for my future
life. 47

Four years and thirty, told this very
week,

Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
By sorrow not unsmitten; yet for me 50
Life's morning radiance hath not left the
hills,

Her dew is on the flowers. Those were
the days

Which also first emboldened me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but slightly
touched

By such a daring thought, that I might
 leave 55
 Some monument behind me which pure
 hearts
 Should reverence. The instinctive hum-
 bleness,
 Maintained even by the very name and
 thought
 Of printed books and authorship, began
 To melt away; and further, the dread
 awe 60
 Of mighty names was softened down and
 seemed
 Approachable, admitting fellowship
 Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to
 enjoy. 65

All winter long, whenever free to
 choose,
 Did I by night frequent the College
 groves
 And tributary walks; the last, and oft
 The only one, who had been lingering
 there
 Through hours of silence, till the porter's
 bell, 70
 A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
 Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
 Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree 76
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely
 wreathed,
 Grew there; an ash which Winter for
 himself
 Decked as in pride, and with outlandish
 grace:
 Up from the ground, and almost to the
 top, 80
 The trunk and every master branch were
 green
 With clustering ivy, and the lightsome
 twigs
 And outer spray profusely tipped with
 seeds
 That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
 Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have
 I stood 85

Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
 Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
 Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
 May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's
 self
 Could have more tranquil visions in his
 youth, 90
 Or could more bright appearances create
 Of human forms with superhuman powers,
 Than I beheld loitering on calm clear
 nights
 Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
 'Twere idle to descant. My inner judg-
 ment 96
 Not seldom differed from my taste in
 books,
 As if it appertained to another mind,
 And yet the books which then I valued
 most
 Are dearest to me now; for, having
 scanned, 100
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched
 the forms
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
 A standard, often usefully applied,
 Even when unconsciously, to things re-
 moved
 From a familiar sympathy.—In fine, 105
 I was a better judge of thoughts than
 words,
 Misled in estimating words, not only
 By common inexperience of youth,
 But by the trade in classic niceties,
 The dangerous craft of culling term and
 phrase 110
 From languages that want the living
 voice
 To carry meaning to the natural heart;
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
 What reason, what simplicity and sense.
 Yet may we not entirely overlook 115
 The pleasure gathered from the rudi-
 ments
 Of geometric science. Though advanced
 In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
 No farther than the threshold, there I
 found
 Both elevation and composed delight:

With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance
pleased 121

With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their
heads 123

Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to
sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source
I drew

A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway, 131
And paramount belief; there, recognised
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and
time, 135

Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior, and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
And hath the name of God. Transcendent peace.

And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my
youth. 141

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters
threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck
spared,

Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance,
A treatise of Geometry, he wont, 146
Although of food and clothing destitute,
And beyond common wretchedness de-
pressed,

To part from company and take this book
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its
truths) 150

To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
From the same cause produced, 'mid
outward things 155

So different, may rightly be compared),
So was it then with me, and so will be

With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind beset
With images, and haunted by herself,
And specially delightful unto me 161
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even then when it ap-
peared

Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
To sense embodied: not the thing it is
In verity, an independent world, 166
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-
earned

By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn
aptitudes. 170

And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be
joined

Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that
loved

A pensive sky, sad days, and piping
winds,

The twilight more than dawn, autumn
than spring; 175

A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.

—To time thus spent, add multitudes of
hours

Pilfered away, by what the Bard who
sang 180

Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a
map

Of my collegiate life—far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, might have sprung up of itself
By change of accidents, or even, to
speak 186

Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the
fault,

This I repeat, was mine; mine be the
blame.

In summer, making quest for works of
art, 190

Or scenes renowned for beauty, I ex-
plored

That streamlet whose blue current works
its way

Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden
tracts

Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with
a joy 196

Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon; blest with the
presence, Friend!

Of that sole Sister, her who hath been
long

Dear to thee also, thy true friend and
mine, 200

Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she
seemed

A gift then first bestowed. The varied
banks

Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
Low-standing by the margin of the
stream, 206

A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Hel-
vellyn,

Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might
pen

Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love 210

Inspired;—that river and those moulder-
ing towers

Have seen us side by side, when, having
clomb

The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety
looked 215

Forth, through some Gothic window's
open space,

And gathered with one mind a rich
reward

From the far-stretching landscape, by
the light

Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's
head, 220

Catching from tufts of grass and hare-
bell flowers

Their faintest whisper to the passing
breeze,

Given out while mid-day heat oppressed
the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
By her exulting outside look of youth 226
And placid under-countenance, first en-
deared;

That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
So revered by us both. O'er paths
and fields 230

In all that neighbourhood, through nar-
row lanes

Of eglantine, and through the shady
woods,

And o'er the Border Beacon, and the
waste

Of naked pools, and common crags that
lay

Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered
love, 235

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden
gleam.

O Friend! we had not seen thee at that
time,

And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.
Far art thou wandered now in search of
health 240

And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!

But thou art with us, with us in the past,
The present, with us in the times to come.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
No languor, no dejection, no dismay, 245
No absence scarcely can there be, for
those

Who love as we do. Speed thee well!
divide

With us thy pleasure; thy returning
strength,

Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether
gift 250

Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
How different the fate of different men.
Though mutually unknown, yea, nursed
and reared 254
As if in several elements, we were framed

To bend at last to the same discipline,
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,
 To seek the same delights, and have one
 health,

One happiness. Throughout this narra-
 tive,

Else sooner ended, I have borne in
 mind 260

For whom it registers the birth, and
 marks the growth,

Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent
 days

Of peace and self-command. Of rivers,
 fields,

And groves I speak to thee, my Friend !
 to thee, 265

Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the
 depths

Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
 Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure
 tired, 270

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
 See trees, and meadows, and thy native
 stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
 Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,

In this late portion of my argument, 275
 That scarcely, as my term of pupillage

Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
 When thou wert thither guided. From
 the heart

Of London, and from cloisters there, thou
 camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and
 peace, 280

A rigorous student. What a stormy
 course

Then followed. Oh ! it is a pang that
 calls

For utterance, to think what easy change
 Of circumstances might to thee have
 spared

A world of pain, ripened a thousand
 hopes, 285

For ever withered. Through this retro-
 spect

Of my collegiate life I still have had
 Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place

Present before my eyes, have played with
 times

And accidents as children do with cards,
 Or as a man, who, when his house is
 built, 291

A frame locked up in wood and stone,
 doth still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fire-
 side,

Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
 Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,

And all the strength and plumage of thy
 youth, 296

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
 Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms

Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
 From things well-matched or ill, and

words for things, 300

The self-created sustenance of a mind
 Debarred from Nature's living images,

Compelled to be a life unto herself,
 And unrelentingly possessed by thirst

Of greatness, love, and beauty. (Not
 alone, 305

Ah ! surely not in singleness of heart
 Should I have seen the light of evening
 fade

From smooth Cam's silent waters: had
 we met,

Even at that early time, needs must I
 trust

In the belief, that my maturer age, 310
 My calmer habits, and more steady voice,

Would with an influence benign have
 soothed,

Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
 That battered on thy youth. But thou

hast trod

A march of glory, which doth put to
 shame 315

These vain regrets; health suffers in thee,
 else

Such grief for thee would be the weakest
 thought

That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly
 touch

On wanderings of my own, that now
 embraced 320

With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from
 restraint,
 A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
 Not slow to share my wishes, took his
 staff,
 And sallying forth, we journeyed side by
 side, 325
 Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy
 slight
 Did this unprecedented course imply
 Of college studies and their set rewards;
 Nor had, in truth, the scheme been
 formed by me 329
 Without uneasy forethought of the pain,
 The censures, and ill-omening of those
 To whom my worldly interests were
 dear.
 But Nature then was sovereign in my
 mind,
 And mighty forms, seizing a youthful
 fancy, 334
 Had given a charter to irregular hopes.
 In any age of uneventful calm
 Among the nations, surely would my
 heart
 Have been possessed by similar desire;
 But Europe at that time was thrilled
 with joy,
 France standing on the top of golden
 hours, 340
 And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief
 looks
 Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore
 From the receding vessel's deck, we
 chanced
 To land at Calais on the very eve 345
 Of that great federal day; and there we
 saw,
 In a mean city, and among a few,
 How bright a face is worn when joy of
 one
 Is joy for tens of millions. Southward
 thence
 We held our way, direct through hamlets,
 towns, 350
 Gaudy with reliques of that festival,
 Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
 And window-garlands. On the public
 roads,

And, once, three days successively,
 through paths
 By which our toilsome journey was
 abridged, 355
 Among sequestered villages we walked
 And found benevolence and blessedness
 Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when
 spring
 Hath left no corner of the land un-
 touched:
 Where elms for many and many a league
 in files 360
 With their thin umbrage, on the stately
 roads
 Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our
 heads,
 For ever near us as we paced along:
 How sweet at such a time, with such
 delight
 On every side, in prime of youthful
 strength, 365
 To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
 And fond conceit of sadness, with the
 sound
 Of undulations varying as might please
 The wind that swayed them; once, and
 more than once,
 Unhoused beneath the evening star we
 saw 370
 Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
 Of darkness, dances in the open air
 Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired
 lookers on
 Might waste their breath in chiding.
 Under hills—
 The vine-clad hills and slopes of Bur-
 gundy, 375
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
 We glided forward with the flowing
 stream.
 Swift Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on
 which we cut
 A winding passage with majestic ease
 Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting
 show 380
 Those woods and farms and orchards
 did present,
 And single cottages and lurking towns,
 Reach after reach, succession without end
 Of deep and stately vales! A lonely
 pair

Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed
 along, 385
 Clustered together with a merry crowd
 Of those emancipated, a blithe host
 Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning
 From the great spousals newly solemnized
 At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
 Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay
 as bees; 391
 Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
 And with their swords flourished as if to
 fight
 The saucy air. In this proud company
 We landed—took with them our evening
 meal, 395
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,
 With flowing cups elate and happy
 thoughts
 We rose at signal given, and formed a
 ring
 And, hand in hand, danced round and
 round the board; 400
 All hearts were open, every tongue was
 loud
 With amity and glee; we bore a name
 Honoured in France, the name of English-
 men,
 And hospitably did they give us hail,
 As their forerunners in a glorious course;
 And round and round the board we
 danced again. 406
 With these blithe friends our voyage we
 renewed
 At early dawn. The monastery bells
 Made a sweet jingling in our youthful
 ears;
 The rapid river flowing without noise, 410
 And each uprising or receding spire
 Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous
 crew
 By whom we were encompassed. Taking
 leave
 Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side
 by side, 415
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had
 set
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and
 there

Rested within an awful *solitude*:
 Yes; for even then no other than a place
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared 421
 That far-famed region, though our eyes
 had seen,
 As toward the sacred mansion we ad-
 vanced,
 Arms flashing, and a military glare
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel 425
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
 That frame of social being, which so long
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of
 things
 In silence visible and perpetual calm.
 —“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!”—
 The voice 430
 Was Nature’s; uttered from her Alpine
 throne;
 I heard it then, and seem to hear it now—
 “Your impious work forbear: perish
 what may,
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot
 Of earth devoted to eternity!” 435
 She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno’s
 pines
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they
 waved,
 And while below, along their several beds,
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and
 Death,
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my
 heart 440
 Responded; “Honour to the patriot’s
 zeal!
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do
 thou
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging
 fires, 445
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
 Fanned by the breath of angry Provi-
 dence.
 But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
 On whose support harmoniously con-
 joined
 Moves the great spirit of human know-
 ledge, spare 450
 These courts of mystery, where a step
 advanced
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks

Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes
 Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure sight 455
 Monarch and peasant: be the house redeemed
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
 Through faith and meditative reason, resting
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
 Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim 461
 Of that imaginative impulse sent
 From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
 Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants, 465
 These forests unapproachable by death,
 That shall endure as long as man endures,
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
 To struggle, to be lost within himself
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss 470
 To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled.”
 Not seldom since that moment have I wished
 That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the calm
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart,
 In sympathetic reverence we trod 475
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,
 From their foundation, strangers to the presence
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
 Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
 Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's groves 480
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness; thence
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
 In different quarters of the bending sky,
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
 Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there, 485
 Memorial revered by a thousand storms;

Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
 And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.
 'Tis not my present purpose to retrace
 That variegated journey step by step. 490
 A march it was of military speed,
 And Earth did change her images and forms
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.
 Day after day, up early and down late,
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill 495
 Mounted—from province on to province swept,
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair:
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life, 500
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam
 Of salutation were not passed away.
 Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have seen
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, un-
 raised 505
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and compassed round
 With danger, varying as the seasons change), 510
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,
 Contented, from the moment that the dawn
 (Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,
 Whose evening shadows lead him to repose. 516
 Well might a stranger look with bounding heart
 Down on a green recess, the first I saw

Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
 Quiet and lorded over and possessed 520
 By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like
 tents

Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
 And by the river side.

That very day,
 From a bare ridge we also first beheld
 Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
 grieved 525

To have a soulless image on the eye
 That had usurped upon a living thought
 That never more could be. The wondrous
 Vale

Of Chamouny stretched far below, and
 soon

With its dumb cataracts and streams of
 ice, 530

A motionless array of mighty waves,
 Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
 amends,

And reconciled us to realities;
 There small birds warble from the leafy
 trees,

The eagle soars high in the element, 535
 There doth the reaper bind the yellow
 sheaf,

The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
 While Winter like a well-tamed lion
 walks,

Descending from the mountain to make
 sport 539

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
 Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state
 Of intellect and heart. With such a book
 Before our eyes, we could not choose but
 read

Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain
 And universal reason of mankind, 546
 The truths of young and old. Nor, side
 by side

Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone
 Each with his humour, could we fail to
 abound

In dreams and fictions, pensively com-
 posed: 550

Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
 And gilded sympathies, the willow
 wreath,

And sober posies of funereal flowers,
 Gathered among those solitudes sublime
 From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
 Did sweeten many a meditative hour. 556

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
 Mixed something of stern mood, an
 under-thirst

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed:
 And from that source how different a sad-
 ness 560

Would issue, let one incident make
 known.

When from the Vallais we had turned,
 and clomb

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged
 road,

Following a band of muleteers, we reached
 A halting-place, where all together took
 Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our
 guide, 566

Leaving us at the board; awhile we
 lingered,

Then paced the beaten downward way
 that led

Right to a rough stream's edge, and there
 broke off;

The only track now visible was one 570
 That from the torrent's further brink
 held forth

Conspicuous invitation to ascend
 A lofty mountain. After brief delay
 Crossing the unbridged stream, that road
 we took,

And clomb with eagerness, till anxious
 fears 575

Intruded, for we failed to overtake
 Our comrades gone before. By fortunate
 chance,

While every moment added doubt to
 doubt,

A peasant met us, from whose mouth we
 learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us
 first 580

We must descend, and there should find
 the road,

Which in the stony channel of the stream
 Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;
 And, that our future course, all plain to
 sight,

Was downwards, with the current of that
stream, 585

Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to
the clouds,

We questioned him again, and yet again;
But every word that from the peasant's
lips

Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the*
Alps. 591

Imagination—here the Power so called
Through sad incompetence of human
speech,

That awful Power rose from the mind's
abyss

Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was
lost; 596

Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—

“I recognise thy glory:” in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has re-
vealed 601

The invisible world, doth greatness make
abode,

There harbours, whether we be young or
old,

Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there; 605

With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,

And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant, the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no
spoils 610

That may attest her prowess, blest in
thoughts

That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude

That hides her, like the mighty flood of
Nile

Poured from his fount of Abyssinian
clouds 615

To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we
hurried fast,

And, with the half-shaped road which we
had missed, 620

Entered a narrow chasm. ¹ The brook and
road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy
strait,

And with them did we journey several
hours

At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The stationary blasts of waterfalls, 626
And in the narrow rent at every turn

Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and
forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears, 630

Black drizzling crags that spake by the
way-side

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,

The unfettered clouds and region of the
Heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light— 635

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,

The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end. 640

That night our lodging was a house
that stood

Alone, within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent
swelled

The rapid stream whose margin we had
trod;

A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, deafened
and stunned 646

By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we re-
newed,

¹ See page 136.

Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified 650
 Into a lordly river, broad and deep,
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,
 With mountains for its neighbours, and in view
 Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant. 656
 Locarno! spreading out in width like Heaven,
 How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory;
 And Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth 660
 Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
 Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
 Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots
 Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
 Thy lofty steepes, and pathways roofed with vines, 665
 Winding from house to house, from town to town,
 Sole link that binds them to each other; walks,
 League after league, and cloistral avenues,
 Where silence dwells if music be not there:
 While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
 Through fond ambition of that hour, I strove 671
 To chant your praise; nor can approach you now
 Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,
 Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art
 May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze 675
 Or sunbeam over your domain I passed
 In motion without pause; but ye have left
 Your beauty with me, a serene accord
 Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed
 In their submissiveness with power as sweet 680
 And gracious, almost might I dare to say,
 As virtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,

Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
 Or mildest visitations of pure thought,
 When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
 Religiously, in silent blessedness; 686
 Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,
 For two days' space, in presence of the Lake,
 That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed 690
 A character more stern. The second night,
 From sleep awakened, and misled by sound
 Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes
 Whose import then we had not learned, we rose
 By moonlight, doubting not that day was night, 695
 And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,
 Along the winding margin of the lake,
 Led, as before, we should behold the scene,
 Hushed in profound repose. We left the town
 Of Gravedona with this hope; but soon
 Were lost, bewildered among woods immense, 701
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
 An open place it was, and overlooked,
 From high, the sullen water far beneath,
 On which a dull red image of the moon
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
 Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
 We sate and sate, wondering as if the night
 Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the rock
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep, 710
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings
 Of insects, which with noise like that of noon
 Filled all the woods: the cry of unknown birds;

The mountains more by blackness visible
 And their own size, than any outward
 light; 715
 The breathless wilderness of clouds; the
 clock
 That told, with unintelligible voice,
 The widely parted hours; the noise of
 streams,
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at
 hand,
 That did not leave us free from personal
 fear; 720
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that
 set
 Before us, while she still was high in
 heaven;—
 These were our food; and such a summer's
 night
 Followed that pair of golden days that
 shed
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it
 lay, 725
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid
 farewell
 To days, each offering some new sight, or
 fraught
 With some untried adventure, in a course
 Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal
 snow 730
 Checked our unwearied steps. Let this
 alone
 Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
 In hollow exultation, dealing out
 Hyperboles of praise comparative; 734
 Not rich one moment to be poor for ever;
 Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
 Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
 On outward forms—did we in presence
 stand
 Of that magnificent region. On the front
 Of this whole Song is written that my
 heart . 740
 Must, in such Temple, needs have offered
 up
 A different worship. Finally, whate'er
 I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
 That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,
 Confederate with the current of the soul,

To speed my voyage; every sound or
 sight, 746
 In its degree of power, administered
 To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
 Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
 Less often instantaneous in effect; 750
 Led me to these by paths that, in the
 main,
 Were more circuitous, but not less sure
 Duly to reach the point marked out by
 Heaven.

Oh, most belovèd Friend! a glorious
 time,
 A happy time that was; triumphant looks
 Were then the common language of all
 eyes; 756
 As if awaked from sleep, the Nations
 hailed
 Their great expectancy: the life of war
 Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
 A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
 We left the Swiss exulting in the fate 761
 Of their near neighbours; and, when
 shortening fast
 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from
 home,
 We crossed the Brabant armies on the
 fret
 For battle in the cause of Liberty. 765
 A stripling, scarcely of the household
 then
 Of social life, I looked upon these things
 As from a distance; heard, and saw, and
 felt,
 Was touched, but with no intimate con-
 cern;
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird 770
 Moves through the air, or as a fish
 pursues
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need
 Such help; the ever-living universe,
 Turn where I might, was opening out its
 glories, 775
 And the independent spirit of pure youth
 Called forth, at every season, new de-
 lights
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er
 green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Six changeful years have vanished since
 I first
 Poured out (saluted by that quickening
 breeze
 Which met me issuing from the City's¹
 walls)
 A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
 Aloud, with fervour irresistible 5
 Of short-lived transport, like a torrent
 bursting,
 From a black thunder-cloud, down Scaffell's
 side
 To rush and disappear. But soon broke
 forth
 (So willed the Muse) a less impetuous
 stream,
 That flowed awhile with unabating
 strength, 10
 Then stopped for years; not audible
 again
 Before last primrose-time. Belovèd
 Friend!
 The assurance which then cheered some
 heavy thoughts
 On thy departure to a foreign land
 Has failed; too slowly moves the promised
 work. 15
 Through the whole summer have I been
 at rest,
 Partly from voluntary holiday,
 And part through outward hindrance.
 But I heard,
 After the hour of sunset yester-even,
 Sitting within doors between light and
 dark, 20
 A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere
 near
 My threshold,—minstrels from the distant
 woods
 Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,

With preparation artful and benign,
 That the rough lord had left the surly
 North 25
 On his accustomed journey. The delight,
 Due to this timely notice, unawares
 Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers
 said,
 "Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will
 be
 Associates, and, unscared by blustering
 winds, 30
 Will chant together." Thereafter, as the
 shades
 Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
 A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
 Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
 Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
 Through a thick forest. Silence touched
 me here 36
 No less than sound had done before; the
 child
 Of Summer, lingering, shining, by her-
 self,
 The voiceless worm on the unfrequented
 hills,
 Seemed sent on the same errand with the
 choir 40
 Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
 And the whole year breathed tenderness
 and love.

The last night's genial feeling over-
 flowed
 Upon this morning, and my favourite
 grove,
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs
 aloft, 45
 As if to make the strong wind visible,
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,
 A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
 Which we will now resume with lively
 hope,

¹ The City of Goslar in Lower Saxony.

Nor checked by aught of tamer argument,
That lies before us, needful to be told. 51

Returned from that excursion¹, soon I
bade
Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and
bower,
And every comfort of that privileged
ground, 55
Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent
among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of
life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time 60
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,
Frugal as there was need, and, though
self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three
years had flown 65
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and had
paced
Her endless streets, a transient visitant ;
Now, fixed amid that concourse of man-
kind 69
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seem but one, I filled
An idler's place ; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a home ?)
That owned him ; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir, 75
And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoe'er is
feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance ; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ; 81
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far
short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed 85

¹ See page 680.

And thought of London—held me by a
chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure de-
light.
Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy
shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,
'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of
boys 90
Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom
chance
Summoned from school to London ; for-
tunate
And envied traveller ! When the Boy
returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His mien and person, nor was free, in
sooth, 95
From disappointment, not to find some
change
In look and air, from that new region
brought,
As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned
him ;
And every word he uttered, on my ears
Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note, 100
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening.
Marvellous things
Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
Almost as deeply seated and as strong
In a Child's heart as fear itself) con-
ceived 105
For my enjoyment. Would that I could
now
Recall what then I pictured to myself,
Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
The King, and the King's Palace, and,
not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the re-
nowned Lord Mayor : 110
Dreams not unlike to those which once
begat
A change of purpose in young Whitting-
ton,
When he, a friendless and a drooping
boy,
Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak
out 114
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Baffled my understanding : how men lived

Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet
still

Strangers, not knowing each the other's
name.

O, wond'rous power of words, by simple
faith

Licensed to take the meaning that we love!
Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had
heard 121

Of your green groves, and wilderness of
lamps

Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,
And gorgeous ladies, under splendid
domes, 124

Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
With less delight upon that other class

Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:

The River proudly bridged; the dizzy top
And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's;
the tombs 130

Of Westminster; the Giants of Guild-
hall;

Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the
gates,

Perpetually recumbent; Statues—man,
And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast
squares; 135

The Monument, and that Chamber of the
Tower

Where England's sovereigns sit in long
array,

Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic
shape

Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch
wore,

Whether for gorgeous tournament ad-
dressed, 140

Or life or death upon the battle-field.
Those bold imaginations in due time

Had vanished; leaving others in their
stead:

And now I looked upon the living scene;
Familiarly perused it; oftentimes, 145

In spite of strongest disappointment,
pleased

Through courtesous self-submission, as a tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the
plain

Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving
things! 151

Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by
awe—

On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafen-
ing din; 155

The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling
wares,

Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned
names,

And all the tradesman's honours over-
head:

Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to
toe, 161

Stationed above the door, like guardian
saints;

There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men.

Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the
sea, 165

Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attrac-
tive head

Of some quack-doctor, famous in his
day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at
length,

Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow
loud! 171

At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin
resort,

And sights and sounds that come at
intervals,

We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another
street 175

Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair

Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone, 179

An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes

Thrilled by some female vendor's scream,
 belike
 The very shrillest of all London cries,
 May then entangle our impatient steps ;
 Conducted through those labyrinths, un-
 awares, 185
 To privileged regions and inviolate,
 Where from their airy lodges studious
 lawyers
 Look out on waters, walks, and gardens
 green.

Thence back into the throng, until we
 reach,
 Following the tide that slackens by
 degrees, 190
 Some half-frequented scene, where wider
 streets
 Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
 Here files of ballads dangle from dead
 walls ;
 Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
 Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;
 These, bold in conscious merit, lower
 down ; 196
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
 As on the broadening causeway we ad-
 vance,
 Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and
 strong 200
 In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
 'Tis one encountered here and every-
 where ;
 A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
 And stumping on his arms. In sailor's
 garb
 Another lies at length, beside a range
 Of well-formed characters, with chalk in-
 scribed 206
 Upon the smooth flat stones : the Nurse
 is here,
 The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
 The military Idler, and the Dame,
 That field-ward takes her walk with decent
 steps. 210

Now homeward through the thickening
 hubbub, where
 See, among less distinguishable shapes,
 The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;

The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
 Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
 Upon his head ; with basket at his breast
 The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving
 Turk,
 With freight of slippers piled beneath his
 arm !

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I sur-
 veyed
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased
 to note 220
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,
 Through all the colours which the sun
 bestows,
 And every character of form and face :
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial
 south,
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from
 remote 225
 America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to
 day,
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and
 beasts 230
 Of every nature, and strange plants con-
 vened
 From every clime ; and, next, those sights
 that ape
 The absolute presence of reality,
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
 And what earth is, and what she has to
 show. 235
 I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
 By means refined attaining purest ends,
 But imitations, fondly made in plain
 Confession of man's weakness and his
 loves.
 Whether the Painter, whose ambitious
 skill 240
 Submits to nothing less than taking in
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
 Like that of angels or commissioned
 spirits,
 Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world 245
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
 Above, behind, far stretching and before ;

Or more mechanic artist represent
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
 From blended colours also borrowing
 help, 250
 Some miniature of famous spots or
 things,—

St. Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the
 Falls

Of Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep, 255
 The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ! every
 tree,

Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
 Throughout the landscape ; tuft, stone,
 scratch minute—

All that the traveller sees when he is
 there. 259

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
 Others of wider scope, where living men,
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
 Diversified the allurement. Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,
 Yet richly graced with honours of her own,
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at that
 time 267

Intolerant, as is the way of youth
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than
 once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
 With ample recompense) giants and
 dwarfs, 271

Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, har-
 lequins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean
 delight

To watch crude Nature work in untaught
 minds ; 275

To note the laws and progress of belief ;
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
 How willingly we travel, and how far !

To have, for instance, brought upon the
 scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-killer : Lo !
 He dons his coat of darkness : on the
 stage 281

Walks, and achieves his wonders, from
 the eye

Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."
 Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought ?
 The garb he wears is black as death, the
 word 286
 "Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures
 of the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
 When Art was young ; dramas of living
 men, 290

And recent things yet warm with life ;
 a sea-fight,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by
 Fame ;

Such as the daring brotherhood of late
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light
 place— 295

I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn
 From our own ground,—the Maid of
 Buttermere,—

And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
 And wooed the artless daughter of the
 hills, 300

And wedded her, in cruel mockery
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words
 to thee

Must needs bring back the moment when
 we first,

Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's
 name, 304

Beheld her serving at the cottage inn ;
 Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
 With admiration of her modest mien
 And carriage, marked by unexampled
 grace.

We since that time not unfamiliarly
 Have seen her,—her discretion have
 observed, 310

Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
 Her patience, and humility of mind
 Unspoiled by commendation and the
 excess

Of public notice—an offensive light
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly. 315

From this memorial tribute to my theme
 I was returning, when, with sundry forms

Commingled—shapes which met me in the
 way
 That we must tread—thy image rose
 again,
 Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in
 peace 320
 Upon the spot where she was born and
 reared;
 Without contamination doth she live
 In quietness, without anxiety:
 Beside the mountain-chapel, sleeps in
 earth
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
 That, thither driven from some unshel-
 tered place, 326
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
 When storms are raging. Happy are they
 both—
 Mother and child!—These feelings, in
 themselves
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I
 think 330
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the
 crimes
 And sorrows of the world. Those simple
 days
 Are now my theme; and, foremost of the
 scenes, 334
 Which yet survive in memory, appears
 One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
 A sportive infant, who, for six months'
 space,
 Not more, had been of age to deal about
 Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful
 As ever clung around a mother's neck, 340
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant
 stood
 The mother; but, upon her cheeks dif-
 fused,
 False tints too well accorded with the
 glare 345
 From play-house lustres thrown without
 reserve
 On every object near. The Boy had been
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine 351

He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
 Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—
 if e'er,
 By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a
 babe 355
 By Nature's gift so favoured. Upon
 a board
 Decked with refreshments had this child
 been placed,
 His little stage in the vast theatre,
 And there he sate surrounded with a
 throng
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute
 men 360
 And shameless women, treated and
 caressed;
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses
 played,
 While oaths and laughter and indecent
 speech
 Were rife about him as the songs of birds
 Contending after showers. The mother
 now 365
 Is fading out of memory, but I see
 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
 Among the wretched and the falsely
 gay,
 Like one of those who walked with hair
 unsinged
 Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and
 spells 370
 Muttered on black and spiteful instiga-
 tion
 Have stopped, as some believe, the kind-
 liest growths.
 Ah, with how different spirit might a
 prayer
 Have been preferred, that this fair crea-
 ture, checked
 By special privilege of Nature's love, 375
 Should in his childhood be detained for
 ever!
 But with its universal freight the tide
 Hath rolled along, and this bright in-
 nocent,
 Mary! may now have lived till he could
 look
 With envy on thy nameless babe that
 sleeps, 380
 Beside the mountain-chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then
been told
Since, travelling southward from our
pastoral hills,
I heard, and for the first time in my life,
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
Saw woman as she is, to open shame 386
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
Thrown in, that from humanity divorced
Humanity, splitting the race of man 390
In twain, yet leaving the same outward
form.
Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
And ardent meditation. Later years
Brought to such spectacle a milder sad-
ness,
Feelings of pure commiseration, grief 395
For the individual and the overthrow
Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then
But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
The sorrow of the passion stopped me
there.
But let me now, less moved, in order
take 400
Our argument. Enough is said to show
How casual incidents of real life,
Observed where pastime only had been
sought,
Outweighed, or put to flight, the set
events
And measured passions of the stage,
albeit 405
By Siddons trod in the fulness of her
power.
Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
The very gilding, lamps and painted
scrolls,
And all the mean upholstery of the place,
Wanted not animation, when the tide 410
Of pleasure ebb'd but to return as fast
With the ever-shifting figures of the
scene,
Solemn or gay: whether some beauteous
dame
Advanced in radiance through a deep
recess
Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
Opening the clouds; or sovereign king,
announced 416

With flourishing trumpet, came in full-
blown state
Of the world's greatness, winding round
with train
Of courtiers, banners, and a length of
guards;
Or captive led in abject weeds, and
jingling 420
His slender manacles; or romping girl
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or
mumbling sire,
A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up
In all the tatters of infirmity
All loosely put together, hobbled in, 425
Stumping upon a cane with which he
smites,
From time to time, the solid boards, and
makes them
Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
Of one so overloaded with his years.
But what of this! the laugh, the grin,
grimace, 430
The antics striving to outstrip each other,
Were all received, the least of them not
lost,
With an unmeasured welcome. Through
the night,
Between the show, and many-headed
mass 434
Of the spectators, and each several nook
Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
And with what flashes, as it were, the
mind
Turned this way—that way! sportive and
alert
And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
While winds are eddying round her,
among straws 440
And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and
sweet!
Romantic almost, looked at through a
space,
How small, of intervening years! For
then,
Though surely no mean progress had been
made
In meditations holy and sublime, 445
Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss
Of novelty survived for scenes like these;
Enjoyment haply handed down from
times

When at a country-playhouse, some rude
barn
Tricked out for that proud use, if I per-
chance 450
Caught, on a summer evening through
a chink
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
Of daylight, the bare thought of where
I was
Gladdened me more than if I had been
led
Into a dazzling cavern of romance, 455
Crowded with Genii busy among works
Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may
seem,
To many, neither dignified enough
Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by
them, 460
Who, looking inward, have observed the
ties
That bind the perishable hours of life
Each to the other, and the curious props
By which the world of memory and
thought
Exists and is sustained. More lofty
themes, 465
Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
Solicit our regard; but when I think
Of these, I feel the imaginative power
Languish within me; even then it slept,
When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the
heart 470
Was more than full; amid my sobs and
tears
It slept, even in the pregnant season of
youth.
For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene
With an obsequious promptness, yet the
storm 475
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the
mind;
Save when realities of act and mien,
The incarnation of the spirits that move
In harmony amid the Poet's world,
Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth 480
By power of contrast, made me recognise,
As at a glance, the things which I had
shaped,

And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely
seen,
When, having closed the mighty Shak-
speare's page,
I mused, and thought, and felt, in soli-
tude. 485
Pass we from entertainments, that are
such
Professedly, to others titled higher,
Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names
imply,—
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their
courts 490
Before the ermined judge, or that great
stage
Where senators, tongue-favoured men,
perform,
Admired and envied. Oh! the beating
heart,
When one among the prime of these rose
up,—
One, of whose name from childhood we
had heard 495
Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedfords, Glosters, Salisburys, of old
Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!
hush!
This is no trifter, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully 500
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can pa-
tience e'er
Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory! All are
charmed, 505
Astonished; like a hero in romance,
He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow
sense:
What memory and what logic! till the
strain 509
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.
Genius of Burke! forgive the pen
seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered
men,

Beginning to mistrust their boastful
guides, 515
And wise men, willing to grow wiser,
caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent
tongue—
Now mute, for ever mute in the cold
grave.
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn
branches start 520
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But
some—
While he forewarns, denounces, launches
forth,
Against all systems built on abstract
rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims 525
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high
disdain,
Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are
born— 530
Some—say at once a froward multitude—
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not
loved)
As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
Galled by their monarch's chain. The
times were big
With ominous change, which, night by
night, provoked 535
Keen struggles, and black clouds of
passion raised;
But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from
Jove's brain,
Broke forth in armour of resplendent
words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and
one 540
In ancient story versed, whose breast had
heaved
Under the weight of classic eloquence,
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?
Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not un-
felt 545

Were its admonishments, nor lightly
heard
The awful truths delivered thence by
tongues
Endowed with various power to search
the soul;
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of
place!— 550
There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many
a maze 555
A minuet course; and, winding up his
mouth,
From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile 560
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the
Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy
theme 565
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,
And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked
truth)
Summoned from streamy Morven—each
and all
Would, in their turns, lend ornaments
and flowers
To entwine the crook of eloquence that
helped 570
This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the
plains,
To rule and guide his captivated flock.
I glance but at a few conspicuous
marks,
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop, 575
In public room or private, park or street,
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
And all the strife of singularity, 580
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—

Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,
 There is no end. Such candidates for regard,
 Although well pleased to be where they were found,
 I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize, 585
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast
 Of reading them with quick and curious eye;
 But, as a common produce, things that are
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
 Such willing note, as, on some errand bound 590
 That asks not speed, a traveller might bestow
 On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,
 Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,
 Though most at home in this their dear domain, 595
 Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,
 Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.
 Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep
 In memory, those individual sights
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth, 600
 Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,
 Appeared more touching. One will I select;
 A Father—for he bore that sacred name—
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall, 605
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced
 A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence, sate
 This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
 stretched
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air, 610
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,
 He took no heed; but in his brawny arms

(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
 And from his work this moment had been stolen)
 He held the child, and, bending over it,
 As if he were afraid both of the sun 616
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,
 Eyed the poor babe with love un-
 utterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain-top
 Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so 620
 That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
 Serves as a solemn background, or relief,
 To single forms and objects, whence they draw,
 For feeling and contemplative regard, 624
 More than inherent liveliness and power.
 How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
 Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said
 Unto myself, "The face of every one
 That passes by me is a mystery!"
 Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed 630
 By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,
 Until the shapes before my eyes became
 A second-sight procession, such as glides
 Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
 And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond 635
 The reach of common indication, lost
 Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
 Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
 Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
 Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest 640
 Wearing a written paper, to explain
 His story, whence he came, and who he was,
 Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round
 As with the might of waters; an apt type
 This label seemed of the utmost we can know, 645
 Both of ourselves and of the universe;

And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sightless eyes,
I gazed,
As if admonished from another-world.

Though reared upon the base of out-
ward things, 650
Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly
Builds for herself; scenes different there
are,
Full-formed, that take, with small internal
help,
Possession of the faculties,—the peace
That comes with night; the deep solemn-
ity 655
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands
still;
The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the
grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and
earth, 660
Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,
and sounds
Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome
rains
Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice 665
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks
about,
Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,
Are falsely catalogued; things that are,
are not,
As the mind answers to them, or the
heart 670
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say
you, then,
To times, when half the city shall break
out
Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or
fear?
To executions, to a street on fire,
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these
sights 675
Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in past
time,

And named of St. Bartholomew; there,
see
A work completed to our hands, that
lays,
If any spectacle on earth can do, 680
The whole creative powers of man asleep!—
For once, the Muse's help will we implore,
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her
wings,
Above the press and danger of the crowd,
Upon some showman's platform. What
a shock 685
For eyes and ears! what anarchy and
din,
Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight,
sound!
Below, the open space, through every
nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive 690
With heads; the midway region, and
above,
Is thronged with staring pictures and
huge scrolls,
Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;
With chattering monkeys dangling from
their poles,
And children whirling in their round-
abouts; 695
With those that stretch the neck and
strain the eyes,
And crack the voice in rivalry, the
crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him
who grinds
The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-
drum, 701
And him who at the trumpet puffs his
cheeks,
The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and
boys,
Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-
towering plumes.— 705
All moveables of wonder, from all parts,
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians,
Dwarfs,
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned
Pig,

The Stone-eater, the man that swallows
 fire,
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
 The Bust that speaks and moves its
 goggling eyes, 711
 The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-
 vellous craft
 Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-
 shows,
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted
 things,
 All freaks of nature, all Promethean
 thoughts 715
 Of man, his dulness, madness, and their
 feats
 All jumbled up together, to compose
 A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and
 Booths
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast
 mill,
 Are vomiting, receiving on all sides, 720
 Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes
 in arms.

Oh, blank confusion ! true epitome
 Of what the mighty City is herself,
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl 725
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
 To one identity, by differences
 That have no law, no meaning, and no
 end—
 Oppression, under which even highest
 minds
 Must labour, whence the strongest are
 not free. 730
 But though the picture weary out the eye,
 By nature an unmanageable sight,
 It is not wholly so to him who looks
 In steadiness, who hath among least
 things 734
 An under-sense of greatest ; sees the parts
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
 On sundry and most widely different
 modes

Of education, nor with least delight
 On that through which I passed. At-
 tention springs, 740
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
 From early converse with the works of
 God
 Among all regions ; chiefly where appear
 Most obviously simplicity and power.
 Think, how the everlasting streams and
 woods, 745
 Stretched and still stretching far and
 wide, exalt
 The roving Indian, on his desert sands :
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant
 show
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's
 eye:
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to
 zone, 750
 Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends
 aloft
 Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers
 and aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul 755
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less
 The changeful language of their coun-
 tenances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids
 the thoughts,
 However multitudinous, to move 760
 With order and relation. This, if still,
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
 Not violating any just restraint,
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
 This did I feel, in London's vast do-
 main. 765
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there ;
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colours, and
 the press
 Of self-destroying, transitory things, 770
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that
 are heard
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of
 air
 Ascending, as if distance had the power
 To make the sounds more audible? What
 crowd
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village
 green? 5
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
 Though but a little family of men,
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-
 times
 Assembled with their children and their
 wives,
 And here and there a stranger inter-
 spersed. 10
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
 Such as, on this side now, and now on
 that,
 Repeated through his tributary vales,
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either
 ocean 15
 Blown from their favourite resting-place,
 or mists
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded
 head.
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of
 noon, 20
 From byre or field the kine were brought;
 the sheep
 Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is
 begun.
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
 Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
 Booths are there none; a stall or two is
 here; 25

A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
 The other to make music; hither, too,
 From far, with basket, slung upon her
 arm,
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures,
 combs, and pins—
 Some aged woman finds her way again, 30
 Year after year, a punctual visitant!
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-
 show;
 And in the lapse of many years may come
 Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he 35
 Whose wonders in a covered wain lie
 hid.
 But one there is, the loveliest of them
 all,
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
 For gains, and who that sees her would
 not buy?
 Fruits of her father's orchard are her
 wares, 40
 And with the ruddy produce she walks
 round
 Among the crowd, half pleased with, half
 ashamed
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
 The children now are rich, for the old to-
 day
 Are generous as the young; and, if con-
 tent 45
 With looking on, some ancient wedded
 pair
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled
 brow,
 The days departed start again to life,
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the
 changing sun 51

To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve¹.”
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,
 Spreading from young to old, from old to young,
 And no one seems to want his share.—
 Immense 55
 Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced:
 They move about upon the soft green turf:
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,
 And all that they can further or obstruct!
 Through utter weakness pitiably dear, 61
 As tender infants are: and yet how great!
 For all things serve them; them the morning light
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;
 And them the silent rocks, which now from high 65
 Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts;
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
 Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,
 In that enormous City's turbulent world
 Of men and things, what benefit I owed
 To thee, and those domains of rural peace,
 Where to the sense of beauty first my heart

Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair
 Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees, 76
 Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight
 Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
 (Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,
 China's stupendous mound) by patient toil 80
 Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help;
 There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,
 Fulfilling (could enchantment have done more?)

A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with domes
 Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells 85
 For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
 With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
 Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to melt
 Into each other their obsequious hues,
 Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase, 90
 Too fine to be pursued; or standing forth
 In no discordant opposition, strong
 And gorgeous as the colours side by side
 Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds;
 And mountains over all, embracing all; 95
 And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
 With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise
 Where I was reared; in Nature's primitive gifts
 Favoured no less, and more to every sense 100
 Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
 The elements, and seasons as they change,
 Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
 Man free, man working for himself, with choice
 Of time, and place, and object; by his wants, 105
 His comforts, native occupations, cares,
 Cheerfully led to individual ends
 Or social, and still followed by a train
 Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
 And beauty, and inevitable grace. 110

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers
 Would to a child be transport over-great,
 When but a half-hour's roam through such a place
 Would leave behind a dance of images,
 That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks; 115
 Even then the common haunts of the green earth,
 And ordinary interests of man,
 Which they embosom, all without regard
 As both may seem, are fastening on the heart
 Insensibly, each with the other's help. 120

¹ From the *Ma'vern Hills* of Joseph Cottle.

For me, when my affections first were led
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to
partake

Love for the human creature's absolute
self,

That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding
most, 125

Where sovereign Nature dictated the
tasks

And occupations which her beauty
adorned,

And Shepherds were the men that pleased
me first;

Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian
wilds,

With arts and laws so tempered, that
their lives 130

Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age;
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among them-
selves

Felicity, in Grecian song renowned; 135
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had
driven,

From house and home, the courtly band
whose fortunes

Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the
wild woods

Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted
hours, 140

Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Gany-
mede;

Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and
King;

Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had
seen) 145

Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the street in
flocks

Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within
doors;

Had also heard, from those who yet re-
membered, 150

Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths
that decked

Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of
youths,

Each with his maid, before the sun was
up,

By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well,
And hang it round with garlands. Love
survives; 156

But, for such purpose, flowers no longer
grow:

The times, too sage, perhaps too proud,
have dropped

These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked
upon 160

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and
Forms; 165

Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were
tales

Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapes, of which
the rocks 170

Immutable, and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monu-
ments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in
old time,

Long springs and tepid winters, on the
banks

Of delicate Galesus; and no less 175
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle
shores:

Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-
white herd

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream

Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd
lived 180

As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was
heard

Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all harm
The fold protecting. I myself, mature

In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract 186
 Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,
 Though under skies less generous, less serene:
 There, for her own delight had Nature framed
 A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse 190
 Of level pasture, islanded with groves
 And banked with woody risings; but the Plain
 Endless, here opening widely out, and there
 Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay 195
 Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
 The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.
 Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides
 All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
 His flageolet to liquid notes of love 200
 Attuned, or sprightly fife resounding far.
 Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space
 Where passage opens, but the same shall have
 In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
 In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
 More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl 206
 For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,
 When through the region he pursues at will
 His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life
 I saw when, from the melancholy walls
 Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed 211
 My daily walk along that wide champagne,
 That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,
 And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge
 Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you 215
 Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,
 Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
 The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams
 Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
 That howl so dismally for him who treads 221
 Companionless your awful solitudes!
 There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
 To wait upon the storms: of their approach
 Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
 His flock, and thither from the homestead bears 226
 A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
 And deals it out, their regular nourishment
 Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring
 Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs, 230
 And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs
 Higher and higher, him his office leads
 To watch their goings, whatsoever track
 The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home
 At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun 235
 Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
 Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
 And breakfasts with his dog. When they have stolen,
 As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
 For rest not needed or exchange of love,
 Then from his couch he starts; and now his feet 241
 Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers
 Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought
 In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
 Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies, 245
 His staff protending like a hunter's spear,

Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.

Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what
he does 250

Or sees in his day's march; himself he
feels,

In those vast regions where his service
lies,

A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour inter-
changed

With that majestic indolence so dear 255
To native man. A rambling schoolboy,
thus

I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude 260
Had more commanding looks when he
was there.

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few
steps, 265

In size a giant, stalking through thick
fog,

His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he
stepped

Beyond the boundary line of some hill-
shadow,

His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky, 271
A solitary object and sublime,

Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus
was man 275

Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form
To me became an index of delight, 280
Of grace and honour, power and worthi-
ness.

Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far;
Far more of an imaginative form

Than the gay Corin of the groves, who
lives 285

For his own fancies, or to dance by the
hour,

In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man

With the most common; husband, father;
learned,

Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
rest 290

From vice and folly, wretchedness and
fear;

Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my
youth,

This sanctity of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore 296

On the dead letter, miss the spirit of
things;

Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Instinct with vital functions, but a block
Or waxen image which yourselves have
made, 300

And ye adore! But blessed be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit:
And so we all of us in some degree 306

Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
And howsoever; were it otherwise,
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found,
How could the innocent heart bear up
and live! 311

But doubly fortunate my lot; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the
privilege

Of most to move in, but that first I
looked 315

At man through objects that were great
or fair;

First communed with him by their help.
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and de-
fence

Against the weight of meanness, selfish
cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that
 beat in 320
 On all sides from the ordinary world
 In which we traffic. Starting from this
 point
 I had my face turned toward the truth,
 began
 With an advantage furnished by that
 kind
 Of prepossession, without which the soul
 Receives no knowledge that can bring
 forth good, 326
 No genuine insight ever comes to her.
 From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
 Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
 Happy, and now most thankful that my
 walk 330
 Was guarded from too early intercourse
 With the deformities of crowded life,
 And those ensuing laughters and con-
 tempts,
 Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to
 think
 With a due reverence on earth's rightful
 lord, 335
 Here placed to be the inheritor of
 heaven,
 Will not permit us; but pursue the mind,
 That to devotion willingly would rise,
 Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human
 kind with me 340
 Thus early took a place pre-eminent;
 Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
 But secondary to my own pursuits
 And animal activities, and all
 Their trivial pleasures; and when these
 had drooped 345
 And gradually expired, and Nature,
 prized
 For her own sake, became my joy, even
 then—
 And upwards through late youth, until
 not less
 Than two-and-twenty summers had been
 told—
 Was Man in my affections and regards
 Subordinate to her, her visible forms 351
 And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
 A rapture often, and immediate love

Ever at hand; he, only a delight
 Occasional, an accidental grace, 355
 His hour being not yet come. Far less
 had then
 The inferior creatures, beast or bird,
 attuned
 My spirit to that gentleness of love
 (Though they had long been carefully
 observed), 359
 Won from me those minute obeisances
 Of tenderness, which I may number now
 With my first blessings. Nevertheless,
 on these
 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
 Or grandeur circumscribe them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty 365
 Of plain Imagination and severe,
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest
 call,
 To try her strength among harmonious
 words;
 And to book-notions and the rules of art
 Did knowingly conform itself; there
 came 371
 Among the simple shapes of human life
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit:
 And Nature and her objects beautified
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their
 turn, 375
 They burnished her. From touch of this
 new power
 Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that
 grew
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had
 then
 A dismal look; the yew-tree had its
 ghost, 379
 That took his station there for ornament:
 The dignities of plain occurrence then
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean,
 a point
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be
 found.
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the
 blow
 Of her distress, was known to have turned
 her steps 385
 To the cold grave in which her husband
 slept,

One night, or haply more than one,
through pain

Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
The fact was caught at greedily, and
there

She must be visitant the whole year
through, 390

Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might
pursue

These cravings; when the foxglove, one
by one,

Upwards through every stage of the tall
stem, 394

Had shed beside the public way its bells,
And stood of all dismantled, save the last
Left at the tapering ladder's top, that
seemed

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
seat,

Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested
still 400

With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little
ones,

All unconcerned by her dejected plight,
Laughed as with rival eagerness their
hands

Gathered the purple cups that round
them lay, 405

Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light

(Whene'er the summer sun, declining,
smote

A smooth rock wet with constant springs)
was seen

Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank
that rose

Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the
hearth 410

Seated, with open door, often and long
Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,
That made my fancy restless as itself.

'Twas now for me a burnished silver
shield 414

Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:

An entrance now into some magic cave
Or palace built by fairies of the rock;

Nor could I have been bribed to disen-
chant

The spectacle, by visiting the spot. 420
Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings
bred

By pure Imagination: busy Power
She was, and with her ready pupil
turned

Instinctively to human passions, then
Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent
swarm 426

Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
As mine was through the bounty of a
grand

And lovely region, I had forms distinct
To steady me: each airy thought re-
volved 430

Round a substantial centre, which at
once

Incited it to motion, and controlled.
I did not pine like one in cities bred,

As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!
Great Spirit as thou art, in endless
dreams 435

Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things
Without the light of knowledge. Where
the harm,

If, when the woodman languished with
disease

Induced by sleeping nightly on the
ground 439

Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
I called the pangs of disappointed love,
And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
To help him to his grave? Meanwhile the
man,

If not already from the woods retired
To die at home, was haply as I knew,
Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle
airs, 446

Birds, running streams, and hills so
beautiful

On golden evenings, while the charcoal
pile

Breathed up its smoke, an image of his
ghost

Or spirit that full soon must take her
flight. 450

Nor shall we not be tending towards that
point

Of sound humanity to which our Tale
Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here
I show

How Fancy, in a season when she wove
Those slender cords, to guide the uncon-
scious Boy 455

For the Man's sake, could feed at Na-
ture's call

Some pensive musings which might well
beseem

Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of Thur-
ston-mere,

With length of shade so thick, that whoso
glides 460

Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
As in a cloister. Once—while, in that
shade

Loitering, I watched the golden beams of
light

Flung from the setting sun, as they
reposed

In silent beauty on the naked ridge 465
Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my
thoughts

In a pure stream of words fresh from the
heart:

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall
close

My mortal course, there will I think on
you; 469

Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
Is no where touched by one memorial
gleam)

Doth with the fond remains of his last
power

Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
On the dear mountain-tops where first he
rose. 475

Enough of humble arguments; recall,
My Song! those high emotions which thy
voice

Has heretofore made known; that burst-
ing forth

Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,
And all the several frames of things, like
stars, 481

Through every magnitude distinguish-
able,

Shone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood
Man, 485

Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though
born

Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a
Being,

Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture, 490
Through the divine effect of power and
love;

As, more than anything we know, in-
stinct

With godhead, and, by reason and by
will,

Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left,
I moved, 495

Begin, from day to day, with temporal
shapes

Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
Manners and characters discriminate,
And little bustling passions that eclipse,
As well they might, the impersonated
thought, 501

The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An Idler among academic bowers,
Such was my new condition, as at large
Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar
light 505

Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through colouring of other
times,

Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcome, softened, if not solemnised.
This notwithstanding, being brought
more near 510

To vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-
ness,

I trembled,—thought, at times, of human
life

With an indefinite terror and dismay,
Such as the storms and angry elements
Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim

Analogy to uproar and misrule, 516
Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak
of things

Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led
Gravely to ponder—judging between good
And evil, not as for the mind's delight
But for her guidance—one who was to *act*,
As sometimes to the best of feeble means
I did, by human sympathy impelled;
And, through dislike and most offensive
pain, 525

Was to the truth conducted; of this
faith

Never forsaken, that, by acting well,
And understanding, I should learn to love
The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for
at times 530

Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;
London, to thee I willingly return.

Erewhile my verse played idly with the
flowers

Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
With that amusement, and a simple look
Of child-like inquisition now and then
Cast upwards on thy countenance, to
detect

Some inner meanings which might har-
bour there.

But how could I in mood so light indulge,
Keeping such fresh remembrance of the
day, 540

When, having thridded the long labyrinth
Of the suburban villages, I first

Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof
Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,

With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and
things,— 546

Mean shapes on every side: but, at the
instant,

When to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast, (how
strange

That aught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it
was), 551

A weight of ages did at once descend

Upon my heart; no thought embodied,
no

Distinct remembrances, but weight and
power,—

Power growing under weight: alas! I
feel 555

That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's
pause,—

All that took place within me came and
went

As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open
day, 560

Hath passed with torches into some huge
cave,

The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish
Witch,

Yordas; he looks around and sees the
vault

Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he
sees, 565

Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unsettles and recedes,—

Substance and shadow, light and dark-
ness, all

Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to

shape 570

That shift and vanish, change and inter-
change

Like spectres,—ferment silent and sub-
lime!

That after a short space works less and
less,

Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect

view 575

Exposed, and lifeless as a written book!—

But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at
first

Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless
mass, 580

Busies the eye with images and forms
Boldly assembled, — here is shadowed

forth

From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,

A variegated landscape,—there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail, 585
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his
staff :

Strange congregation ! yet not slow to
meet

Eyes that perceive through minds that
can inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been
moved, 590

Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As I explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country's destiny and the
world's ;

That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their
home 595

Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it
did

Of past and present, such a place must
needs

Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at
that time

Far less than craving power ; yet know-
ledge came, 600

Sought or unsought, and influxes of
power

Came, of themselves, or at her call de-
rived

In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whate'er was in
itself

Capacious found, or seemed to find, in
me 605

A correspondent amplitude of mind ;
Such is the strength and glory of our
youth !

The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with
love,

Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with
aid derived 611

Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their com-
mon rest

In earth, the widely scattered wreck
sublime

Of vanished nations, or more clearly
drawn 615
From books and what they picture and
record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,
With those of Greece compared and
popular Rome,
And in our high-wrought modern narra-
tives

Strip of their harmonising soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents, 621
Had never much delighted me. And
less

Than other intellects had mine been used
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition ; but a sense 625
Of what in the Great City had been done
And suffered, and was doing, suffering,
still,

Weighed with me, could support the test
of thought ;

And, in despite of all that had gone by,
Or was departing never to return, 630
There I conversed with majesty and
power

Like independent natures. Hence the
place

Was thronged with impregnations like
the Wilds

In which my early feelings had been
nursed—

Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns,
rocks, 635

And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags
That into music touch the passing wind.

Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element ; could here 640
Among new objects serve or give com-
mand,

Even as the heart's occasions might re-
quire,

To forward reason's else too scrupulous
march.

The effect was, still more elevated views
Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
scanned 648

Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust
In what we *may* become; induce belief
That I was ignorant, had been falsely
taught, 651

A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about in
dreams.

From those sad scenes when meditation
turned,

Lo! everything that was indeed divine
Retained its purity inviolate, 656
Nay brighter shone, by this portentous
gloom

Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the
East he saw 660

Darkness ere day's mid course, and morn-
ing light

More orient in the western cloud, that
drew

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
Descending slow with something heavenly
fraight. 664

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than else-
where

Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one
eye 671

For the sun's light. The soul when
smitten thus

By a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion,
feeds

On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
God. 675

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!
My thoughts by slow gradations had
been drawn

To human-kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;
And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
To travel independent of her help, 681
As if I had forgotten her; but no,

The world of human-kind outweighed not
hers

In my habitual thoughts; the scale of
love,

Though filling daily, still was light, com-
pared 685

With that in which *her* mighty objects
lay.

BOOK NINTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)
Yielding to old remembrances, and
swayed

In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulf him soon in the
ravenous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course,
far back, 5

Seeking the very regions which he crossed
In his first outset; so have we, my
Friend!

Turned and returned with intricate de-
lay.

Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The region left behind him; and, if
aught 12

Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been regarded with too careless eye,
Strives, from that height, with one and
yet one more 15

Last look, to make the best amends he
may:

So have we lingered. Now we start
afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on our
toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Whene'er it comes! needful in work so
long, 20

Thrice needful to the argument which
now

Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the
past!

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide
domain,

Month after month. Obscurely did I
live, 25

Not seeking frequent intercourse with
men,

By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus
spent

Ere I forsook the crowded solitude, 9

With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the
streets,

Exposed to eye and hand where'er I
turned.

France lured me forth; the realm that
I had crossed

So lately, journeying toward the snow-
clad Alps. 35

But now, relinquishing the scrip and
staff,

And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet
the day

With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately
Loire. 41

Through Paris lay my readiest course,
and there

Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony, 46
And from Mont Martre southward to
the Dome

Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous
Halls,

The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power 50
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by
storms;

The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace
huge

Of Orleans; coasted round and round the
line

Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and
Shop,

Great rendezvous of worst and best, the
walk 55

Of all who had a purpose, or had not;

I stared and listened, with a stranger's
ears,

To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub
wild!

And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look

Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced
to wear, 61

But seemed there present; and I scanned
them all,

Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,

All side by side, and struggling face to
face, 65

With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the
dust

Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,

And pocketed the relic, in the guise 70

Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not
find,

Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 'tis most certain, that these various
sights,

However potent their first shock, with
me 75

Appeared to recompense the traveller's
pains

Less than the painted Magdalene of Le
Brun,

A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful
cheek

Pale and bedropped with everflowing
tears. 80

But hence to my more permanent abode
 I hasten ; there, by novelties in speech,
 Domestic manners, customs, gestures,
 looks,
 And all the attire of ordinary life,
 Attention was engrossed ; and, thus
 amused, 85
 I stood, 'mid those concussions, uncon-
 cerned,
 Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
 Glassed in a greenhouse, or a parlour
 shrub
 That spreads its leaves in unmolested
 peace,
 While every bush and tree, the country
 through, 90
 Is shaking to the roots : indifference this
 Which may seem strange : but I was un-
 prepared
 With needful knowledge, had abruptly
 passed
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
 And busy with an action far advanced.
 Like others, I had skimmed, and some-
 times read 96
 With care, the master-pamphlets of the
 day ;
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew
 wild
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by
 talk 99
 And public news ; but having never seen
 A chronicle that might suffice to show
 Whence the main organs of the public
 power
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when
 and how
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events
 A form and body ; all things were to me
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections
 left 106
 Without a vital interest. At that time,
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
 And the strong hand of outward violence
 Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
 Now in connection with so great a theme
 To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
 Of one so unimportant ; night by night
 Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
 Whom, in the city, privilege of birth 115
 Sequestered from the rest, societies

Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed ;
 Whence, and from deeper causes, all dis-
 course
 Of good and evil of the time was shunned
 With scrupulous care ; but these restric-
 tions soon 120
 Proved tedious, and I gradually with-
 drew
 Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
 Became a patriot ; and my heart was all
 Given to the people, and my love was
 theirs.
 A band of military Officers, 125
 Then stationed in the city, were the chief
 Of my associates : some of these wore
 swords
 That had been seasoned in the wars, and
 all
 Were men well-born ; the chivalry of
 France.
 In age and temper differing, they had yet
 One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike 131
 (Save only one, hereafter to be named)
 Were bent upon undoing what was done :
 This was their rest and only hope ; there-
 with
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
 For worst to them was come ; nor would
 have stirred, 136
 Or deemed it worth a moment's thought
 to stir,
 In anything, save only as the act
 Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by
 years,
 Was in the prime of manhood, and ere-
 while 140
 He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;
 Though heedless of such honours now,
 and changed :
 His temper was quite mastered by the
 times,
 And they had blighted him, had eaten
 away
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong
 Alike to body and to mind : his port, 146
 Which once had been erect and open, now
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
 Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
 Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-
 pressed, 150

As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the
hour,

That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever
came, 155

A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
cheek

Into a thousand colours; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch

Continually, like an uneasy place 160
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passions and opinions, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life, was, at that
time, 166

Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery
this

Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in
faith, 171

Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would
reflect

To future times the face of what now is!"
The land all swarmed with passion, like
a plain 175

Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—
add

A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were
powers,

Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day
by day,

And felt through every nook of town and
field. 180

Such was the state of things. Mean-
while the chief

Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in
arms

Upon the borders of the Rhine, and
leagued

With foreign foes mustered for instant
war. 185

This was their undisguised intent, and
they

Were waiting with the whole of their
desires

The moment to depart.

An Englishman,
Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unruliness of mind; 190
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learn't
speech

Wins from the courteous; I, who had
been else

Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and
talked, 195

And heard their notions; nor did they
disdain

The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by
books

To reason well of polity or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every
tongue, 200

Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests,
(If with unworldly ends and aims com-
pared)

Almost indifferent, even the historian's
tale 204

Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair
forms,

Old heroes and their sufferings and their
deeds;

Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I
mourned

And ill could brook, beholding that the
best

Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to
rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which
yet 215

Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,

Than any other nook of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenour of my school-
day time,

The face of one, who, whether boy or
man, 220

Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood; nor
was it least

Of many benefits, in later years
Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up
to view 225

Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground; that we were bro-
thers all

In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen; where, further-
more,

Distinction open lay to all that came, 230
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents, worth, and prosperous in-
dustry.

Add unto this, subservience from the
first

To presences of God's mysterious power
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
And fellowship with venerable books, 236
To sanction the proud workings of the
soul,

And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that one tutored thus should look
with awe

Upon the faculties of man, receive 240
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, O
Friend!

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the
cause 245

In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,

A gift that was come rather late than
soon.

No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Inflamed by passion, blind with pre-
judice, 250

And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were impotent to make my hopes put on

The shape of theirs, my understanding
bend

In honour to their honour: zeal, which
yet 254

Had slumbered, now in opposition burst
Forth like a Polar summer: every word
They uttered was a dart, by counter-
winds

Blown back upon themselves; their reason
seemed

Confusion-stricken by a higher power
Than human understanding, their dis-
course 260

Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weak-
ness strong,

I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,

And all the promptest of her spirits,
linked

In gallant soldiership, and posting on
To meet the war upon her frontier
bounds. 266

Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—
I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed
my sight,

In memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude 271

At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;
Even files of strangers merely seen but
once, 275

And for a moment, men from far with
sound

Of music, martial tunes, and banners
spread,

Entering the city, here and there a face,
Or person singled out among the rest,
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;
Even by these passing spectacles my
heart 281

Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove
the cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against,

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
proud, 285

Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at¹, of other mould—
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest, 290
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature
then 295

Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,

As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He
through the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,

As through a book, an old romance, or tale 300

Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought

Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved 306
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,

And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that 311
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,

Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent 316

On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek

And placid, and took nothing from the man 320

That was delightful. Oft in solitude

With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few 326
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his
mind; 330

And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped

Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,

The experience of past ages, as, through help 335

Of books and common life, it makes sure way

To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find 340

Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more delight

We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries 344
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where dignity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth: 351

Where good and evil interchange their names,

And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired

With vice at home. We added dearest themes—

Man and his noble nature, as it is 355
The gift which God has placed within his power,

His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break

¹ See line 132, p. 711.—Ed.

Bondage, the other to build liberty
 On firm foundations, making social life,
 Through knowledge spreading and im-
 perishable, 361
 As just in regulation, and as pure
 As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright
 spot, 365
 That would be found in all recorded time,
 Of truth preserved and error passed
 away;

Of single spirits that catch the flame
 from Heaven,
 And how the multitudes of men will feed
 And fan each other; thought of sects,
 how keen 370

They are to put the appropriate nature on,
 Triumphant over every obstacle
 Of custom, language, country, love, or
 hate,

And what they do and suffer for their
 creed;

How far they travel, and how long en-
 dure; 375

How quickly mighty Nations have been
 formed,

From least beginnings; how, together
 locked

By new opinions, scattered tribes have
 made

One body, spreading wide as clouds in
 heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds 380

Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld

A living confirmation of the whole

Before us, in a people from the depth

Of shameful imbecility uprisen,

Fresh as the morning star. Elate we
 looked 385

Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,

Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,

And continence of mind, and sense of
 right,

Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves, 390
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have
 known

In the green dales beside our Rotha's
 stream,

Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
 On rational liberty, and hope in man, 395
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet
 such toil—

Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts ab-
 struse—

If nature then be standing on the brink
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
 Hath called upon to embody his deep
 sense

In action, give it outwardly a shape,
 And that of benediction, to the world.
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more
 than truth,—

A hope it is, and a desire; a creed 405

Of zeal, by an authority Divine

Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.

Such conversation, under Attic shades,

Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus

For a deliverer's glorious task,—and such

He, on that ministry already bound, 411

Held with Eudemus and Timonides,

Surrounded by adventurers in arms,

When those two vessels with their daring
 freight,

For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow, 415

Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,

Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,

Though like ambition, such was he, O
 Friend!

Of whom I speak. So BEAUPUY (let the
 name

Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)

Fashioned his life; and many a long dis-
 course, 421

With like persuasion honoured, we main-
 tained:

He, on his part, accoutred for the worst,

He perished fighting, in supreme com-
 mand,

Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire¹,

For liberty, against deluded men, 426

His fellow country-men; and yet most
 blessed

In this, that he the fate of later times

¹ An error. Beaupuy died at Emmendingen, shot while in command of a division of the Army of the Rhine and the Moselle.—Ed.

Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
Who have as ardent hearts as he had
then¹. 430

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk ;
Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
Lofty and over-arched, with open space
Beneath the trees, clear footing many
a mile— 436

A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
From earnest dialogues I slipped in
thought,

And let remembrance steal to other times,
When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-
clad, 440

And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,
night pace

In sylvan meditation undisturbed ;
As on the pavement of a Gothic church
Walks a lone Monk, when service hath
expired, 445

In peace and silence. But if e'er was
heard,—

Heard, though unseen,—a devious tra-
veller,

Retiring or approaching from afar
With speed and echoes loud of trampling
hoofs

From the hard floor reverberated, then 450
It was Angelica thundering through the
woods

Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.

Sometimes methought I saw a pair of
knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
Rocked high above their heads ; anon,
the din 456

Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with
dance

Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst, 460
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.

The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And some-
times— 465

When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervour, and of that 471
Less genuine and wrought up within
myself—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the
cross 475

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's
eyes !)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site 480

Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady
lodged,

By the first Francis wooed, and bound to
him 485

In chains of mutual passion, from the
tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal
knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath ;
Even here, though less than with the
peaceful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their vices and their better
deeds,

Imagination, potent to inflame 495
At times with virtuous wrath and noble
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind ;
And on these spots with many gleams
I looked 500

¹ For the story of W's. relations with Beaupuy, see *Le Général Michel Beaupuy*, by MM. Georges Bussière and Emile Legouis : Chap. II.—Ed.

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride
 In them who, by immunities unjust,
 Between the sovereign and the people
 stand, 505

His helper and not theirs, laid stronger
 hold

Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
 And love; for where hope is, there love
 will be

For the abject multitude. And when we
 chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl, 510
 Who crept along fitting her languid gait
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from
 the lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid
 hands 514

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
 In agitation said, "'Tis against *that*
 That we are fighting," I with him be-
 lieved

That a benignant spirit was abroad
 Which might not be withstood, that
 poverty 520

Abject as this would in a little time
 Be found no more, that we should see the
 earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
 The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
 All institutes for ever blotted out 525

That legalised exclusion, empty pomp
 Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
 Whether by edict of the one or few;

And finally, as sum and crown of all,
 Should see the people having a strong
 hand 530

In framing their own laws; whence better
 days

To all mankind. But, these things set
 apart,

Was not this single confidence enough
 To animate the mind that ever turned
 A thought to human welfare,—that,
 henceforth 535

Captivity by mandate without law
 Should cease; and open accusation lead
 To sentence in the hearing of the world,

And open punishment, if not the air
 Be free to breathe in, and the heart of
 man 540

Dread nothing? From this height I shall
 not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
 In thought or conversation, public acts,
 And public persons, and emotions wrought
 Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
 Of record or report swept over us; 546
 But I might here, instead, repeat a tale¹,
 Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
 That prove to what low depth had struck
 the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, of that
 old tree 550

Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
 And black dishonour, France was weary of.

O, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
 The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
 In which a love-knot on a lady's brow,
 Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
 So might—and with that prelude *did*
 begin 557

The record; and, in faithful verse, was
 given

The doleful sequel.

But our little bark

On a strong river boldly hath been
 launched; 560

And from the driving current should we
 turn

To loiter wilfully within a creek,
 Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
 Wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not
 my pains lost:

For Vaudracour and Julia (so were
 named 565

The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will
 draw

Tears from the hearts of others, when
 their own

Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there
 may'st read,

At leisure, how the enamoured youth was
 driven, 569

By public power abased, to fatal crime,
 Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;

¹ *Vaudracour and Julia*, p. 121.—Ed.

How, between heart and heart, oppres- sion thrust	He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind;
Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,	There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more; 580
Harassing both; until he sank and pressed	Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
The couch his fate had made for him; supine, 575	Full speedily resounded, public hope, Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,
Save when the stings of viperous remorse, Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,	Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy shades, 584
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood	His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.—(CONTINUED).

It was a beautiful and silent day That overspread the countenance of earth, Then fading with unusual quietness,— A day as beautiful as e'er was given To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed, 5	Wide as a province, but, the signal given, Before the point of the life-threatening spear Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men, Had seen the anticipated quarry turned Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled 26
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth, Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods, Again, and yet again, a farewell look; Then from the quiet of that scene passed on, 10	In terror. Disappointment and dismay Remained for all whose fancies had run wild With evil expectations; confidence 29 And perfect triumph for the better cause.
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne The King had fallen, and that invading host— Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was written The tender mercies of the dismal wind That bore it—on the plains of Liberty 15 Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words, They—who had come elate as eastern hunters Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore, Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent 20 To drive their prey enclosed within a ring	The State, as if to stamp the final seal On her security, and to the world Show what she was, a high and fearless soul, Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt With spiteful gratitude the baffled League, 36 That had stirred up her slackening facul- ties To a new transition, when the King was crushed, Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste Assumed the body and venerable name Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes, 41 'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work

Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge; but these were
past,
Earth free from them for ever, as was
thought,— 45
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!
Things that could only show themselves
and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I
returned,
And ranged, with ardour heretofore un-
felt,

The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch
lay, 51

Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage; and the palace, lately
stormed

With roar of cannon by a furious host. 54
I crossed the square (an empty area then!)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and
gazed

On this and other spots, as doth a man 58
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with
pain,

And half upbraids their silence. But
that night

I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I
breathed. 65

High was my room and lonely, near the
roof

Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more
quiet times;

Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept
watch, 70

Reading at intervals; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched: the rest was con-
jured up 75

From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.

The horse is taught his manage, and no
star

Of wildest course but treads back his own
steps;

For the spent hurricane the air pro-
vides 80

As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second
birth;

The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon my-
self, 85

Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "sleep no more." The
trance

Fled with the voice to which it had given
birth;

But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetful-
ness. 90

The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-
walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned; as yet 95
The streets were still; not so those long
Arcades;

There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds
and cries,

That greeted me on entering, I could
hear

Shrill voices from the hawkers in the
throng,

Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes 100
Of Maximilian Robespierre;" the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed
speech,

The same that had been recently pro-
nounced,

When Robespierre, not ignorant for what
mark

Some words of indirect reproof had
been 105

Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one
stirred,

In silence of all present, from his seat 110
 Louvet walked single through the avenue,
 And took his station in the Tribune, say-
 ing,

"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is
 known

The inglorious issue of that charge, and
 how

He, who had launched the startling thun-
 derbolt, 115

The one bold man, whose voice the attack
 had sounded,

Was left without a follower to discharge
 His perilous duty, and retire lamenting
 That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon
 men

Who to themselves are false.

But these are things 120
 Of which I speak, only as they were storm
 Or sunshine to my individual mind,
 No further. Let me then relate that
 now—

In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
 That Liberty, and Life, and Death would
 soon 125

To the remotest corners of the land
 Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled
 The capital City; what was struggled for,
 And by what combatants victory must be
 won;

The indecision on their part whose aim
 Seemed best, and the straightforward
 path of those 131

Who in attack or in defence were strong
 Through their impiety—my inmost soul
 Was agitated; yea, I could almost
 Have prayed that throughout earth upon
 all men, 135

By patient exercise of reason made
 Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled
 With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
 The gift of tongues might fall, and power
 arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to
 do 140

For France, what without help she could
 not do,

A work of honour; think not that to this
 I added, work of safety: from all doubt
 Or trepidation for the end of things
 Far was I, far as angels are from guilt. 145

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but
 thought

Of opposition and of remedies:

An insignificant stranger and obscure,
 And one, moreover, little graced with
 power

Of eloquence even in my native speech,
 And all unfit for tumult or intrigue, 151
 Yet would I at this time with willing
 heart

Have undertaken for a cause so great
 Service however dangerous. I revolved,
 How much the destiny of Man had
 still 155

Hung upon single persons; that there
 was,

Transcendent to all local patrimony,
 One nature, as there is one sun in heaven;
 That objects, even as they are great,
 thereby

Do come within the reach of humblest
 eyes; 160

That Man is only weak through his mis-
 trust

And want of hope where evidence divine
 Proclaims to him that hope should be
 most sure;

Nor did the inexperience of my youth
 Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
 In hope, and trained to noble aspira-
 tions, 166

A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
 Is for Society's unreasoning herd

A domineering instinct, serves at once
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle 170

That gathers up each petty straggling rill
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on

In safe obedience; that a mind, whose
 rest

Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
 In circumspection and simplicity, 175
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture

Below its aim, or meets with, from with-
 out,

A treachery that foils it or defeats;
 And, lastly, if the means on human will,
 Frail human will, dependent should be-
 tray 180

Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
 That 'mid the loud distractions of the
 world

A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
 Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,
 Of life and death, in majesty severe 185
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
 From whatsoever region of our cares
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
 Earnest and blind, against the stern
 decree. 190

On the other side, I called to mind
 those truths
 That are the commonplaces of the
 schools—
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for
 their sires,)

Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
 In all their comprehensive bearings known
 And visible to philosophers of old, 196
 Men who, to business of the world un-
 trained,
 Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius
 known

And his compeer Aristogiton, known
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor
 love, 201

Nor the support of good or evil men
 To trust in; that the godhead which is
 ours

Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
 That nothing hath a natural right to last
 But equity and reason; that all else 206
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
 Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my
 thoughts

Strong and perturbed, not doubting at
 that time 210

But that the virtue of one paramount
 mind

Would have abashed those impious
 crests—have quelled

Outrage and bloody power, and—in de-
 spite

Of what the People long had been and
 were

Through ignorance and false teaching,
 sadder proof 215

Of immaturity, and—in the teeth
 Of desperate opposition from without—

Have cleared a passage for just govern-
 ment,
 And left a solid birthright to the State,
 Redeemed, according to example given
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-
 ledge,

Forced by the gracious providence of
 Heaven,—

To England I returned, else (though
 assured 225

That I both was and must be of small
 weight,

No better than a landsman on the deck
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
 Doubtless, I should have then made
 common cause

With some who perished; haply perished
 too, 230

A poor mistaken and bewildered offer-
 ing,—

Should to the breast of Nature have gone
 back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
 A Poet only to myself, to men

Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a
 soul 235

To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the
 surge

Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
 mine

Had caught the accents of my native
 speech 240

Upon our native country's sacred ground.
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased
 me more

To abide in the great City, where I
 found 245

The general air still busy with the stir
 Of that first memorable onset made

By a strong levy of humanity
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;

Effort which, though defeated, had re-
 called 250

To notice old forgotten principles,
 And through the nation spread a novel
 heat
 Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
 That this particular strife had wanted
 power
 To rivet my affections; nor did now 255
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite
 My sorrow; for I brought with me the
 faith
 That, if France prospered, good men
 would not long
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
 And this most rotten branch of human
 shame, 260
 Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,
 Would fall together with its parent tree.
 What, then, were my emotions, when in
 arms
 Britain put forth her freeborn strength
 in league,
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confede-
 rate Powers! 265
 Not in my single self alone I found,
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
 Change and subversion from that hour.
 No shock
 Given to my moral nature had I known
 Down to that very moment; neither lapse
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be
 named 271
 A revolution, save at this one time;
 All else was progress on the self-same
 path
 On which, with a diversity of pace,
 I had been travelling: this a stride at
 once 275
 Into another region. As a light
 And pliant harebell, swinging in the
 breeze
 On some grey rock—its birthplace—so
 had I
 Wanted, fast rooted on the ancient
 tower
 Of my beloved country, wishing not 280
 A happier fortune than to wither there:
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I re-
 joiced,
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to
 record!—

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul, 285
 When Englishmen by thousands were
 o'erthrown,
 Left without glory on the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was
 a grief,—
 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but
 that,— 289
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
 When, in the congregation bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offer-
 ed up,
 Or praises for our country's victories;
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-
 chance 296
 I only, like an uninvited guest
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall
 I add,
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.
 Oh! much have they to account for, who
 could tear, 300
 By violence, at one decisive rent,
 From the best youth in England their
 dear pride,
 Their joy, in England; this, too, at a
 time
 In which worst losses easily might wear
 The best of names, when patriotic love
 Did of itself in modesty give way, 306
 Like the Precursor when the Deity
 Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
 In which apostasy from ancient faith
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;
 Withal a season dangerous and wild, 311
 A time when sage Experience would have
 snatched
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.
 When the proud fleet that bears the
 red-cross flag 315
 In that unworthy service was prepared
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep;
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy
 days 320
 In that delightful island which protects

Their place of convocation—there I heard,
Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,

A monitory sound that never failed,—
The sunset cannon. While the orb went
down 325

In the tranquillity of nature, came
That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by
me

Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of
heart. 330

In France, the men, who, for their
desperate ends,

Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were
glad

Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong
before

In wicked pleas, were strong as demons
now ;

And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The goaded land waxed mad ; the crimes
of few 336

Spread into madness of the many ; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from
heaven.

The sternness of the just, the faith of
those

Who doubted not that Providence had
times 340

Of vengeful retribution, theirs who
throned

The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes
of men

Who were content to barter short-lived
pangs

For a paradise of ages, the blind rage 345
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity

Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,

And all the accidents of life were pressed
Into one service, busy with one work. 350
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence
quenched,

Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol

Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
year 356

With feast-days ; old men from the
chimney-nook,

The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,

The warrior from the field—all perished,
all— 360

Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages,
ranks,

Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall. They

found their joy,
They made it proudly, eager as a child,

(If like desires of innocent little ones 365
May with such heinous appetites be com-
pared),

Pleased in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimics with revolving wings

The motion of a wind-mill ; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the
vanes 370

Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him
not,

But, with the plaything at arm's length,
he sets

His front against the blast, and runs
amain,

That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
Of those enormities, even thinking minds

Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their
being ; 376

Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth : yet all beneath

Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blessed
name. 380

The illustrious wife of Roland, in the
hour

Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words. O

Friend !

It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not ;

A woeful time for them whose hopes
survived 386

The shock ; most woeful for those few
who still

Were flattered, and had trust in human
kind :

They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
 Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they
 deserved: 390
 The Herculean Commonwealth had put
 forth her arms,
 And throttled with an infant godhead's
 might
 The snakes about her cradle; that was
 well,
 And as it should be; yet no cure for them
 Whose souls were sick with pain of what
 would be 395
 Hereafter brought in charge against man-
 kind.
 Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
 Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
 miserable;
 Through months, through years, long after
 the last beat
 Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep 400
 To me came rarely charged with natural
 gifts,
 Such ghastly visions had I of despair
 And tyranny, and implements of death;
 And innocent victims sinking under fear,
 And momentary hope, and worn-out
 prayer, 405
 Each in his separate cell, or penned in
 crowds
 For sacrifice, and struggling with fond
 mirth
 And levity in dungeons, where the dust
 Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the
 scene
 Changed, and the unbroken dream en-
 tangled me 410
 In long orations, which I strove to plead
 Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
 Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
 In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful
 prime 416
 To yield myself to Nature, when that
 strong
 And holy passion overcame me first,
 Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
 free
 From its oppression. But, O Power
 Supreme! 420

Without Whose call this world would
 cease to breathe,
 Who from the Fountain of Thy grace dost
 fill
 The veins that branch through every
 frame of life,
 Making man what he is, creature divine,
 In single or in social eminence, 425
 Above the rest raised infinite ascents
 When reason that enables him to be
 Is not sequestered—what a change is
 here!
 How different ritual for this after-worship,
 What countenance to promote this second
 love! 430
 The first was service paid to things which
 lie
 Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.
 Therefore to serve was high beatitude;
 Tumult was therefore gladness, and the
 fear
 Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure, 435
 And waking thoughts more rich than
 happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne
 aloft
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
 With them to take a troubled human
 heart,
 Wanted not consolations, nor a creed 440
 Of reconciliation, then when they de-
 nounced,
 On towns and cities, wallowing in the
 abyss
 Of their offences, punishment to come;
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
 Before them, in some desolated place, 445
 The wrath consummate and the threat
 fulfilled;
 So, with devout humility be it said,
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
 That through the time's exceeding fierce-
 ness saw 451
 Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
 And in the order of sublime behests:
 But, even if that were not, amid the awe
 Of unintelligible chastisement, 455
 Not only acquiescences of faith

Survived, but daring sympathies with
power,
Motions not treacherous or profane, else
why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour pro-
longed? 460

Wild blasts of music thus could find their
way

Into the midst of turbulent events;
So that worst tempests might be listened
to.

Then was the truth received into my
heart,

That, under heaviest sorrow earth can
bring, 465

If from the affliction somewhere do not
grow

Honour which could not else have been,
a faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old
restored,

The blame is ours, not Nature's. When
a taunt 470

Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality,"

I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
Of wild belief engrafted on their names

By false philosophy had caused the woe,
But a terrific reservoir of guilt

And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its loathsome
charge,

But burst and spread in deluge through
the land. 480

And as the desert hath green spots, the
sea

Small islands scattered amid stormy
waves,

So that disastrous period did not want
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of saints in
Heaven 485

Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not
the less,

For those examples, in no age surpassed,
Of fortitude and energy and love,
And human nature faithful to herself

Under worst trials, was I driven to think
Of the glad times when first I traversed
France 491

A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
That eventide, when under windows bright
With happy faces and with garlands hung,
And through a rainbow-arch that spanned
the street, 495

Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
I paced, a dear companion at my side,
The town of Arras, whence with promise
high

Issued, on delegation to sustain
Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre, 500
He who thereafter, and in how short time!
Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.

When the calamity spread far and wide—
And this same city, that did then appear
To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
Under the vengeance of her cruel son, 506
As Lear reproached the winds—I could
almost

Have quarrelled with that blameless
spectacle

For lingering yet an image in my mind
To mock me under such a strange re-
verse. 510

O Friend! few happier moments have
been mine

Than that which told the downfall of this
Tribe

So dreaded, so abhorred. The day de-
serves

A separate record. Over the smooth sands
Of Leven's ample estuary lay 515

My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
With distant prospect among gleams of
sky

And clouds, and intermingling mountain-
tops,

In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem 521

Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
Among whose happy fields I had grown
up 525

From childhood. On the fulgent spec-
tacle,

That neither passed away nor changed,
 I gazed
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine. 530
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain
 That very morning had I turned aside
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng
 of graves,
 An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,
 And on the stone were graven by his desire 535
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
 This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie low;"
 And when I saw the turf that covered him, 540
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears
 Fell from me in my own despite. But now
 I thought, still traversing that widespread plain, 545
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
 That he had formed, when I, at his command, 551
 Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
 Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
 And rocky island near, a fragment stood
 (Itself like a sea rock) the low remains 556
 (With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)

Of a dilapidated structure, once
 A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
 Said matins at the hour that suited those
 Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide. 561
 Not far from that still ruin all the plain
 Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
 Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
 Wading beneath the conduct of their guide 565
 In loose procession through the shallow stream
 Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
 Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,
 Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
 And cheerful, but the foremost of the band 570
 As he approached, no salutation given
 In the familiar language of the day,
 Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a doubt,
 After strict question, left within my mind
 That he and his supporters all were fallen. 575

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
 To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
 Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
 Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
 A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes 580
 From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
 Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
 They who with clumsy desperation brought
 A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the night 585
 Of their own helper have been swept away;
 Their madness stands declared and visible;

Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and
 earth
 March firmly towards righteousness and
 peace."—
 Then schemes I framed more calmly,
 when and how 590
 The madding factions might be tran-
 quillised,
 And how through hardships manifold and
 long
 The glorious renovation would proceed.
 Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
 Of exultation, I pursued my way 595

Along that very shore which I had
 skimmed
 In former days, when—spurring from the
 Vale
 Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering
 fane,
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
 Of schoolboys hastening to their distant
 home 601
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level
 sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE.—(CONCLUDED).

FROM that time forth, Authority in
 France
 Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
 Yet everything was wanting that might
 give
 Courage to them who looked for good by
 light
 Of rational Experience, for the shoots 5
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
 The Senate's language, and the public acts
 And measures of the Government, though
 both
 Weak, and of heartless omen, had not
 power 10
 To daunt me; in the People was my
 trust,
 And in the virtues which mine eyes had
 seen.
 I knew that wound external could not
 take
 Life from the young Republic; that new
 foes
 Would only follow, in the path of shame,
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in
 the end 16
 Great, universal, irresistible.
 This intuition led me to confound
 One victory with another, higher far,—
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,

And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
 That what was in degree the same was
 likewise
 The same in quality,—that, as the worse
 Of the two spirits then at strife remained
 Untired, the better, surely, would pre-
 serve 26
 The heart that first had roused him.
 Youth maintains,
 In all conditions of society,
 Communion more direct and intimate
 With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with
 reason too— 30
 Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,
 then,
 Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
 Had left an interregnum's open space
 For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
 Hence could I see how Babel-like their
 task, 35
 Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,
 With their whole souls went culling from
 the day
 Its petty promises, to build a tower
 For their own safety; laughed with my
 compeers
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France
 Distempered, till they found, in every
 blast 41

Forced from the street-disturbing news-
man's horn,

For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come
near 45

Men clinging to delusions so insane?
And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
And thought that other notions were as
sound, 50
Yea, could not but be right, because we
saw

That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain

More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days through Britain was
performed 55

To turn *all* judgments out of their right
course;

But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my
mind,

Of scorn and condemnation personal, 60
That would profane the sanctity of verse.
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that
time

Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of
law

A tool of murder; they who ruled the
State,— 65

Though with such awful proof before
their eyes

That he, who would sow death, reaps
death, or worse,

And can reap nothing better,—child-like
longed

To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed) 70
The plain straight road, for one no better
chosen

Than if their wish had been to undermine
Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must
return

To my own history. It hath been told

That I was led to take an eager part 76
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the
shield

Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the
death, to attest 81

The quality of the metal which I saw.
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Benevolent in small societies, 85
And great in large ones, I had oft re-
solved,

Felt deeply, but not thoroughly under-
stood

By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,
Not proof against the injuries of the
day; 90

Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus pre-
pared,

And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from
good,

As books and common intercourse with
life 95

Must needs have given—to the inex-
perienced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began

To meditate with ardour on the rule
And management of nations; what it is
And ought to be; and strove to learn
how far 101

Their power or weakness, wealth or
poverty,

Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!¹
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood 106

Upon our side, us who were strong in
love!

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O
times,

¹ See page 208.—Ed.

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
ways 110
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her
name! 116
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole
Earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which
sets
(As at some moments might not be un-
felt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself) 120
The budding rose above the rose full
blown.
What temper at the prospect did not
wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt
away!
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams, 125
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found
there 130
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle
mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to
these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful
selves;— 135
Now was it, that *both* found, the meek
and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their hearts'
desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where! 141
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth
was then 145
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home?
He walks about and looks upon the spot
With cordial transport, moulds it and
remoulds, 150
And is half pleased with things that are
amiss,
'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
From every object pleasant circumstance
To suit my ends; I moved among man-
kind 155
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught—Antiquity
Gives rights to error; and aware, no less,
That throwing off oppression must be
work
As well of License as of Liberty;
And above all—for this was more than
all— 164
Not caring if the wind did now and then
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
Prospect so large into futurity;
In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
Diffusing only those affections wider
That from the cradle had grown up with
me, 170
And losing, in no other way than light
Is lost in light, the weak in the more
strong.

In the main outline, such it might be
said
Was my condition, till with open war
Britain opposed the liberties of France.
This threw me first out of the pale of
love; 176
Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
source,

My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
 But change of them into their contraries;
 And thus a way was opened for mis-
 takes 181
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
 In kind more dangerous. What had been
 a pride,
 Was now a shame; my likings and my
 loves
 Ran in new channels, leaving old ones
 dry; 185
 And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
 Would but have touched the judgment,
 struck more deep
 Into sensations near the heart: mean-
 time,
 As from the first, wild theories were
 afloat,
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured 191
 That time was ready to set all things
 right,
 And that the multitude, so long op-
 pressed,
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events

Brought less encouragement, and unto
 these 195
 The immediate proof of principles no
 more
 Could be entrusted, while the events
 themselves,
 Worn out in greatness, stripped of
 novelty,
 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
 Could through my understanding's natural
 growth 200
 No longer keep their ground, by faith
 maintained
 Of inward consciousness, and hope that
 laid
 Her hand upon her object—evidence
 Safer, of universal application, such
 As could not be impeached, was sought
 elsewhere. 205

But now, become oppressors in their
 turn,
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
 defence

For one of conquest, losing sight of all
 Which they had struggled for: up mounted
 now, 209
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
 With anger vexed, with disappointment
 sore,
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the
 shame
 Of a false prophet. While resentment
 rose
 Striving to hide, what nought could heal,
 the wounds 215
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
 Their temper, strained them more; and
 thus, in heat
 Of contest, did opinions every day
 Grow into consequence, till round my
 mind 220
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay
 more,
 The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things
 tending fast
 To depravation, speculative schemes—
 That promised to abstract the hopes of
 Man 225
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thence-
 forth
 For ever in a purer element—
 Found ready welcome. Tempting region
 that
 For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
 Where passions had the privilege to work,
 And never hear the sound of their own
 names. 231
 But, speaking more in charity, the dream
 Flattered the young, pleased with ex-
 tremes, nor least
 With that which makes our Reason's
 naked self
 The object of its fervour. What delight!
 How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-
 rule, 236
 To look through all the frailties of the
 world,
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
 Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
 Build social upon personal Liberty, 240

Which, to the blind restraints of general laws
 Superior, magisterially adopts
 One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed
 Upon an independent intellect.
 Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
 From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more. 246
 Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,
 I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst
 Of a secure intelligence, and sick 249
 Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
 A more exalted nature; wished that Man
 Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
 Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
 A noble aspiration! yet I feel 255
 (Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
 The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
 To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea excuse
 Those aberrations—had the clamorous friends 260
 Of ancient Institutions said and done
 To bring disgrace upon their very names;
 Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,
 And sundry moral sentiments as props
 Or emanations of those institutes, 265
 Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
 Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
 'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man
 Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,
 Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock
 Was given to old opinions; all men's minds 271
 Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,
 Let loose and goaded. After what hath been
 Already said of patriotic love,
 Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern 275

In temperament, withal a happy man,
 And therefore bold to look on painful things,
 Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,
 I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent
 To anatomise the frame of social life;
 Yea, the whole body of society 281
 Searched to its heart. Share with me,
 Friend! the wish
 That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes
 Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words
 Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth 285
 What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth,
 And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
 By present objects, and by reasonings false
 From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
 Out of a heart that had been turned aside
 From Nature's way by outward accidents,
 And which was thus confounded, more and more
 Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,
 Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds, 294
 Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
 Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
 Her titles and her honours; now believing,
 Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
 With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground
 Of obligation, what the rule and whence
 The sanction; till, demanding formal proof, 301
 And seeking it in everything, I lost
 All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
 Sick, wearied out with contrarities, 304
 Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
 This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I drooped,
 Deeming our blessed reason of least use
 Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes 309

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
 "What are they but a mockery of a Being
 Who hath in no concerns of his a test
 Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
 Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
 And who, if those could be discerned,
 would yet 315
 Be little profited, would see, and ask
 Where is the obligation to enforce?
 And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
 As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
 The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not
 walk 321
 With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-
 venge
 From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate
 down
 In reconciliation with an utter waste
 Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,
 (Too well I loved, in that my spring of
 life, 326
 Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their
 dear reward)
 But turned to abstract science, and there
 sought
 Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
 Where the disturbances of space and
 time— 330
 Whether in matters various, properties
 Inherent, or from human will and power
 Derived—find no admission. Then it was—
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
 good!—
 That the beloved Sister in whose sight
 Those days were passed, now speaking in
 a voice 336
 Of sudden admonition—like a brook
 That did but *cross* a lonely road, and
 now
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
 turn,
 Companion never lost through many a
 league— 340
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse
 With my true self; for, though bedimmed
 and changed
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further
 changed
 Than as a clouded and a waning moon:

She whispered still that brightness would
 return, 345
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
 A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
 And that alone, my office upon earth;
 And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
 If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
 By all varieties of human love 351
 Assisted, led me back through opening
 day
 To those sweet counsels between head
 and heart
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge,
 fraught with peace,
 Which, through the later sinkings of this
 cause, 355
 Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
 And nothing less), when, finally to close
 And seal up all the gains of France, a
 Pope
 Is summoned in to crown an Emperor—
 This last opprobrium, when we see a
 people, 361
 That once looked up in faith, as if to
 Heaven
 For manna, take a lesson from the dog
 Returning to his vomit; when the sun
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and
 moved 365
 In exultation with a living pomp
 Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
 Hath dropped all functions by the gods
 bestowed,
 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
 Sets like an Opera phantom.
 Thus, O Friend!
 Through times of honour and through
 times of shame 371
 Descending, have I faithfully retraced
 The perturbations of a youthful mind
 Under a long-lived storm of great events—
 A story destined for thy ear, who now,
 Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
 Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
 His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
 The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
 How are the mighty prostrated! They
 first, 380
 They first of all that breathe should have
 awaked

When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trifle only in her proudest day; 385
Have been distressed to think of what
she once

Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope, 390
Though with the wreck of loftier years
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is
not,

And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.
There is

One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead. 395

Thine be such converse strong and sa-
native,

A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contented-
ness;

To me the grief confined, that thou art
gone

From this last spot of earth, where Free-
dom now 400

Stands single in her only sanctuary;
A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain

Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.

I feel for thee, must utter what I feel: 405
The sympathies erewhile in part dis-
charged,

Gather afresh, and will have vent again:
My own delights do scarcely seem to me

My own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,

Those rosy peaks, from which the Morn-
ing looks 410

Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness

Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how different!
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart

and soul 415
That Nature gives to Poets, now by
thought

Matured, and in the summer of their
strength.

Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,

On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first playtime of the infant
world 421

Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shep-
herds reared,

Ere yet familiar with the classic page, 425
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,

The gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened

At thy command, at her command gives
way;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her
shores,

Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy

vales; 431
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name

Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,

Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul! 435
That doth not yield a solace to my grief:

And, O Theocritus¹, so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven

and earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that

they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles

Wrought for them in old time: yea, not
unmoved, 441

When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed

Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned; how they

came 445
Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,

And fed him there, alive, month after
month,

Because the goatherd, blessed man! had
lips

Wet with the Muses' nectar.
Thus I soothe

¹ *Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.*—Ed.

The pensive moments by this calm fire-
 side, 450
 And find a thousand bounteous images
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and
 mine.
 Our prayers have been accepted; thou
 wilt stand
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded
 heavens 455
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-
 signs,
 Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,

'Mid temples, served by sapient priests,
 and choirs 460
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in
 vain
 Those temples, where they in their ruins
 yet
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink 464
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
 Then, near some other spring—which by
 the name
 Thou gratest, willingly deceived—
 I see thee linger a glad votary, 469
 And not a captive pining for his home.

BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and
 guilt
 Detained us, on what spectacles of woe
 Compelled to look, and inwardly op-
 pressed
 With sorrow, disappointment, vexing
 thoughts,
 Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
 And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself 6
 And things to hope for! Not with these
 began
 Our song, and not with these our song
 must end.—
 Ye motions of delight, that haunt the
 sides
 Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft
 airs, 10
 Whose subtle intercourse with breathing
 flowers,
 Feelingly watched, might teach Man's
 haughty race
 How without injury to take, to give
 Without offence; ye who, as if to show
 The wondrous influence of power gently
 used, 15

Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
 And, with a touch, shift the stupendous
 clouds
 Through the whole compass of the sky;
 ye brooks,
 Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
 By day, a quiet sound in silent night; 20
 Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal
 forth
 In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
 Not mute, and then retire, fearing no
 storm;
 And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
 To interpose the covert of your shades, 25
 Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
 And outward troubles, between man him-
 self,
 Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
 Oh! that I had a music and a voice
 Harmonious as your own, that I might
 tell 30
 What ye have done for me. The morning
 shines,
 Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring
 returns,—

I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,
In common with the children of her love,
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh
fields, 35

Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.

So neither were complacency, nor peace,
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my
good

Through these distracted times; in Na-
ture still 40

Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,
Which, when the spirit of evil reached
its height,

Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! hath chiefly
told

Of intellectual power, fostering love, 45
Dispensing truth, and, over men and
things,

Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing
Prophetic sympathies of genial faith:

So was I favoured—such my happy lot—

Until that natural graciousness of mind
Gave way to overpressure from the times
And their disastrous issues. What availed,

When spells forbade the voyager to land,
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore

Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love? 56

Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times *would* surely
see,

The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,
From him who had been; that I could no
more 60

Trust the elevation which had made me
one

With the great family that still survives

To illuminate the abyss of ages past,

Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from
taint 65

Of something false and weak, that could
not stand

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,

“Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures;—yet

If reason be nobility in man, 70

Can aught be more ignoble than the man

Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By prejudice, the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love?”

In such strange passion, if I may once
more 75

Review the past, I warred against my-
self—

A bigot to a new idolatry—

Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn
the world,

Zealously laboured to cut off my heart
From all the sources of her former
strength; 80

And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wizard instantaneously dissolves

Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
As readily by syllogistic words

Those mysteries of being which have
made, 85

And shall continue evermore to make,
Of the whole human race one brother-
hood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe

Fell under the dominion of a taste 90

Less spiritual, with microscopic view

Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral
world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair!

That didst rejoice with me, with whom I,
too,

Rejoiced through early youth, before the
winds 95

And roaring waters, and in lights and
shades

That marched and countermarched about
the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom

I daily waited, now all eye and now 99

All ear; but never long without the heart

Employed, and man's unfolding intellect:

O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost over-
flow

With an impassioned life, what feeble
ones

Walk on this earth! how feeble have I
been 105

When thou wert in thy strength! Nor
 this through stroke
 Of human suffering, such as justifies
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
 But through presumption; even in pleasure pleased 109
 Unworthily, disliking here, and there
 Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred
 To things above all art; but more,—for
 this,
 Although a strong infection of the age,
 Was never much my habit—giving way
 To a comparison of scene with scene, 115
 Bent overmuch on superficial things,
 Pampering myself with meagre novelties
 Of colour and proportion; to the moods
 Of time and season, to the moral power,
 The affections and the spirit of the place,
 Insensible. Nor only did the love 121
 Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt
 My deeper feelings, but another cause,
 More subtle and less easily explained,
 That almost seems inherent in the creature,
 125
 A twofold frame of body and of mind.
 I speak in recollection of a time
 When the bodily eye, in every stage of life
 The most despotic of our senses, gained
 Such strength in *me* as often held my
 mind 130
 In absolute dominion. Gladly here,
 Entering upon abstruser argument,
 Could I endeavour to unfold the means
 Which Nature studiously employs to
 thwart
 This tyranny, summons all the senses
 each 135
 To counteract the other, and themselves,
 And makes them all, and the objects with
 which all
 Are conversant, subservient in their turn
 To the great ends of Liberty and Power.
 But leave we this: enough that my
 delights 140
 (Such as they were) were sought insatiably.
 Vivid the transport, vivid though not
 profound;
 I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to
 rock,
 Still craving combinations of new forms,

New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
 Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced 146
 To lay the inner faculties asleep.
 Amid the turns and counterturns, the
 strife
 And various trials of our complex being,
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that
 sense 150
 Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a
 maid,
 A young enthusiast, who escaped these
 bonds;
 Her eye was not the mistress of her
 heart;
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive
 taste,
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties, 155
 Perplex her mind; but, wise as women
 are
 When genial circumstance hath favoured
 them,
 She welcomed what was given, and craved
 no more;
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view
 That was the best, to that she was attuned
 By her benign simplicity of life, 151
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,
 Whose variegated feelings were in this
 Sisters, that they were each some new
 delight.
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the
 green field, 165
 Could they have known her, would have
 loved; methought
 Her very presence such a sweetness
 breathed,
 That flowers, and trees, and even the
 silent hills,
 And everything she looked on, should
 have had
 An intimation how she bore herself 170
 Towards them and to all creatures. God
 delights
 In such a being; for, her common
 thoughts
 Are piety, her life is gratitude.
 Even like this maid, before I was called
 forth 174
 From the retirement of my native hills,

I loved whate'er I saw : nor lightly loved,
 But most intensely ; never dreamt of
 aught
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely
 framed
 Than those few nooks to which my happy
 feet
 Were limited. I had not at that time
 Lived long enough, nor in the least sur-
 vived 181
 The first diviner influence of this world,
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.
 Worshipping then among the depth of
 things,
 As piety ordained ; could I submit 185
 To measured admiration, or to aught
 That should preclude humility and love ?
 I felt, observed, and pondered ; did not
 judge,
 Yea, never thought of judging ; with the
 gift
 Of all this glory filled and satisfied. 190
 And afterwards, when through the gor-
 geous Alps
 Roaming, I carried with me the same
 heart :
 In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er
 Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,
 Of custom that prepares a partial scale
 In which the little oft outweighs the
 great ; 196
 Or any other cause that hath been
 named ;
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times
 And their impassioned sounds, which
 well might make 199
 The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes
 Inaudible—was transient ; I had known
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,
 Visitings of imaginative power
 For this to last : I shook the habit off
 Entirely and for ever, and again 205
 In Nature's presence stood, as now I
 stand,
 A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of
 time,
 That with distinct pre-eminence retain
 A renovating virtue, whence, depressed
 By false opinion and contentious thought,

Or aught of heavier or more deadly
 weight,
 In trivial occupations, and the round
 Of ordinary intercourse, our minds 214
 Are nourished and invisibly repaired ;
 A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,
 That penetrates, enables us to mount,
 When high, more high, and lifts us up
 when fallen.
 This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks
 Among those passages of life that give
 Profoundest knowledge to what point,
 and how, 221
 The mind is lord and master—outward
 sense
 The obedient servant of her will. Such
 moments
 Are scattered everywhere, taking their
 date
 From our first childhood. I remember
 well, 225
 That once, while yet my inexperienced
 hand
 Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud
 hopes
 I mounted, and we journeyed towards
 the hills :
 An ancient servant of my father's house
 Was with me, my encourager and guide :
 We had not travelled long, ere some
 mischance 231
 Disjoined me from my comrade ; and,
 through fear
 Dismounting, down the rough and stony
 moor
 I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at
 length
 Came to a bottom, where in former times
 A murderer had been hung in iron chains.
 The gibbet-mast had mouldered down,
 the bones 237
 And iron case were gone ; but on the
 turf,
 Hard by, soon after that fell deed was
 wrought,
 Some unknown hand had carved the
 murderer's name. 240
 The monumental letters were inscribed
 In times long past ; but still, from year
 to year,
 By superstition of the neighbourhood,

The grass is cleared away, and to this hour
 The characters are fresh and visible: 245
 A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,
 Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road:
 Then, reascending the bare common, saw
 A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,
 The beacon on the summit, and, more near, 250
 A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,
 And seemed with difficult steps to force her way
 Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,
 An ordinary sight; but I should need
 Colours and words that are unknown to man, 255
 To paint the visionary dreariness
 Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,
 Invested moorland waste, and naked pool,
 The beacon crowning the lone eminence,
 The female and her garments vexed and tossed 260
 By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours
 Of early love, the loved one at my side,
 I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
 Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
 And on the melancholy beacon, fell 265
 A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam;
 And think ye not with radiance more sublime
 For these remembrances, and for the power
 They had left behind? So feeling comes in aid
 Of feeling, and diversity of strength 270
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong.
 Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
 Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see
 In simple childhood something of the base
 On which thy greatness stands; but this I feel, 275
 That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,

Else never canst receive. The days gone by
 Return upon me almost from the dawn
 Of life: the hiding-places of man's power
 Open; I would approach them, but they close. 280
 I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
 May scarcely see at all; and I would give,
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past
 For future restoration.—Yet another 286
 Of these memorials:—
 One Christmas-time,
 On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth
 Into the fields, impatient for the sight
 Of those led palfreys that should bear us home; 291
 My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,
 That, from the meeting-point of two highways
 Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched;
 Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
 My expectation, thither I repaired, 296
 Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day
 Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
 I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall;
 Upon my right hand couched a single sheep, 300
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
 With those companions at my side, I watched,
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
 Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
 And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,— 305
 That dreary time,—ere we had been ten days
 Sojourners in my father's house, he died,
 And I and my three brothers, orphans then,

Followed his body to the grave. The
 event,
 With all the sorrow that it brought,
 appeared 310
 A chastisement; and when I called to
 mind
 That day so lately past, when from the
 crag
 I looked in such anxiety of hope;
 With trite reflections of morality, 314
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
 To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
 And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,
 And all the business of the elements,
 The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
 And the bleak music from that old stone
 wall, 320
 The noise of wood and water, and the
 mist
 That on the line of each of those two roads

Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
 All these were kindred spectacles and
 sounds
 To which I oft repaired, and thence
 would drink, 325
 As at a fountain; and on winter nights,
 Down to this very time, when storm and
 rain
 Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
 While in a grove I walk, whose lofty
 trees,
 Laden with summer's thickest foliage,
 rock 330
 In a strong wind, some working of the
 spirit,
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
 Thoughts over busy in the course they
 took,
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease. 335

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.—(CONCLUDED).

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and
moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :
This is her glory ; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her
strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by inter-
change 5
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend ; from her
receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the
mind
Which fits him to receive it when un-
sought. 10

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine
To speak, what I myself have known and
felt ;
Smooth task ! for words find easy way,
inspired
By gratitude, and confidence in truth. 15
Long time in search of knowledge did I
range
The field of human life, in heart and
mind
Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning
now
To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in
vain
I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is the visible quality and shape 21
And image of right reason ; that matures
Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives
birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal, 25
No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick
turns

Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;
Holds up before the mind intoxicate 29
With present objects, and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure ; and by this course
Disposes her, when over-fondly set
On throwing off incumbrances, to seek
In man, and in the frame of social life, 35
Whate'er there is desirable and good
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in
form
And function, or, through strict vicissi-
tude
Of life and death, revolving. Above all
Were re-established now those watchful
thoughts 40
Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
In what the Historian's pen so much de-
lights
To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose—early tutored me
To look with feelings of fraternal love 45
Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love ; 50
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle
little ones.
Knowledge was given accordingly ; my
trust 55
Became more firm in feelings that had
stood
The test of such a trial ; clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and
wrong :
The promise of the present time retired

Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I
sought 61

For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to
come.

With settling judgments now of what
would last
And what would disappear; prepared to
find 65

Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive
world

As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theo-
ries 70

Vague and unsound; and having brought
the books

Of modern statists to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended
rights,

Mortal, or those beyond the reach of
death; 75

And having thus discerned how dire a
thing

Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," *where* alone
that wealth

Is lodged, and how increased; and having
gained

A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man, 81

No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we be-
hold

With our own eyes—I could not but
enquire—

Not with less interest than heretofore, 85
But greater, though in spirit more sub-
dued—

Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars
are thrown

By Nature in the way of such a hope? 90
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.

"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Enquire," said I, "how much of mental
power 95

And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look
beyond?) 101

Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled
to mind

My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued.—For, the
time 106

Had never been when throes of mighty
Nations

And the world's tumult unto me could
yield,

How far soe'er transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still I
craved 110

An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be
gleaned

From the great City, else it must have
proved

To me a heart-depressing wilderness; 115
But much was wanting: therefore did I
turn

To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I
prized,

With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss,
vouchsafed 120

Alas! to few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
Through field or forest with the maid we
love,

While yet our hearts are young, while yet
we breathe 124

Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both,
From which it would be misery to stir:
Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
In my esteem, next to such dear delight,

Was that of wandering on from day to
 day 130
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull
 Knowledge that step by step might lead
 me on
 To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bird
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or
 groves, 135
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in
 turn :
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased
 to please,
 Converse with men, where if we meet a
 face
 We almost meet a friend, on naked
 heaths
 With long long ways before, by cottage
 bench, 140
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller
 rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye
 The windings of a public way? the sight,
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
 On my imagination since the morn 145
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
 The naked summit of a far-off hill
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
 Was like an invitation into space 150
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.
 Yes, something of the grandeur which
 invests

The mariner who sails the roaring sea
 Through storm and darkness, early in my
 mind
 Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the
 earth ; 155
 Grandeur as much, and loveliness far
 more.
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlam-
 ites ;
 From many other uncouth vagrants
 (passed
 In fear) have walked with quicker step ;
 but why
 Take note of this? When I began to
 enquire, 160
 To watch and question those I met, and
 speak

Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
 Were open schools in which I daily read
 With most delight the passions of man-
 kind,

Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,
 revealed ; 165

There saw into the depth of human souls,
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all
 To careless eyes. And—now convinced
 at heart

How little those formalities, to which
 With overweening trust alone we give
 The name of Education, have to do 171
 With real feeling and just sense; how vain
 A correspondence with the talking world
 Proves to the most ; and called to make
 good search

If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
 With toil, be therefore yoked with igno-
 rance ; 176

If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
 I prized such walks still more, for there
 I found

Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure
 peace 180

And steadiness, and healing and repose
 To every angry passion. There I heard,
 From mouths of men obscure and lowly,
 truths

Replete with honour ; sounds in unison
 With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong af-
 fection, love 186

Known by whatever name, is falsely
 deemed

A gift, to use a term which they would use,
 Of vulgar nature ; that its growth requires
 Retirement, leisure, language purified
 By manners studied and elaborate ; 191
 That whoso feels such passion in its
 strength

Must live within the very light and air
 Of courteous usages refined by art.
 True is it, where oppression worse than
 death 195

Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
 Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
 And poverty and labour in excess
 From day to day pre-occupy the ground

Of the affections, and to Nature's self 200
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with
ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot
feed. 205

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did
I feel

How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their re-
ward

From judgments of the wealthy Few,
who see

By artificial lights; how they debase 210
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth

To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the
heads 215

That framed them; flattering self-conceit
with words,

That, while they most ambitiously set
forth

Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man

From man, neglect the universal heart. 220

Here, calling up to mind what then
I saw,

A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,

Here might I pause, and bend in reve-
rence

To Nature, and the power of human
minds, 225

To men as they are men within them-
selves.

How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in
show,—

Not like a temple rich with pomp and
gold,

But a mere mountain-chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and
shower. 231

Of these, said I, shall be my song; of
these,

If future years mature me for the task,

Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in
truth 235

And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my
theme 240

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who
live—

Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few—

In Nature's presence: thence may I
select 245

Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we
are.

Be mine to follow with no timid step 250
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be
my pride

That I have dared to tread this holy
ground,

Speaking no dream, but things oracular;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those

Who to the letter of the outward pro-
mise 255

Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the
world

Accomplished; minds whose faculties are
then

Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.

Men may be found of other mould than
these, 261

Who are their own upholders, to them-
selves

Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively
words 264

As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation
framed,

Shy, and unpractised in the strife of
phrase;

Meek men, whose very souls perhaps
 would sink
 Beneath them, summoned to such inter-
 course: 270
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
 power,
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
 Words are but under-agents in their
 souls;
 When they are grasping with their great-
 est strength,
 They do not breathe among them: this
 I speak 275
 In gratitude to God, Who feeds our
 hearts
 For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
 When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
 Convictions still more strong than hereto-
 fore, 280
 Not only that the inner frame is good,
 And graciously composed, but that, no
 less,
 Nature for all conditions wants not
 power
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
 The outside of her creatures, and to
 breathe 285
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face
 Of human life. I felt that the array
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
 What passion makes them; that mean-
 while the forms 290
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
 That intermingles with those works of
 man
 To which she summons him; although
 the works
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence 295
 May boldly take his way among mankind
 Wherever Nature leads; that he hath
 stood
 By Nature's side among the men of old,
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest
 Friend!
 If thou partake the animating faith 300
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with
 each

Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to
 perceive
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not
 blame 305
 The humblest of this band who dares to
 hope
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,
 A privilege whereby a work of his,
 Proceeding from a source of untaught
 things, 310
 Creative and enduring, may become
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope
 Not less ambitious once among the wilds
 Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was
 raised;
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral
 downs 315
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare
 white roads
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
 Time with his retinue of ages fled
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I
 saw
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and
 there, 321
 A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across
 the wold;
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling
 spear
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in
 strength, 325
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.
 I called on Darkness—but before the word
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed
 to take
 All objects from my sight; and lo! again
 The Desert visible by dismal flames; 330
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed
 With living men—how deep the groans!
 the voice
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker
 thrills
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
 At other moments—for through that
 wide waste 336

Three summer days I roamed) where'er
 the Plain
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or
 mounds,
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and
 image forth 341
 The constellations—gently was I charmed
 Into a waking dream, a reverie
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I
 turned,
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white
 wands 345
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath
 Of music swayed their motions, and the
 waste
 Rejoiced with them and me in those
 sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may
 be viewed 350
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years
 From monumental hints: and thou, O
 Friend!
 Pleased with some unpremeditated strains
 That served those wanderings to beguile,
 hast said

That then and there my mind had exer-
 cised 355
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,
 The actual world of our familiar days,
 Yet higher power; had caught from them
 a tone,
 An image, and a character, by books
 Not hitherto reflected. Call we this 360
 A partial judgment—and yet why? for
 then
 We were as strangers; and I may not
 speak
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,
 Which on thy young imagination, trained
 In the great City, broke like light from far.
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
 Witness and judge; and I remember well
 That in life's every-day appearances
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
 Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes 371
 Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,
 Which do both give it being and maintain
 A balance, an ennobling interchange 375
 Of action from without and from within;
 The excellence, pure function, and best
 power
 Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the
Northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful
friend,

I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the
sun 5
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
door

Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who
attends

The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty
guide;

Then, cheered by short refreshment, sal-
lied forth. 10

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer
night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping
fog

Low-hung and thick that covered all the
sky;

But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt
us round, 15

And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private
thoughts:

Thus did we breast the ascent, and by
myself

Was nothing either seen or heard that
checked 20

Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the
craggs,

Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
teased

His coiled-up prey with barkings turbu-
lent.

This small adventure, for even such it
seemed 25

In that wild place and at the dead of
night,

Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as if in opposition set

Against an enemy, I panted up 30
With eager pace, and no less eager
thoughts.

Thus might we wear a midnight hour
away,

Ascending at loose distance each from
each,

And I, as chanced, the foremost of the
band;

When at my feet the ground appeared to
brighten, 35

And with a step or two seemed brighter
still;

Nor was time given to ask or learn the
cause,

For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament 40

Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.

A hundred hills their dusky backs up-
heaved

All over this still ocean; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,

In headlands, tongues, and promontory
shapes, 45

Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,

Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment

none 50

Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed
Moon,

Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay 55
All meek and silent, save that through a
rift—

Not distant from the shore whereon we
stood,

A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-
place—

Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,
streams

Innumerable, roaring with one voice! 60
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that
hour,

For so it seemed, felt by the starry
heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
That vision, given to spirits of the night
And three chance human wanderers, in
calm thought 65

Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts
And its possessions, what it has and
craves,

What in itself it is, and would become.
There I beheld the emblem of a mind 70
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream; a mind sus-
tained

By recognitions of transcendent power,
In sense conducting to ideal form, 76
In soul of more than mortal privilege.
One function, above all, of such a mind
Had Nature shadowed there, by putting
forth,

'Mid circumstances awful and sublime, 80
That mutual domination which she loves
To exert upon the face of outward things,
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so en-
dowed

With interchangeable supremacy,
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-
ceive, 85

And cannot choose but feel. The power,
which all

Acknowledge when thus moved, which
Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty
That higher minds bear with them as
their own. 90

This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the universe:
They from their native selves can send
abroad

Kindred mutations; for themselves create
A like existence; and, whene'er it dawns
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery,
Like angels stopped upon the wing by
sound

Of harmony from Heaven's remotest
spheres.

Them the enduring and the transient
both 100

Serve to exalt; they build up greatest
things

From least suggestions; ever on the
watch,

Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them; in a world of life they
live, 105

By sensible impressions not enthralled,
But by their quickening impulse made
more prompt

To hold fit converse with the spiritual
world,

And with the generations of mankind
Spread over time, past, present, and to
come, 110

Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers; and hence the
highest bliss

That flesh can know is theirs—the con-
sciousness

Of Whom they are, habitually infused
Through every image and through every
thought, 116

And all affections by communion raised
From earth to heaven, from human to
divine;

Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
Whether discursive or intuitive; 120
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,

Emotions which best foresight need not
fear,
Most worthy then of trust when most
intense.
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs
that crush
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy
Writ 125
May with fit reverence be applied—that
peace
Which passeth understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure
source
Must come, or will by man be sought in
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life
long 130
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-
self?
For this alone is genuine liberty:
Where is the favoured being who hath
held
That course unchecked, unerring, and un-
tired,
In one perpetual progress smooth and
bright?— 135
A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
And backward wanderings along thorny
ways:
Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-
tudes,
Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then 141
Of what was given me; and which now I
range,
A meditative, oft a suffering, man—
Do I declare—in accents which, from
truth
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend
Their modulation with these vocal
streams— 146
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howsoe'er mis-
led,
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private
aim; 151
Nor was in any public hope the dupe

Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,
And substitute a universe of death 160
For that which moves with light and life
informed,
Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear
ends,
Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,
With the adverse principles of pain and
joy— 166
Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love
subsists
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the
fields 170
In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the
lamb
And the lamb's mother, and their tender
ways
Shall touch thee to the heart; thou call-
est this love,
And not inaptly so, for love it is, 175
Far as it carries thee. In some green
bower
Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the
world:
There linger, listening, gazing, with de-
light
Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!
Unless this love by a still higher love 181
Be hallowed, love that breathes not with-
out awe;
Love that adores, but on the knees of
prayer,
By heaven inspired; that frees from
chains the soul,
Lifted, in union with the purest, best, 185
Of earth-born passions, on the wings, of
praise
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's
Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can
exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the feeding source
Of our long labour: we have traced the
stream

From the blind cavern whence is faintly
heard 195

Its natal murmur; followed it to light
And open day; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
Then given it greeting as it rose once
more 200

In strength, reflecting from its placid
breast

The works of man and face of human life;
And lastly, from its progress have we
drawn

Faith in life endless, the sustaining
thought

Of human Being, Eternity, and God. 205

Imagination having been our theme,
So also hath that intellectual Love,
For they are each in each, and cannot
stand

Dividually.—Here must thou be, O Man!
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou
here; 210

Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
No other can divide with thee this work:
No secondary hand can intervene
To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,
The prime and vital principle is thine 215
In the recesses of thy nature, far
From any reach of outward fellowship,
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath
laid

Here, the foundation of his future years!
For all that friendship, all that love can
do, 221

All that a darling countenance can look
Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
All shall be his: and he whose soul hath
risen 225

Up to the height of feeling intellect
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his
heart

Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
Of female softness shall his life be full,
Of humble cares and delicate desires, 230
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
Thanks in sincerest verse have been else-
where

Poured out for all the early tenderness
Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis
most true 235

That later seasons owed to thee no less;
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the
touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the
springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
Of all that unassisted I had marked 240
In life or nature of those charms minute
That win their way into the heart by
stealth,

(Still to the very going-out of youth)
I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,
And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton
sings, 245

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
This over-sternness; but for thee, dear
Friend!

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had
stood

In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the
clouds 251

Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
But thou didst plant its crevices with
flowers,

Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the
breeze,

And teach the little birds to build their
nests 255

And warble in its chambers. At a time
When Nature, destined to remain so long
Foremost in my affections, had fallen back
Into a second place, pleased to become
A handmaid to a nobler than herself, 260
When every day brought with it some
new sense

Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these
gifts

Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter
came 266

One whom with thee friendship had early
paired;

She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low; 271
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand
stars,

And, the meek worm that feeds her lonely
lamp

Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
Coleridge! with this my argument, of
thee 276

Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
Placed on this earth to love and under-
stand,

And from thy presence shed the light of
love,

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
Thy kindred influence to my heart of
hearts 281

Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts
and things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
More rational proportions; mystery, 285
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
Of life and death, time and eternity,

Admitted more habitually a mild
Interposition—a serene delight
In closelier gathering cares, such as be-
come 290

A human creature, howsoever endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallelujah sent
From all that breathes and is, was chas-
tened, stemmed 295

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence; and in reverence for
duty,

Here, if need be, struggling with storms,
and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground
with herbs, 300
At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is
brought

To its appointed close: the discipline
And consummation of a Poet's mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured; we have
reached 306

The time (our guiding object from the
first)

When we may, not presumptuously, I
hope,

Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and
such 309

My knowledge, as to make me capable
Of building up a Work that shall endure.
Yet much hath been omitted, as need
was;

Of books how much! and even of the
other wealth

That is collected among woods and fields,
Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy's
choice

Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance, or traced with curi-
ous pains. 320

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I
speak

With due regret) how much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and
then 324

In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse
shapes

That individual character presents
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path,
Whate'er was wanting, something had I
gained, 331

As one of many schoolfellows compelled,

In hardy independence, to stand up
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
 Of various tempers; to endure and note
 What was not understood, though known
 to be; 336
 Among the mysteries of love and hate,
 Honour and shame, looking to right and
 left,
 Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
 And moral notions too intolerant, 340
 Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when
 called
 To take a station among men, the step
 Was easier, the transition more secure,
 More profitable also; for the mind 344
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep
 In wholesome separation the two natures,
 The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern;—
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
 I led an undomestic wanderer's life, 350
 In London chiefly harboured, whence I
 roamed,
 Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
 Of rural England's cultivated vales
 Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he
 bore
 The name of Calvert—it shall live, if
 words 355
 Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
 That by endowments not from me with-
 held
 Good might be furthered—in his last
 decay
 By a bequest sufficient for my needs
 Enabled me to pause for choice, and
 walk 360
 At large and unrestrained, nor damped
 too soon
 By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
 Far less a common follower of the world,
 He deemed that my pursuits and labours
 lay
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or
 even 365
 A necessary maintenance insures,
 Without some hazard to the finer sense;
 He cleared a passage for me, and the
 stream

Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now
 Told what best merits mention, further
 pains 370
 Our present purpose seems not to require,
 And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
 The mood in which this labour was be-
 gun,
 O Friend! The termination of my course
 Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even
 then, 375
 In that distraction and intense desire,
 I said unto the life which I had lived,
 Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from
 thee
 Which 'tis reproach to hear? Anon I
 rose
 As if on wings, and saw beneath me
 stretched 380
 Vast prospect of the world which I had
 been
 And was; and hence this Song, which
 like a lark
 I have protracted, in the unwearied
 heavens
 Singing, and often with more plaintive
 voice
 To earth attempered and her deep-drawn
 sighs, 385
 Yet centring all in love, and in the end
 All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
 And, with life, power to accomplish aught
 of worth,
 That will be deemed no insufficient plea
 For having given the story of myself, 391
 Is all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!
 When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer
 view
 Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
 That summer, under whose indulgent
 skies, 395
 Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we
 roved
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan
 combs,
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy
 heart,
 Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient
 Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful
 woes 400
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
 And I, associate with such labour, steeped
 In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was
 found,
 After the perils of his moonlight ride, 405
 Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate
 In misery near the miserable Thorn;—
 When thou dost to that summer turn thy
 thoughts,
 And hast before thee all which then we
 were,
 To thee, in memory of that happiness,
 It will be known, by thee at least, my
 Friend! 411
 Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind
 Is labour not unworthy of regard:
 To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
 Have been prepared, not with the buoy-
 ant spirits 416
 That were our daily portion when we
 first
 Together wantoned in wild Poesy,
 But, under pressure of a private grief,
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and
 heart, 420
 That in this meditative history
 Have been laid open, needs must make
 me feel
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear
 More firmly; and a comfort now hath
 risen
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt
 be soon 425
 Restored to us in renovated health;
 When, after the first mingling of our
 tears

'Mong other consolations, we may draw
 Some pleasure from this offering of my
 love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
 And all will be complete, thy race be
 run, 431
 Thy monument of glory will be raised;
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways
 of truth)

This age fall back to old idolatry, 434
 Though men return to servitude as fast
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
 By nations sink together, we shall still
 Find solace—knowing what we have
 learnt to know,

Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day 440
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the
 work

(Should Providence such grace to us
 vouchsafe)

Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will
 speak

A lasting inspiration, sanctified 445
 By reason, blest by faith: what we have
 loved,

Others will love, and we will teach them
 how;

Instruct them how the mind of man
 becomes

A thousand times more beautiful than
 the earth

On which he dwells, above this frame of
 things 450

(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain un-
 changed)

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

The Excursion.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.,
ETC., ETC.

OFF, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument!)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
July 29. 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

THE Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its Title of *THE RECLUSE*.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled, "*The Recluse*," as having for

its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "*The Recluse*" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part ("*The Excursion*") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system: it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the

system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ; 5
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come, 10
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—
I would give utterance in numerous verse,
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ; 15
Of blessed consolations in distress ;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power ;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there 20
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing ;—'fit audience let me find though few !'

"So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the
Bard—
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need 25
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil. 30
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not 35
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man— 40
My haunt, and the main region of my song.
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps ;
Pitches her tents before me as I move, 46
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should they be
A history only of departed things, 50

Or a mere fiction of what never was ?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day. 55
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation :—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep 60
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures ; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World 65
Is fitted :—and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external World is fitted to the Mind ;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish :—this is our high argument. 71
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of madding passions mutually inflamed ; 75
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds 80
Have their authentic comment ; that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !—
Descend, prophetic Spirit ! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts 86
Of mighty Poets : upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight ; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure, 90
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere !—And if with
this
I mix more lowly matter ; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man 95
Contemplating ; and who, and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision ; when and where, and how he
lived ;—
Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread
Power ! 100
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination,—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners ;—nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom :—all pure thoughts
Be with me ;—so shall thy unfailing love 106
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end !"

The Excursion.

BOOK FIRST.

THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon.—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account.—The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung 5
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front 10
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene, 15
By power of that impending covert, thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy. 20

Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery turf
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along. 25

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course was bound.
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked walls 30
That stared upon each other!—I looked round,
And to my wish and to my hope espied
The Friend I sought; a Man of reverend age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage-bench, 35
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—
alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting,
while that staff 40
Afforded, to the figure of the man

Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support; his countenance as he
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he re-
mained

Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and
soon 46

A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the
night

We parted, nothing willingly; and now
He by appointment waited for me here, 50
Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant
vale,

In the antique market-village where was
passed

My school-time, an apartment he had
owned,

To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbour
there. 55

He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for
my years.

As I grew up, it was my best delight 60
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the
woods:

We sat—we walked; he pleased me with
report

Of things which he had seen; and often
touched

Abstruse matter, reasonings of the
mind 65

Turned inward; or at my request would
sing

Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed

As cool refreshing water, by the care 70
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in
time of drought.

Still deeper welcome found his pure
discourse:

How precious when in riper days I
learned

To weigh with care his words, and to
rejoice 75

In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are
sown

By Nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,

The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of
verse, 80

(Which, in the docile season of their
youth,

It was denied them to acquire, through
lack

Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,

Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been

led 86

By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured
Beings,

All but a scattered few, live out their
time,

Husbanding that which they possess
within, 90

And go to the grave, unthought of.
Strongest minds

Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not
left

His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward

light, 95

So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honoured—far as he was
known.

And some small portion of his eloquent
speech,

And something that may serve to set in
view

The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his

mind 101

Had dealt with—I will here record in
verse;

Which, if with truth it correspond, and
sink

Or rise as venerable Nature leads, 104
The high and tender Muses shall accept

With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred
praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born ;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous off-
spring, dwelt ; 111
A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor !
Pure livers were they all, austere and
grave,
And fearing God ; the very children
taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's
word, 115
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on Eng-
lish ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom
I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills ;
But, through the inclement and the
perilous days 120
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that
stood
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock ! From that bleak tene-
ment 125
He, many an evening, to his distant
home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness ; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no
one near 130
To whom he might confess the things he
saw.

So the foundations of his mind were
laid,
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his
time,
Had he perceived the presence and the
power 135
Of greatness ; and deep feelings had
impressed

So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose
presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had
received
A precious gift ; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still
compare 141
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,
and forms ;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images 145
Upon his brain ; and on their pictured
lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he
fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eager-
ness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye 150
On all things which the moving seasons
brought
To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning :—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves
forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked
crags 155
He sate, and even in their fixed linea-
ments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought op-
pressed,
Even in their fixed and steady linea-
ments 160
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying !

Thus informed,
He had small need of books ; for many a
tale
Traditionary round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark
woods, 165
Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive
power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again, 170

Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied;

The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to
this hour! 176

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved

A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the preternatural tale,
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts 181
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures
dire,

Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-
ankled too,

With long and ghostly shanks—forms
which once seen

Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant, 186

Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face 190
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the
power

Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has
taught 195

To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing
Youth

What soul was his, when, from the naked
top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light!
He looked— 200

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds
were touched,

And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,

Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his
life. 210

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no
request;

Rapt into still communion that transcends 215

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the
power

That made him; it was blessedness and
love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain-
tops, 219

Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.

O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared

The written promise! Early had he
learned

To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his
faith. 226

All things, responsive to the writing,
there

Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:

There littleness was not; the least of
things 230

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit
shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became

Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet
was his heart 235

Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them
he acquired

Wisdom, which works thro' patience;
thence he learned

In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
 To look on Nature with a humble heart,
 Self-questioned where it did not under-
 stand,
 And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest
 town

He duly went with what small overplus
 His earnings might supply, and brought
 away 246

The book that most had tempted his
 desires

While at the stall he read. Among the
 hills

He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
 The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
 The annual savings of a toilsome life, 251
 His Schoolmaster supplied; books that
 explain

The purer elements of truth involved
 In lines and numbers, and, by charm
 severe,

(Especially perceived where nature droops
 And feeling is suppressed) preserve the
 mind 256

Busy in solitude and poverty.

These occupations oftentimes deceived
 The listless hours, while in the hollow
 vale,

Hollow and green, he lay on the green
 turf 260

In pensive idleness. What could he do,
 Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
 With blind endeavours? Yet, still upper-
 most,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting
 power 265

In all things that from her sweet influence
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with
 her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her
 forms,

He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.

While yet he lingered in the rudiments
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,
 His triangles—they were the stars of
 heaven,

The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag

That is the eagle's birthplace, or some
 peak 275

Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
 Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
 The history of many a winter storm,
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year
 was told, 280

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
 With still increasing weight; he was o'er-
 powered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
 Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul 285
 Communing with the glorious universe.
 Full often wished he that the winds might
 rage

When they were silent: far more fondly
 now

Than in his earlier season did he love
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the
 sounds 290

That live in darkness. From his intellect
 And from the stillness of abstracted
 thought

He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
 The peace required, he scanned the laws
 of light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they
 send 295

From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
 Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
 And vainly by all other means, he strove
 To mitigate the fever of his heart. 300

In dreams, in study, and in ardent
 thought,

Thus was he reared; much wanting to
 assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
 And every moral feeling of his soul
 Strengthened and braced, by breathing in
 content 305

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
 And drinking from the well of homely life.
 —But, from past liberty, and tried re-
 straints,

He now was summoned to select the
 course 309

Of humble industry that promised best
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
 Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
 A village-school—but wandering thoughts
 were then
 A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
 A task he was unable to perform. 315

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-
 strains
 The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
 The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow
 vales,
 (Spirit attached to regions mountainous
 Like their own steadfast clouds) did now
 impel 320
 His restless mind to look abroad with
 hope.
 —An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting
 storm,
 A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
 Bent as he moves, and needing frequent
 rest; 325
 Yet do such travellers find their own
 delight;
 And their hard service, deemed debasing
 now,
 Gained merited respect in simpler times;
 When squire, and priest, and they who
 round them dwelt
 In rustic sequestration—all dependent
 Upon the PEDLAR's toil—supplied their
 wants, 331
 Or pleased their fancies, with the wares
 he brought.
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
 few

Of his adventurous countrymen were led
 By perseverance in this track of life 335
 To competence and ease:—to him it offered
 Attractions manifold;—and this he chose.
 —His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
 Foreboding evil. From his native hills
 He wandered far; much did he see of
 men¹,
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and
 pursuits, 342

Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
 those
 Essential and eternal in the heart,
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
 Exist more simple in their elements, 346
 And speak a plainer language. In the
 woods,
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
 Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
 The better portion of his time; and there
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
 And liberty of nature; there he kept
 In solitude and solitary thought
 His mind in a just equipoise of love. 355
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,
 No wild varieties of joy and grief. 360
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
 And constant disposition of his thoughts
 To sympathy with man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he
 went, 365
 And all that was endured; for, in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from without
 That made him turn aside from wretched-
 ness
 With coward fears. He could *afford* to
 suffer 370
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence
 it came
 That in our best experience he was rich,
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
 He had observed the progress and decay
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
 The history of many families;
 How they had prospered; how they were
 o'erthrown
 By passion or mischance, or such misrule
 Among the unthinking masters of the
 earth 380
 As makes the nations groan.
 This active course
 He followed till provision for his wants
 Had been obtained;—the Wanderer then
 resolved

¹ See Note, p. 926.

To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship
free. 385

His calling laid aside, he lived at ease :
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths ; and, by the sum-
mer's warmth

Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes 390
That to his memory were most endeared.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,
undamped

By worldly-mindedness or anxious care ;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
freshed

By knowledge gathered up from day to
day ; 395

Thus had he lived a long and innocent
life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself
and those

With whom from childhood he grew up,
had held

The strong hand of her purity ; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
This he remembered in his riper age 401
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
But by the native vigour of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
works, 405

Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away ; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.

—And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough
sports 415

And teasing ways of children vexed not
him ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ; 420

Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his
limbs

And his whole figure breathed intelli-
gence. 425

Time had compressed the freshness of his
cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under
brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it
brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being
made 430

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course
of life 434

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his
limbs,

Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the
sound 441

Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'
space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his
hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the
brim 445

Had newly scooped a running stream. He
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning
day :

My lips are parched with thirst, but you,
it seems,

Have somewhere found relief." He, at
the word, 450

Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me
 climb
 The fence where that aspiring shrub look-
 ed out
 Upon the public way. It was a plot
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted
 weeds
 Marked with the steps of those, whom,
 as they passed, 455
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long
 lank slips,
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless
 stems,
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
 The broken wall. I looked around, and
 there,
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder
 boughs 460
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a
 well
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy
 fern.
 My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheer-
 less spot
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade
 returned
 Where sate the old Man on the cottage-
 bench; 465
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered
 head,
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,
 Thus did he speak. "I see around me
 here
 Things which you cannot see: we die, my
 Friend, 470
 Nor we alone, but that which each man
 loved
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
 Dies with him, or is changed; and very
 soon
 Even of the good is no memorial left. 474
 —The Poets, in their elegies and songs
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to
 mourn,
 And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they
 speak,
 In these their invocations, with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power 480
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are

More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred
 birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon
 spring I stood,
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a
 bond 486
 Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
 When, every day, the touch of human
 hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds
 them up
 In mortal stillness; and they ministered
 To human comfort. Stooping down to
 drink, 491
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
 Green with the moss of years, and subject
 only
 To the soft handling of the elements: 495
 There let it lie—how foolish are such
 thoughts!
 Forgive them;—never—never did my
 steps
 Approach this door but she who dwelt
 within
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I
 loved her
 As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die
 first, 500
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer
 dust
 Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gen-
 tle looks,
 When she upheld the cool refreshment
 drawn
 From that forsaken spring; and no one
 came 505
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is
 dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,
 And she forgotten in the quiet grave. 510

 "I speak," continued he, "of One whose
 stock
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly
 roof.

She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with
the joy 515
Of her own thoughts: by some especial
care

Her temper had been framed, as if to
make

A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his
side 520

The humble worth that satisfied her
heart:

Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would
tell

That he was often seated at his loom, 524
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
Ere the last star had vanished.—They
who passed

At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he
would ply,

After his daily work, until the light 530
Had failed, and every leaf and flower
were lost

In the dark hedges. So their days were
spent

In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in
heaven.

“Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there
came 536

Two blighting seasons, when the fields
were left

With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven
to add

A worse affliction in the plague of war:
This happy Land was stricken to the
heart! 540

A Wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment,
saw

The hardships of that season: many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the
poor;

And of the poor did many cease to be,

And their place knew them not. Mean-
while, abridged 546

Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those cala-
mitous years

With cheerful hope, until the second
autumn, 550

When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed
lay,

Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long; and, when his strength
returned,

He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age, 555
Was all consumed. A second infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time

Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow: shoals of artisans
From ill-requited labour turned adrift 560
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—hap-
pier far

Could they have lived as do the little
birds

That peck along the hedge-rows, or the
kite

That makes her dwelling on the moun-
tain rocks! 565

“A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in
peace,

This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry
tunes

That had no mirth in them; or with his
knife 570

Carved uncouth figures on the heads of
sticks—

Then, not less idly, sought, through every
nook

In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty, 575
He mingled, where he might, the various
tasks

Of summer, autumn, winter, and of
spring.

But this endured not; his good humour
soon

Became a weight in which no pleasure
was :

And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he
drooped, 581

And he would leave his work—and to the
town

Would turn without an errand his slack
steps;

Or wander here and there among the
fields.

One while he would speak lightly of his
babes, 585

And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural
joy:

And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every
smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these
trees, 590

'Made my heart bleed.'

At this the Wanderer paused;
And, looking up to those enormous elms,
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest
noon.

At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not
at rest 595

Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
With tuneful hum is filling all the air;
Why should a tear be on an old Man's
cheek?

Why should we thus, with an untoward
mind,

And in the weakness of humanity, 600
From natural wisdom turn our hearts
away;

To natural comfort shut our eyes and
ears;

And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless
thoughts?"

HE spake with somewhat of a solemn
tone: 605

But, when he ended, there was in his face
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
That for a little time it stole away
All recollection; and that simple tale

Passed from my mind like a forgotten
sound. 610

A while on trivial things we held dis-
course,

To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,
I thought of that poor Woman as of one
Whom I had known and loved. He had
rehearsed 614

Her homely tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he
spake

Seemed present; and, attention now
relaxed,

A heart-felt chilliness crept along my
veins.

I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer
sun, 621

That had not cheered me long—ere, look-
ing round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
And begged of the old Man that, for my
sake,

He would resume his story.

He replied, 625

"It were a wantonness, and would de-
mand

Severe reproof, if we were men whose
hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to
draw

A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good. 631
But we have known that there is often
found

In mournful thoughts, and always might
be found,

A power to virtue friendly; were't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed 635

An idle dreamer! 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—But without further
bidding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless
years, 641

Had been a blessèd home, it was my
chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more
appeared
What pleasant expectations lured me on
O'er the flat Common!—With quick step
I reached 646
The threshold, lifted with light hand the
latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at
me
A little while; then turned her head
away
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a
chair, 650
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch!
at last
She rose from off her seat, and then,—
O Sir!
I cannot tell how she pronounced my
name:—
With fervent love, and with a face of
grief 655
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she
enquired
If I had seen her husband. As she spake
A strange surprise and fear came to my
heart,
Nor had I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared—not two months
gone. 661
He left his house: two wretched days
had past,
And on the third, as wistfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look
forth, 664
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
Within her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed
To meet her waking eyes. This trem-
blingly
She opened—found no writing, but be-
held
Pieces of money carefully enclosed, 670
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the
sight,'
Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his
hand

That must have placed it there; and ere
that day
Was ended, that long anxious day, I
learned,
From one who by my husband had been
sent 675
With the sad news, that he had joined
a troop
Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
—He left me thus—he could not gather
heart
To take a farewell of me; for he feared
That I should follow with my babes, and
sink 680
Beneath the misery of that wandering
life.'
“This tale did Margaret tell with many
tears:
And, when she ended, I had little power
To give her comfort, and was glad to take
Such words of hope from her own mouth
as served 685
To cheer us both. But long we had not
talked
Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she looked around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
We parted.—'Twas the time of early
spring; 690
I left her busy with her garden tools;
And well remember, o'er that fence she
looked,
And, while I paced along the foot-way
path,
Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
With tender cheerfulness, and with a
voice 695
That seemed the very sound of happy
thoughts.
“I roved o'er many a hill and many
a dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat and
cold,
Through many a wood and many an open
ground,
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might
befall; 701
My best companions now the driving
winds,

And now the 'trotting brooks' and whispering trees,
 And now the music of my own sad steps,
 With many a short-lived thought that
 passed between, 705
 And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the
 wheat
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed
 grass,
 Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field
 spread
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
 I found that she was absent. In the
 shade, 711

Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the
 porch, 715
 Hung down in heavier tufts; and that
 bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take
 root

Along the window's edge, profusely grew
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned
 aside,
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared 720

To lag behind the season, and had lost
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and
 thrift
 Had broken their trim border-lines, and
 straggled

O'er paths they used to deck: carnations,
 once 724
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
 For the peculiar pains they had required,
 Declined their languid heads, wanting
 support.

The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths
 and bells,
 Had twined about her two small rows of
 peas,
 And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless
 steps; 731
 A stranger passed; and, guessing whom
 I sought,

He said that she was used to ramble far.—
 The sun was sinking in the west; and now
 I sate with sad impatience. From within
 Her solitary infant cried aloud; 736
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-
 stilled,

The voice was silent. From the bench
 I rose;

But neither could divert nor soothe my
 thoughts. 739

The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
 The longer I remained, more desolate:
 And, looking round me, now I first
 observed

The corner stones, on either side the
 porch,

With dull red stains discoloured, and
 stuck o'er

With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the
 sheep, 745

That fed upon the Common, thither came
 Familiarly, and found a couching-place
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows
 fell

From these tall elms; the cottage-clock
 struck eight;—

I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
 Her face was pale and thin—her figure,
 too, 751

Was changed. As she unlocked the door,
 she said,

'It grieves me you have waited here so
 long,

But, in good truth, I've wandered much
 of late;

And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—
 have need 755

Of my best prayers to bring me back
 again.'

While on the board she spread our evening
 meal,

She told me—interrupting not the work
 Which gave employment to her listless
 hands—

That she had parted with her elder child;
 To a kind master on a distant farm . 761

Now happily apprenticed. —'I perceive
 You look at me, and you have cause;
 to-day

I have been travelling far; and many
 days

About the fields I wander, knowing
 this 765
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
 And so I waste my time: for I am
 changed;
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done
 much wrong
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my
 tears 770
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that
 God
 Will give me patience to endure the
 things 775
 Which I behold at home.'

It would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
 The story linger in my heart; I fear
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit
 clings
 To that poor Woman:—so familiarly 780
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
 And presence; and so deeply do I feel
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my
 walks
 A momentary trance comes over me; 784
 And to myself I seem to muse on One
 By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
 A human being destined to awake
 To human life, or something very near
 To human life, when he shall come again
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would
 have grieved 790
 Your very soul to see her: evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward
 were cast;
 And, when she at her table gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was
 low, 794
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward
 things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the
 fire 801

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they
 came.

"Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
 Which with a look of welcome she re-
 ceived; 806
 And I exhorted her to place her trust
 In God's good love, and seek his help by
 prayer.
 I took my staff, and, when I kissed her
 babe,
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her
 then 810
 With the best hope and comfort I could
 give:
 She thanked me for my wish;—but for my
 hope
 It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
 And took my rounds along this road again
 When on its sunny bank the primrose
 flower 815
 Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the
 Spring.
 I found her sad and drooping: she had
 learned
 No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
 She knew not that he lived; if he were
 dead,
 She knew not he was dead. She seemed
 the same 820
 In person and appearance; but her house
 Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence;
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the
 hearth
 Was comfortless, and her small lot of
 books,
 Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
 Had been piled up against the corner
 panes 826
 In seemingly order, now, with straggling
 leaves
 Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant
 Babe
 Had from its mother caught the trick of
 grief, 830
 And sighed among its playthings. I
 withdrew,

And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her: weeds
defaced

The hardened soil, and knots of withered
grass: 835

No ridges there appeared of clear black
mould,

No winter greenness; of her herbs and
flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed
away

Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,
Which had been twined about the slender
stem 840

Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
The bark was nibbled round by truant
sheep.

—Margaret stood near, her infant in her
arms,

And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the
House 846

We had returned together, she enquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom 851
Still in its place; his Sunday garments
hung

Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these
wilds, and gained,

By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbour's
boy 861

To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far; and, in such piteous
sort 865

That any girl had ached to hear her,
begged

That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask

For him whom she had lost. We parted
then—

Our final parting; for from that time
forth

Did many seasons pass ere I returned 870
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;
From their first separation, nine long
years,

She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have
been

A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my
Friend, 875

That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
Alone, through half the vacant sabbath
day;

And, if a dog passed by, she still would
quit

The shade, and look abroad. On this old
bench 879

For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You
see that path,

Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its
grey line;

There, to and fro, she paced through
many a day

Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girt her waist, spinning the long-
drawn thread 886

With backward steps. Yet ever as there
passed

A man whose garments showed the sol-
dier's red,

Or crippled mendicant in soldier's garb,
The little child who sate to turn the wheel
Ceased from his task; and she with fal-
tering voice 891

Made many a fond enquiry; and when
they,

Whose presence gave no comfort, were
gone by,

Her heart was still more sad. And by
yon gate,

That bars the traveller's road, she often
stood, 895

And when a stranger horseman came, the
latch

Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:

Most happy, if, from aught discovered
there

Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her
poor Hut 900

Sank to decay; for he was gone, whose
hand,

At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh
bands of straw

Chequered the green-grown thatch. And
so she lived

Through the long winter, reckless and
alone; 905

Until her house by frost, and thaw, and
rain,

Was sapped; and while she slept, the
nightly damps

Did chill her breast; and in the stormy
day

Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the
wind,

Even at the side of her own fire. Yet
still 910

She loved this wretched spot, nor would
for worlds

Have parted hence; and still that length
of road,

And this rude bench, one torturing hope
endeared,

Fast rooted at her heart; and here, my
Friend,—

In sickness she remained; and here she
died; 915

Last human tenant of these ruined walls!"

The old Man ceased: he saw that I was
moved;

From that low bench, rising instinctively
I turned aside in weakness, nor had
power

To thank him for the tale which he had
told. 920

I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and
it seemed

To comfort me while with a brother's
love

I blessed her in the impotence of grief.

Then towards the cottage I returned; and
traced 925

Fondly, though with an interest more
mild,

That secret spirit of humanity
Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tenden-
cies

Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds,
and flowers,

And silent overgrowings, still survived.
The old Man, noting this, resumed, and
said, 931

"My Friend! enough to sorrow you have
given,

The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
Nor more would she have craved as due
to One

Who, in her worst distress, had ofttimes
felt 935

The unbounded might of prayer; and
learned, with soul

Fixed on the Cross, that consolation
springs,

From sources deeper far than deepest
pain,

For the meek Sufferer. Why then should
we read

The forms of things with an unworthy
eye? 940

She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is
here.

I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on
that wall,

By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed

So still an image of tranquillity, 946
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful

Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled
my mind,

That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the
grief 950

That passing shows of Being leave be-
hind,

Appeared an idle dream, that could main-
tain,

Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened
spirit

Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned

away, 955
And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining
 shot
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
 We sate on that low bench: and now we
 felt, 960
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming
 on.
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,

At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly
 mien 965
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;
 Together casting then a farewell look
 Upon those silent walls, we left the
 shade;
 And, ere the stars were visible, had
 reached 969
 A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.

BOOK SECOND.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated.—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake.—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit.—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat.—Sound of singing from below.—A funeral procession.—Descent into the Valley.—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley.—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary. Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district.—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage.—The cottage entered.—Description of the Solitary's apartment.—Repast there.—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him.—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage.—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind.—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
 The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to
 hall,
 Baronial court or royal; cheered with
 gifts
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
 Now meeting on his road an armed
 knight, 5
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's
 roof
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the
 next,
 Humbly in a religious hospital;
 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell. 11
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber
 spared;

He walked—protected from the sword of
 war
 By virtue of that sacred instrument
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's
 side; 15
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went
 Opening from land to land an easy way
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured
 Race
 Drew happier, loftier, more empassioned,
 thoughts 20
 From his long journeyings and eventful
 life,
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
 To gather, ranging through the tamer
 ground
 Of these our unimaginative days;

Both while he trod the earth in humblest
 guise 25
 Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;
 And now, when free to move with lighter
 pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite
 school
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural
 lanes,
 Looked on this guide with reverential
 love? 30
 Each with the other pleased, we now
 pursued

Our journey, under favourable skies.
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a
 light

Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
 Remembrances; or from his tongue call
 forth 36

Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
 Accompanied those strains of apt dis-
 course,

Which nature's various objects might
 inspire;

And in the silence of his face I read 40
 His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
 And the mute fish that glances in the
 stream,

And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
 The fowl domestic, and the household
 dog— 45

In his capacious mind, he loved them all:
 Their rights acknowledging he felt for
 all.

Oft was occasion given me to perceive
 How the calm pleasures of the pasturing
 herd

To happy contemplation soothed his
 walk; 50

How the poor brute's condition, forced to
 run

Its course of suffering in the public road,
 Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart
 With unavailing pity. Rich in love

And sweet humanity, he was, himself, 55
 To the degree that he desired, beloved.

Smiles of good-will from faces that he
 knew

Greeted us all day long; we took our
 seats

By many a cottage-hearth, where he re-
 ceived

The welcome of an Inmate from afar, 60
 And I at once forgot I was a Stranger.

—Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
 Huts where his charity was blest; his
 voice

Heard as the voice of an experienced
 friend.

And, sometimes—where the poor man
 held dispute 65

With his own mind, unable to subdue
 Impatience through inaptness to perceive
 General distress in his particular lot;
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
 Struggling against it; with a soul per-
 plexed, 70

And finding in herself no steady power
 To draw the line of comfort that divides

Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
 From the injustice of our brother men—

To him appeal was made as to a judge;
 Who, with an understanding heart, al-
 layed 76

The perturbation; listened to the plea;
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence
 gave

So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
 With softened spirit, even when it con-
 demned. 80

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we
 roved,

Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,

Our course submitting to the changeful
 breeze

Of accident. But when the rising sun 85
 Had three times called us to renew our

walk,
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,

As if the thought were but a moment old,
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.

We started—and he led me toward the
 hills, 90

Up through an ample vale, with higher
 hills

Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
 But, in the majesty of distance, now

Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad, 95
And beautified with morning's purple
beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their
time,

May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
From earth the dust of morning, slow to
rise; 101

And they, if blest with health and hearts
at ease,

Shall lack not their enjoyment:—but how
faint

Compared with ours! who, pacing side
by side,

Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld; and lend the listening
sense 106

To every grateful sound of earth and air;
Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our
thoughts

Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson
leaves. 110

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey
long,

By this dark hill protected from thy
beams!

Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent
wish;

But quickly from among our morning
thoughts

'Twas chased away: for, toward the
western side 115

Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people;—wherefore
met?

Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising,
yield

Prompt answer; they proclaim the annual
Wake, 120

Which the bright season favours.—Tabor
and pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with
boons

Of merriment a party-coloured knot, 124
Already formed upon the village-green.

—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our
sight

That gay assemblage. Round them and
above,

Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of
trees 130

Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver
steam

Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like
a mast

Of gold, the Maypole shines; as if the
rays

Of morning, aided by exhaling dew, 135
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its
sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly
scene

Invite us; shall we quit our road, and
join

These festive matins?"—He replied, "Not
loth 140

To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's
close,

The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will be
skimmed; 145

There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-
tend:

But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse 150
To flow, when purposes are lightly
changed?

A length of journey yet remains un-
traced:

Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his
staff

Raised toward those craggy summits, his
intent

He thus imparted:—

"In a spot that lies 155

Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
 You will receive, before the hour of noon,
 Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil,
 From sight of One who lives secluded there,
 Lonesome and lost : of whom, and whose
 past life, 160
 (Not to forestall such knowledge as may
 be
 More faithfully collected from himself)
 This brief communication shall suffice.

“Though now sojourning there, he, like
 myself, 164
 Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
 Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
 Where many a sheltered and well-tended
 plant
 Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
 Blossoms of piety and innocence.
 Such grateful promises his youth displayed : 170
 And, having shown in study forward
 zeal,
 He to the Ministry was duly called ;
 And straight, incited by a curious mind
 Filled with vague hopes, he undertook
 the charge
 Of Chaplain to a military troop 175
 Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they
 marched
 In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.
 This office filling, yet by native power
 And force of native inclination made
 An intellectual ruler in the haunts 180
 Of social vanity, he walked the world,
 Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety ;
 Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
 Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and
 roamed
 Where Fortune led :—and Fortune, who
 oft proves 185
 The careless wanderer's friend, to him
 made known
 A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
 Admired for beauty, for her sweetness
 praised ;
 Whom he had sensibility to love,
 Ambition to attempt, and skill to win. 190

“For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts
 of mind,
 Nor sparingly endowed with worldly
 wealth,
 His office he relinquished ; and retired
 From the world's notice to a rural home.
 Youth's season yet with him was scarcely
 past, 195
 And she was in youth's prime. How free
 their love,
 How full their joy ! Till, pitiable doom !
 In the short course of one undreaded
 year,
 Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-
 threw
 Two lovely Children—all that they
 possessed ! 200
 The Mother followed :—miserably bare
 The one Survivor stood ; he wept, he
 prayed
 For his dismissal, day and night, com-
 pelled
 To hold communion with the grave, and
 face
 With pain the regions of eternity. 205
 An uncomplaining apathy displaced
 This anguish ; and, indifferent to delight,
 To aim and purpose, he consumed his
 days,
 To private interest dead, and public care.
 So lived he ; so he might have died.
 But now,
 To the wide world's astonishment, ap-
 peared 211
 A glorious opening, the unlooked-for
 dawn,
 That promised everlasting joy to France !
 Her voice of social transport reached even
 him !
 He broke from his contracted bounds,
 repaired 215
 To the great City, an emporium then
 Of golden expectations, and receiving
 Freights every day from a new world of
 hope.
 Thither his popular talents he trans-
 ferred ;
 And, from the pulpit, zealously main-
 tained 220
 The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
 As one, and moving to one glorious end.

Intoxicating service ! I might say
A happy service ; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause, 225
And new and shapeless wishes, would
allow.

“That righteous cause (such power
hath freedom) bound,

For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves ;
Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One courage seemed to animate them all :
And, from the dazzling conquests daily
gained

By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous con-
fidence 235

In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment ; not alone in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal ; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.

An overweening trust was raised ; and
fear 241

Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose
subtle bane

The strongest did not easily escape ;
And He, what wonder ! took a mortal
faint. 245

How shall I trace the change, how bear
to tell

That he broke faith with them whom he
had laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Chris-
tian's hope !

An infidel contempt of holy writ
Stole by degrees upon his mind ; and
hence 250

Life, like that Roman Janus, double-
faced ;

Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing, gay
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but
pride.

Smooth words he had to wheedle simple
souls ;

But, for disciples of the inner school, 255
Old freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stooped the
least

To known restraints ; and who most
boldly drew

Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy, 260
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms ad-
vance.

“His sacred function was at length
renounced ;

And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled layman's natural liberty ;
Speech, manners, morals, all without dis-
guise. 266

I do not wish to wrong him ; though the
course

Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow 270
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained,
'Mid much abasement, what he had
received

From nature, an intense and glowing
mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew
weak, 275

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better
men,

Nay keener, as his fortitude was less : 280
And he continued, when worse days were
come,

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse
with zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in
despite

Of all this outside bravery, within, 285
He neither felt encouragement nor hope :
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;
And reverence for himself ; and, last and
best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear
of Him 290

Before whose sight the troubles of this
world

Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away—
The splendour, which had given a festal
air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and
veiled 295

From his own sight—this gone, he forfeited

All joy in human nature; was consumed,
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and
scorn,

And fruitless indignation; galled by
pride;

Made desperate by contempt of men who
throve 300

Before his sight in power or fame, and
won,

Without desert, what he desired; weak
men,

Too weak even for his envy or his hate!

Tormented thus, after a wandering course
Of discontent, and inwardly oppress 305

With malady—in part, I fear, provoked
By weariness of life—he fixed his home,

Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,
Among these rugged hills; where now he
dwells,

And wastes the sad remainder of his
hours, 310

Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that
wants not

Its own voluptuousness;—on this re-
solved,

With this content, that he will live and
die

Forgotten,—at safe distance from 'a
world

Not moving to his mind.'"

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices 316

That served my Fellow-traveller to be-
guile

The way, while we advanced up that
wide vale.

Diverging now (as if his quest had been
Some secret of the mountains, cavern,
fall 320

Of water, or some lofty eminence,
Renowned for splendid prospect far and
wide)

We scaled, without a track to ease our
steps,

A steep ascent; and reached a dreary
plain,

With a tumultuous waste of huge hill
tops 325

Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high

Among the mountains; even as if the
spot 330

Had been from eldest time by wish of
theirs

So placed, to be shut out from all the
world!

Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the
south

Was one small opening, where a heath-
clad ridge 335

Supplied a boundary less abrupt and
close;

A quiet treeless nook, with two green
fields,

A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no
more!

It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields,
made green 341

By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland
house.

—There crows the cock, single in his
domain:

The small birds find in spring no thicket
there 345

To shroud them; only from the neigh-
bouring vales

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder
place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I,
is here!

Instantly throwing down my limbs at
ease 350

Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy

Among the mountains; never one like
this;

So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;

Not melancholy—no, for it is green, 355
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life
requires.

—In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this 361
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing
world,

It could not be more quiet: peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that
pass 366

Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent
I lay 370

In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep,
and slow 375
The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral
dirge!

We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognise 380
These words:—"*Shall in the grave thy
love be known,*

In death thy faithfulness?"—"God rest
his soul!"

Said the old man, abruptly breaking
silence,—

"He is departed, and finds peace at last!"

This scarcely spoken, and those holy
strains 385
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a
band

Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the
sloping side

Of that small valley, singing as they
moved; 390

A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced,
the dirge

Ended; and, from the stillness that en-
sued

Recovering, to my Friend I said, "You
spake, 395

Methought, with apprehension that these
rites

Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude."—"I
did so,

But let us hence, that we may learn the
truth:

Perhaps it is not he but some one else 400
For whom this pious service is per-
formed;

Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag
to crag,

Where passage could be won; and, as the
last 405

Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,

I, more impatient in my downward
course,

Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When
behold 410

An object that enticed my steps aside!

A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall;—a cool
recess, 415

And fanciful! For where the rock and
wall

Met in an angle, hung a penthouse,
framed

By thrusting two rude staves into the
wall

And overlaying them with mountain
sods;*

To weather-fend a little turf-built seat 420
Whereon a full-grown man might rest,
nor dread

The burning sunshine, or a transient
shower;

But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands!
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged; 425
 Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
 And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,
 I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance 430
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
 "Lo! what is here?" and, stooping down,
 drew forth
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
 And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware,
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
 One of those petty structures. "His it must be!" 436
 Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be his,
 And he is gone!" The book, which in my hand
 Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
 With searching damp, and seemingly had lain 440
 To the injurious elements exposed
 From week to week,) I found to be a work
 In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"
 Exclaimed my Friend: "here then has been to him 445
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
 And loved the haunts of children; here, no doubt,
 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports, 450
 Or sate companionless; and here the book,
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,
 Must by the cottage-children have been found:
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!

To what odd purpose have the darlings turned 455
 This sad memorial of their hapless friend!"

"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find
 Such book in such a place!"—"A book it is,"
 He answered, "to the Person suited well,
 Though little suited to surrounding things: 460
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been
 To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,
 With one poor shepherd, far from all the world!—
 Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,
 As from these intimations I forebode, 465
 Grieved shall I be—less for my sake than yours,
 And least of all for him who is no more."

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand;
 And he continued, glancing on the leaves
 An eye of scorn:—"The lover," said he, "doomed 470
 To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth
 Of privacy is deep enough to hide,
 Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
 And that is joy to him. When change of times
 Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give 475
 The faithful servant, who must hide his head
 Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
 A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
 And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
 Beyond all poverty how destitute, 480
 Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,
 Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
 No dearer relique, and no better stay,
 Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,

Impure conceits discharging from a heart
 Hardened by impious pride!—I did not
 fear 486
 To tax you with this journey;”—mildly
 said
 My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
 Into the presence of the cheerful light—
 “For I have knowledge that you do not
 shrink 490
 From moving spectacles;—but let us on.”

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
 I followed, till he made a sudden stand:
 For full in view, approaching through
 a gate
 That opened from the enclosure of green
 fields 495
 Into the rough uncultivated ground,
 Behold the Man whom he had fancied
 dead!
 I knew from his deportment, mien, and
 dress,
 That it could be no other; a pale face,
 A meagre person, tall, and in a garb 500
 Not rustic—dull and faded like himself!
 He saw us not, though distant but few
 steps;
 For he was busy, dealing, from a store
 Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
 Of red ripe currants; gift by which he
 strove, 505
 With intermixture of endearing words,
 To soothe a Child, who walked beside
 him, weeping
 As if disconsolate.—“They to the grave
 Are bearing him, my Little-one,” he said,
 “To the dark pit; but he will feel no
 pain; 510
 His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.”

More might have followed—but my
 honoured Friend
 Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
 And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the
 light
 That flashed and sparkled from the other’s
 eyes; 515
 He was all fire: no shadow on his brow
 Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.
 Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a
 grasp.

An eager grasp; and many moments’
 space—
 When the first glow of pleasure was no
 more, 520
 And, of the sad appearance which at
 once
 Had vanished, much was come and com-
 ing back—
 An amicable smile retained the life
 Which it had unexpectedly received,
 Upon his hollow cheek. “How kind,”
 he said, 525
 “Nor could your coming have been better
 timed;
 For this, you see, is in our narrow world
 A day of sorrow. I have here a charge”—
 And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
 The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping
 child— 530
 “A little mourner, whom it is my task
 To comfort;—but how came ye?—if yon
 track
 (Which doth at once befriend us and
 betray)
 Conducted hither your most welcome
 feet,
 Ye could not miss the funeral train—
 they yet 535
 Have scarcely disappeared.” “This
 blooming Child,”
 Said the old Man, “is of an age to weep
 At any grave or solemn spectacle,
 Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
 He knows not wherefore;—but the boy
 to-day, 540
 Perhaps is shedding orphan’s tears; you
 also
 Must have sustained a loss.”—“The hand
 of Death,”
 He answered, “has been here; but could
 not well
 Have fallen more lightly, if it had not
 fallen
 Upon myself.”—The other left these
 words 545
 Unnoticed, thus continuing.—
 “From yon crag
 Down whose steep sides we dropped into
 the vale,
 We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn
 sound

Heard anywhere ; but in a place like this
'Tis more than human ! Many precious
rites 550

And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I
hope,

Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life, 555
In that one moment when the corse is
lifted

In silence, with a hush of decency ;
Then from the threshold moves with song
of peace,

And confidential yearnings, tow'rd's its
home,

Its final home on earth. What traveller—
who— 560

(How far soe'er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees
them go,

A mute procession on the houseless road ;
Or passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again they
raise 565

The monitory voice ? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be con-
signed

Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
Is raised from the church-aisle, and for-
ward borne 570

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood ;
Yea, by the very mourners who had
knelt

Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unuplifted heads, 575
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's
mournful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which
declares

We shall not sleep, but we shall all be
changed !

—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have
seen—

Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by
side, 580

And son and father also side by side,
Rise from that posture :—and in concert
move

On the green turf following the vested
Priest,

Four dear supporters of one senseless
weight,

From which they do not shrink, and
under which 585

They faint not, but advance towards the
open grave

Step after step—together, with their firm
Unhidden faces : he that suffers most,
He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,

The most serene, with most undaunted
eye !— 590

Oh ! blest are they who live and die like
these,

Loved with such love, and with such
sorrow mourned !”

“That poor Man taken hence to-day,”
replied

The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
Which did not please me, “must be
deemed, I fear, 595

Of the unblest ; for he will surely sink
Into his mother earth without such pomp
Of grief, depart without occasion given
By him for such array of fortitude.

Full seventy winters hath he lived, and
mark ! 600

This simple Child will mourn his one
short hour,

And I shall miss him ; scanty tribute !
yet,

This wanting, he would leave the sight of
men,

If love were his sole claim upon their
care,

Like a ripe date which in the desert falls
Without a hand to gather it.”

At this

I interposed, though loth to speak, and
said,

“Can it be thus among so small a band
As ye must needs be here ? in such a
place

I would not willingly, methinks, lose
sight 610

Of a departing cloud.”—“’Twas not for
love”—

Answered the sick Man with a careless
voice—

"That I came hither; neither have I
 found
 Among associates who have power of
 speech,
 Nor in such other converse as is here, 615
 Temptation so prevailing as to change
 That mood, or undermine my first re-
 solve."
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he
 said
 To my benign Companion,—“Pity ’tis
 That fortune did not guide you to this
 house 620
 A few days earlier; then would you have
 seen
 What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
 Are made of; an ungracious matter this!
 Which, for truth’s sake, yet in remem-
 brance too 626
 Of past discussions with this zealous
 friend
 And advocate of humble life, I now
 Will force upon his notice; undeterred
 By the example of his own pure course,
 And that respect and deference which a
 soul 631
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
 In what she most doth value, love of God
 And his frail creature Man;—but ye
 shall hear.
 I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
 Without refreshment!”
 Quickly had he spoken,
 And, with light steps still quicker than
 his words,
 Led toward the Cottage. Homely was
 the spot;
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached the
 door,
 Had almost a forbidding nakedness; 640
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less
 fair,
 Than it appeared when from the beetling
 rock
 We had looked down upon it. All within,
 As left by the departed company,
 Was silent; save the solitary clock 645
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful
 sound.—

Following our Guide, we clomb the
 cottage-stairs
 And reached a small apartment dark and
 low,
 Which was no sooner entered than our
 Host
 Said gaily, “This is my domain, my cell,
 My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
 I love it better than a snail his house.
 But now ye shall be feasted with our
 best.”
 So, with more ardour than an unripe girl
 Left one day mistress of her mother’s
 stores, 655
 He went about his hospitable task.
 My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no
 less,
 And pleased I looked upon my grey-
 haired Friend,
 As if to thank him; he returned that
 look,
 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What
 a wreck 660
 Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
 And, in like sort, chair, window-seat,
 and shelf,
 With books, maps, fossils, withered
 plants and flowers,
 And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic
 tools
 Lay intermixed with scraps of paper,
 some 665
 Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-
 rod
 And shattered telescope, together linked
 By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
 And instruments of music, some half-
 made,
 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from
 the walls. 670
 But speedily the promise was fulfilled;
 A feast before us, and a courteous Host
 Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
 A napkin, white as foam of that rough
 brook
 By which it had been bleached, o’erspread
 the board; 675
 And was itself half-covered with a store
 Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese,
 and cream;

And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own 680
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.

Nor lacked, for more delight on that
warm day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain
side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled
his sobs, 685

Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was
bid,

Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,
While at our pastoral banquet thus we
sate

Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could not, ever and anon, forbear 691
To glance an upward look on two huge
Peaks,

That from some other vale peered into
this.

"Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host,
"if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon
become 695

Your prized companions.—Many are the
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind
draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and
dashing shores;

And well those lofty brethren bear their
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the
storm 700

Rides high; then all the upper air they
fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to
flow,

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom
fails; 705

And, in the grim and breathless hour of
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo
back

The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone; a harmony, 710

So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice;—
the clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of golden
suns,

Motions of moonlight, all come thither—
touch,

And have an answer—thither come, and
shape 715

A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits:—there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb;—between those
heights

And on the top of either pinnacle, 720
More keenly than elsewhere in night's
blue vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their station
proud.

Thoughts are not busier in the mind of
man

Than the mute agents stirring there:—
alone

Here do I sit and watch.—"

A fall of voice, 725
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought
strain of rapture

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer
said:

"Now for the tale with which you threat-
ened us!"

"In truth the threat escaped me un-
awares: 730

Should the tale tire you, let this challenge
stand

For my excuse. Dissevered from man-
kind,

As to your eyes and thoughts we must
have seemed

When ye looked down upon us from the
crag,

Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea,
We are not so;—perpetually we touch

Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-
day

Relinquished, lived dependant for his
bread
Upon the laws of public charity. 740
The Housewife, tempted by such slender
gains
As might from that occasion be distilled,
Opened, as she before had done for me,
Her doors to admit this homeless Pen-
sioner;
The portion gave of coarse but whole-
some fare 745
Which appetite required—a blind dull
nook,
Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest!
This, in itself not ill, would yet have
been
Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now
The still contentedness of seventy years.
Calm did he sit under the wide-spread
tree 751
Of his old age; and yet less calm and
meek,
Winningly meek or venerably calm,
Than slow and torpid; paying in this
wise
A penalty, if penalty it were, 755
For spendthrift feats, excesses of his
prime.
I loved the old Man, for I pitied him!
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
With one so slow in gathering up his
thoughts,
But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;
Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way, 761
And helpful to his utmost power: and
there
Our housewife knew full well what she
possessed!
He was her vassal of all labour, tilled
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her
kine; 765
And, one among the orderly array
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
Maintained his place; or heedfully pur-
sued
His course, on errands bound, to other
vales,
Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
Too young for any profitable task. 771
So moved he like a shadow that per-
formed

Substantial service. Mark me now, and
learn
For what reward!—The moon her month-
ly round
Hath not completed since our dame, the
queen 775
Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
Into my little sanctuary rushed—
Voice to a rueful treble humanised,
And features in deplorable dismay.
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas! 780
It is most serious: persevering rain
Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain-
tops
Were hidden, and black vapours coursed
their sides;
This had I seen, and saw; but, till she
spake,
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient
Friend— 785
Who at her bidding early and alone,
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland
turf
For winter fuel—to his noontide meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the
heights
Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
'Inhuman!'—said I, 'was an old Man's
life 791
Not worth the trouble of a thought?—
alas!
This notice comes too late.' With joy I
saw
Her husband enter—from a distant vale.
We sallied forth together; found the
tools 795
Which the neglected veteran had dropped,
But through all quarters looked for him
in vain.
We shouted—but no answer! Darkness
fell
Without remission of the blast or shower,
And fears for our own safety drove us
home. 800

"I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
The moment I was seated here alone,
Honour my little cell with some few
tears
Which anger and resentment could not
dry.

All night the storm endured : and, soon
 as help 805
 Had been collected from the neighbour-
 ing vale,
 With morning we renewed our quest :
 the wind
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist ;
 And long and hopelessly we sought in
 vain : 810
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
 A heap of ruin—almost without walls
 And wholly without roof (the bleached
 remains
 Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
 The peasants of these lonely valleys used
 To meet for worship on that central
 height)— 816
 We there espied the object of our search,
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts
 Of heath-plant, under and above him
 strewn,
 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :
 And there we found him breathing peace-
 ably, 821
 Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
 'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
 We spake—he made reply, but would not
 stir
 At our entreaty ; less from want of power
 Than apprehension and bewildering
 thoughts. 826
 “So was he lifted gently from the
 ground,
 And with their freight homeward the
 shepherds moved
 Through the dull mist, I following—when
 a step,
 A single step, that freed me from the
 skirts 830
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
 The appearance, instantaneously dis-
 closed,
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say 835
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a boundless
 depth,
 Far sinking into splendour—without end !

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless
 fronts
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems ! 845
 By earthly nature had the effect been
 wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, where-
 unto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky. 851
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and
 emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire
 sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually in-
 flamed, 855
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without
 name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
 Right in the midst, where interspace
 appeared 861
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Under a shining canopy of state
 Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were
 seen
 To implements of ordinary use, 865
 But vast in size, in substance glorified ;
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
 In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest
 power
 For admiration and mysterious awe. 869
 This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
 Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
 That which I *saw* was the revealed
 abode
 Of Spirits in beatitude : my heart
 Swelled in my breast.—‘I have been
 dead,’ I cried, 875
 ‘And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore *do* I
 live ?’

And with that pang I prayed to be no
more !—

—But I forget our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him :—there I stood and
gazed :

The apparition faded not away, 880
And I descended.

Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed
met

By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam
Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
Great show of joy the housewife made,
and truly

Was glad to find her conscience set at
ease ;

And not less glad, for sake of her good
name,

That the poor Sufferer had escaped with
life. 890

But, though he seemed at first to have
received

No harm, and uncomplaining as before
Went through his usual tasks, a silent
change

Soon showed itself : he lingered three
short weeks ;

And from the cottage hath been borne
to-day. 895

“So ends my dolorous tale, and glad
I am

That it is ended.” At these words he
turned—

And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
Brought from the cupboard wine and
stouter cheer,

Like one who would be merry. Seeing
this, 900

My grey-haired Friend said courteously—
“Nay, nay,

You have regaled us as a hermit ought ;
Now let us forth into the sun !”—Our
Host

Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we
went.

BOOK THIRD.

DESPONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley.—Another Recess in it entered and described.—Wanderer's sensations.—Solitary's excited by the same objects.—Contrast between these.—Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved.—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length.—His domestic felicity.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by the French Revolution.—Disappointment and disgust.—Voyage to America.—Disappointment and disgust pursue him.—His return.—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
In clamorous agitation, round the crest
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—
By each and all of these the pensive ear
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
When through the cottage-threshold we
 had passed,
And, deep within that lonesome valley,
 stood
Once more beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our
 Host,
Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
The shade of discontent which on his
 brow
Had gathered,—“Ye have left my cell,—
 but see
How Nature hems you in with friendly
arms!
And by her help ye are my prisoners
still,
But which way shall I lead you?—how
 contrive,
In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
That the brief hours, which yet remain,
 may reap
Some recompense of knowledge or de-
light?”
So saying, round he looked, as if per-
plexed;

And, to remove those doubts, my grey-
 haired Friend
Said—“Shall we take this pathway for
 our guide?—
Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
Its line had first been fashioned by the
 flock
Seeking a place of refuge at the root
Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded
 boughs
Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
From which she draws her meagre sus-
 tenance.
There in commodious shelter may we rest.
Or let us trace this streamlet to its
 source;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets
 and green herbs,
The mountain infant to the sun comes
 forth,
Like human life from darkness.”—A quick
 turn
Through a strait passage of encumbered
 ground,
Proved that such hope was vain;—for now
 we stood
Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water, that composed this
 rill,

Descending, disembodied, and diffused 40
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.
All further progress here was barred;—

And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly de-
tained? 45

Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream

Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time. 49

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests

Fearless of winds and waves. Three
several stones 55

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars: and, from these
Some little space disjoined, a pair were
seen,

That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and
smooth: 60

Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand

In mockery, to wither in the sun, 65
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze
did now

Find entrance;—high or low appeared no
trace

Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly
seen,

To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

“Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy!”—Praise to
this effect 75

Broke from the happy old Man's reverend
lip;

Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
“In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decried the wealth which is
your own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks,
I see 80

More than the heedless impress that
belongs

To lonely nature's casual work: they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.

Boldest of plants that ever faced the
wind, 85

How gracefully that slender shrub looks
forth

From its fantastic birthplace! And I
own,

Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man, 90

But wrought with mightier arm than now
prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the
gulf

With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this
strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,

Or to pass through; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide;

And whose soft gloom, and boundless
depth, might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately
towers, 100

Reared by the industrious hand of human
art

To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;

From academic groves, that have for thee
Been planted, hither come and find a

lodge 105

To which thou may'st resort for holier

peace,—
From whose calm centre thou, through
height or depth,

May'st penetrate, wherever truth shall
lead;

Measuring through all degrees, until the
scale 110

Of time and conscious nature disappear,
Lost in unsearchable eternity¹!”

A pause ensued; and with minuter care
We scanned the various features of the
scene: 114

And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
With courteous voice thus spake—

“I should have grieved
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
If from my poor retirement ye had gone
Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enter-
prise; 121

And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
Or, shall I say?—disdained, the game that
lurks

At my own door. The shapes before our eyes
And their arrangement, doubtless must
be deemed 125

The sport of Nature, aided by blind
Chance

Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn
stone,

From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
By sounding titles, hath acquired the
name 130

Of Pompey's pillar; that I gravely style
My Theban obelisk; and, there, behold
A Druid cromlech!—thus I entertain
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
To skim along the surfaces of things, 135
Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.

But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness, these freaks
of Nature

And her blind helper Chance, do *then*
suffice 140

To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
Not less than that huge Pile (from some
abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks 145
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind,
round and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—
Or Syria's marble ruins towering high 150
Above the sandy desert, in the light
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised
your minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me 155
Fraught rather with depression than
delight,

Though shame it were, could I not look
around,

By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than
you

With your bright transports fairly may
be deemed, 160

The wandering Herbalist,—who, clear alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing
thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight
regard

Of transitory interest, and peeps round
For some rare floweret of the hills, or
plant 166

Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for
wins,

Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed
hound

By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
Through wood or open field, the harmless
Man 171

Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft
By scars which his activity has left 175
Beside our roads and pathways, though,
thank Heaven!

This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket-hammer smites the
edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone,
disguised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by
Nature 180

With her first growths, detaching by the
stroke

¹ See Note, p. 926.

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name,

And hurries on; or from the fragments
picks 185

His specimen, if but haply interveined
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal
cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself
enriched,

Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than be-
fore!

Intrusted safely each to his pursuit, 190
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill

Range; if it please them, speed from
clime to clime;

The mind is full—and free from pain their
pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is
near,

Who cannot but possess in your esteem
Place worthier still of envy. May I
name, 196

Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-
boy?

Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of art!

Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged,

Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the
defects 202

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream

To turn a slender mill (that new-made
plaything) 205

For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the despond-
ing Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain!
Ah! what avails imagination high

Or question deep? what profits all that
earth, 210

Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put
forth

Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar

Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go 215

Through time or space—if neither in the
one,

Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of
things,

Hath placed beyond these penetrable
bounds,

Words of assurance can be heard; if
nowhere 220

A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the sense-
less grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer
mildly said, 225

"The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?

'His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.'
These were your words; and, verily,
methinks 230

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we
stoop

Than when we soar."

The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied—"My notion is the
same.

And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise, 235

And what, when breath hath ceased, we
may become.

Here are we, in a bright and breathing
world.

Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once

With the American (a thought which
suits 240

The place where now we stand) that
certain men

Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
And these were the first parents of man-
kind:

Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund
voice 245

Of insects chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled
turf,

Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit

As sound—blithe race! whose mantles
 were bedecked
 With golden grasshoppers, in sign that
 they 250
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures,
 from the soil
 Whereon their endless generations dwelt.
 But stop! these theoretic fancies jar
 On serious minds; then, as the Hindoos
 draw 254
 Their holy Ganges from a skyey fount,
 Even so deduce the stream of human life
 From seats of power divine; and hope,
 or trust,
 That our existence winds her stately
 course
 Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
 Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands 261
 And utter darkness: thought which may
 be faced,
 Though comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
 By natural piety; nor a lofty mind, 266
 By philosophic discipline prepared
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
 Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
 Such palms I boast not;—no! to me, who
 find, 270
 Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like
 joys
 That scarcely seem to have belonged to
 me)
 If I must take my choice between the
 pair 275
 That rule alternately the weary hours,
 Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
 A better state than waking; death than
 sleep:
 Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
 Though under covert of the wormy
 ground! 281

“Yet be it said, in justice to myself,
 That in more genial times, when I was
 free

To explore the destiny of human kind
 (Not as an intellectual game pursued 285
 With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat
 Irksome sensations; but by love of truth
 Urged on, or haply by intense delight
 In feeding thought, wherever thought
 could feed)
 I did not rank with those (too dull or
 nice, 290
 For to my judgment such they then ap-
 peared,
 Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
 Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
 An object whereunto their souls are tied
 In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,
 From me, those dark impervious shades,
 that hang 296
 Upon the region whither we are bound,
 Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
 Of present sunshine.—Deities that float
 On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
 O'er what from eldest time we have been
 told 301
 Of your bright forms and glorious facul-
 ties,
 And with the imagination rest content,
 Not wishing more; repining not to tread
 The little sinuous path of earthly care,
 By flowers embellished, and by springs
 refreshed. 306
 —‘Blow winds of autumn!—let your chill-
 ing breath
 * Take the live herbage from the mead,
 and strip
 The shady forest of its green attire,—
 And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse
 The gentle brooks!—Your desolating
 sway, 311
 Sheds,’ I exclaimed, ‘no sadness upon me,
 And no disorder in your rage I find.
 What dignity, what beauty, in this change
 From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
 Alternate and revolving! How benign,
 How rich in animation and delight,
 How bountiful these elements—compared
 With aught, as more desirable and fair,
 Devised by fancy for the golden age; 320
 Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
 In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
 Through the long year in constant quiet
 bound,

Night hushed as night, and day serene as day !'

—But why this tedious record?—Age, we know, 325

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt
To anticipate the privilege of Age.

From far ye come; and surely with a hope

Of better entertainment:—let us hence !"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth 330

To be diverted from our present theme,
I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with yours,

Would push this censure farther;—for, if smiles

Of scornful pity be the just reward
Of Poesy thus courteously employed 335

In framing models to improve the scheme
Of Man's existence, and recast the world,
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,

Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
Establish sounder titles of esteem

For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For onset, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame) 345

Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round

With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood

Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls 350

To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,"
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach 355

Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my zeal

Accorded little with his present mind;

I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah! gentle Sir,

Slight, if you will, the means; but spare to slight 360

The end of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cherished peaceful days

For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief good, 365

And only reasonable felicity.
What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,

Through a long course of later ages, drove,
The hermit to his cell in forest wide;
Or what detained him, till his closing eyes 370

Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,

Fast anchored in the desert?—Not alone
Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged
And unavengeable, defeated pride, 375
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,

Love with despair, or grief in agony;—
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed 380

For independent happiness; craving peace,

The central feeling of all happiness,
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
But for its absolute self; a life of peace,
Stability without regret or fear; 386
That hath been, is, and shall be evermore !—

Such the reward he sought; and wore out life,

There, where on few external things his heart

Was set, and those his own; or, if not his, 390

Subsisting under nature's steadfast law.

"What other yearning was the master tie

Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock

Aerial, or in green secluded vale,
 One after one, collected from afar, 395
 An undissolving fellowship?—What but
 this,

The universal instinct of repose,
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
 Inward and outward; humble, yet sub-
 lime:

The life where hope and memory are as
 one; 400

Where earth is quiet and her face un-
 changed

Save by the simplest toil of human hands
 Or season's difference; the immortal Soul
 Consistent in self-rule; and heaven re-
 vealed

To meditation in that quietness!— 405
 Such was their scheme: and though the
 wished-for end

By multitudes was missed, perhaps at-
 tained

By none, they for the attempt, and pains
 employed,

Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
 From the unqualified disdain, that once
 Would have been cast upon them by my
 voice 411

Delivering her decisions from the seat
 Of forward youth—that scruples not to
 solve

Doubts, and determine questions, by the
 rules 414

Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone
 To overweening faith; and is inflamed,
 By courage, to demand from real life

The test of act and suffering, to provoke
 Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

“A child of earth, I rested, in that
 stage 421

Of my past course to which these thoughts
 advert,

Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
 That mine was a condition which required
 Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm 425
 Without vicissitude; which, if the like
 Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
 I might have even been tempted to de-
 spise.

But no—for the serene was also bright;

Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,
 With joy, and—oh! that memory should
 survive 431

To speak the word—with rapture! Na-
 ture's boon,

Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy
 feign;

Abused, as all possessions *are* abused 435
 That are not prized according to their
 worth.

And yet, what worth? what good is given
 to men,

More solid than the gilded clouds of
 heaven?

What joy more lasting than a vernal
 flower?—

None! 'tis the general plaint of human
 kind 440

In solitude: and mutually addressed
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake:—
 This truth

The priest announces from his holy seat:
 And, crowned with garlands in the sum-
 mer grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre. 445
 Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
 Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom

Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
 That the prosperities of love and joy
 Should be permitted, oftentimes, to endure

So long, and be at once cast down for
 ever. 451

Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
 signed

A course of days composing happy
 months,

And they as happy years; the present
 still

So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels 456
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
 For Mutability is Nature's bane;

And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and,
 when

Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not;
 But in her stead—fear—doubt—and
 agony! 461

This was the bitter language of the
 heart:

But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone
of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were
such

As skill and graceful nature might sug-
gest 465

To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,

We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook 471
That seemed for self-examination made ;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our at-
tempt

He yielded not ; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun, 476
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus re-
newed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never
look 480

On the bright form of Her whom once I
loved :—

Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you ; else, honoured
Friend !

Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the
thought 486

That I remember, and can weep no more.—
Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem ; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ; 490
Yet would I not be of such wintry bare-
ness

But that some leaf of your regard should
hang

Upon my naked branches :—lively
thoughts

Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my
tongue 495

Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;
But that too much demands still more.

You know,

Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind
Sir,

(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome
feet 500

To our secluded vale) it may be told—
That my demerits did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many
gazed

With hope, and all with pleasure. This
fair Bride—

In the devotedness of youthful love, 505
Preferring me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing
down

Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay, 515
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores ;—a sheltered
hold,

In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty !—As our steps 520
Approach the embowered abode—our
chosen seat—

See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The unendangered myrtle, decked with
flowers,

Before the threshold stands to welcome us !
While, in the flowering myrtle's neigh-
bourhood, 525

Not overlooked but courting no regard,
Those native plants, the holly and the
yew,

Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would unite
With the green myrtle, to endear the
hours 530

Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.
—Wild were the walks upon those lonely
Downs,

Track leading into track ; how marked,
how worn

Into bright verdure, between fern and
gorse,

Winding away its never-ending line 535
On their smooth surface, evidence was
none :

But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
A range of unappropriated earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might move
at large ;

Whence, unmolested wanderers, we be-
held 540

The shining giver of the day diffuse
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires ;
As our enjoyments, boundless.—From
those heights

We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan
combs ; 545

Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in
our hearts

'That all the grove and all the day was
ours.'

"O happy time ! still happier was at
hand ; 550

For Nature called my Partner to resign
Her share in the pure freedom of that
life,

Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
To my heart's wish, my tender Mate be-
came

The thankful captive of maternal bonds ;
And those wild paths were left to me
alone. 556

There could I meditate on follies past ;
And, like a weary voyager escaped
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
A course of vain delights and thoughtless
guilt, 560

And self-indulgence—without shame pur-
sued.

There, undisturbed, could think of and
could thank

Her whose submissive spirit was to me
Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall
I say

That earthly Providence, whose guiding
love 565

Within a port of rest had lodged me safe ;
Safe from temptation, and from danger
far ?

Strains followed of acknowledgment ad-
dressed

To an Authority enthroned above
The reach of sight ; from whom, as from
their source, 570

Proceed all visible ministers of good
That walk the earth—Father of heaven
and earth,

Father, and king, and judge, adored and
feared !

These acts of mind, and memory, and
heart,

And spirit—interrupted and relieved 575
By observations transient as the glance
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward
form

Cleaving with power inherent and intense,
As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from
whose cup 580

It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
Endeared my wanderings ; and the mo-
ther's kiss

And infant's smile awaited my return.

"In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
Companions daily, often all day long ; 585
Not placed by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own fire-
side,

The twain within our happy cottage born,
Inmates, and heirs of our united love ; 590
Graced mutually by difference of sex,
And with no wider interval of time
Between their several births than served
for one

To establish something of a leader's sway ;
Yet left them joined by sympathy in
age ; 595

Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,
Your courtesy withholds not from my
words

Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle
Friends, 600

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though, for a nation, times of blessed-
ness,

Give back faint echoes from the historian's
page;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-
course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the
voice 605

Which those most blissful days rever-
berate.

What special record can, or need, be given
To rules and habits, whereby much was
done,

But all within the sphere of little things;
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
And precious interests? Smoothly did
our life 611

Advance, swerving not from the path
prescribed;

Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
Maintained with faithful care. And you
divine

The worst effects that our condition saw
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
And in their process unperceivable;

Not wished for; sometimes noticed with
a sigh,

(Whate'er of good or lovely they might
bring)

Sighs of regret, for the familiar good 620
And loveliness endeared which they re-
moved.

"Seven years of occupation undisturbed
Established seemingly a right to hold
That happiness; and use and habit gave
To what an alien spirit had acquired 625
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
With thoughts and wishes bounded to
this world,

I lived and breathed; most grateful—if
to enjoy

Without repining or desire for more,
For different lot, or change to higher
sphere, 630

(Only except some impulses of pride
With no determined object, though up-
held

By theories with suitable support)—
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at
once, 636

From some dark seat of fatal power was
urged

A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming
girl,

Caught in the gripe of death, with such
brief time

To struggle in as scarcely would allow 640
Her cheek to change its colour, was
conveyed

From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the
approach

Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how
soon, 645

With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no
more!

"Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless
winds 650

Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and dis-
turbed,

This second visitation had no power 655
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the
sight 661

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,)
While, overcome with speechless grati-
tude, 666

And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept 670
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief, 675

And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
 Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
 And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;
 And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

“What followed cannot be reviewed in thought; 680
 Much less, retraced in words. If she, of life

Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
 And all the tender motions of the soul,
 Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand—

Infirm, dependent, and now destitute? 685
 I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
 That which is veiled from waking thought;
 conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
 To appear and answer; to the grave I spake

Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens 690

If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
 If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield

Of the departed spirit—what abode
 It occupies—what consciousness retains
 Of former loves and interests. Then my soul 695

Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
 Time's fetters are composed; and life was put

To inquisition, long and profitless!
 By pain of heart—now checked—and now impelled—

The intellectual power, through words and things, 700

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!

And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain
 Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
 Only by records in myself not found. 705

“From that abstraction I was roused,—and how?

Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave

Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread Bastille,

With all the chambers in its horrid towers, 710

Fell to the ground:—by violence overthrown

Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned

The crash it made in falling! From the wreck

A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
 The appointed seat of equitable law 715

And mild paternal sway. The potent shock

I felt: the transformation I perceived,
 As marvellously seized as in that moment
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld

Glory—beyond all glory ever seen, 720
 Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
 Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps

In every grove were ringing, ‘War shall cease;

Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck 725

The tree of Liberty.’—My heart rebounded;

My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
 —‘Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!

Henceforth, whate’er is wanting to yourselves 730

In others ye shall promptly find;—and all,
 Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,

Shall with one heart honour their common kind.’

“Thus was I reconverted to the world;
 Society became my glittering bride, 735
 And airy hopes my children.—From the depths

Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
 Of institutions, and the forms of things;
 As they exist, in mutable array, 740

Upon life's surface. What, though in my veins

There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed

The air of France, not less than Gallic
zeal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless
twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men 745
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should
stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air 750
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers
of song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive
lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord 755
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned,—a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
—With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
teem:
I felt their invitation; and resumed 760
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing
phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also,—with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd; 766
The help desiring of the pure devout.

“Scorn and contempt forbid me to
proceed!
But History, time’s slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause 770
Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, out-
done,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to
exclaim, 775
As Brutus did to Virtue, ‘Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a
Shade!’

“Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have
grieved

At aught, however fair, that bore the
mien 780
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply
good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it
came;
And, by what compromise it stood, not
nice? 785
Enough if notions seemed to be high-
pitched,
And qualities determined.—Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every
hour;
But, in the process, I began to feel 790
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my
own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely—invetterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly
seized 795
All that Abstraction furnished for my
needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-
joiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant
course, 800
For its own sake; but farthest from the
walk
Which I had trod in happiness and
peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered
world,
Saw a seductive image of herself. 805
Yet, mark the contradictions of which
Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my
guide,
The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled
At others’ tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence some-
times drew 811
From my unguarded heart.—The tran-
quil shores

Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps
I might have been entangled among
deeds,

Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit re-
lished 816

Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry beak against the
down

Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

“But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power 825
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.

—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of
change;

The weak were praised, rewarded, and
advanced;

And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself. 830
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign
shore,

Remote from Europe; from her blasted
hopes;

Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

“Fresh blew the wind, when o’er the
Atlantic Main 835
The ship went gliding with her thought-
less crew;

And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to
sit

Among the busily-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service
taxed, 840

Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye
Powers

Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his
distress 845

To a long voyage on the silent deep!
For, like a plague, will memory break out;

And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever’s strength,
Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they
have felt 850

Who, in old time, attired with snakes and
whips

The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I
loved;

The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable! 855
Where now that boasted liberty? No
welcome

From unknown objects I received; and
those,

Known and familiar, which the vaulted
sky

Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Disclose, had accusations to prefer 860
Against my peace. Within the cabin
stood

That volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the nations. I implored
Its guidance; but the infallible support
Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why
refused 865

To One by storms annoyed and adverse
winds;

Perplexed with currents; of his weak-
ness sick;

Of vain endeavours tired; and by his own,
And by his nature’s, ignorance, dismayed!

“Long wished-for sight, the Western
World appeared; 870
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped
ashore

Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
Who, having o’er the past no power,
would live

No longer in subjection to the past, 874
With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may
not cross

In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round.—How bright
the sun, 880

The breeze how soft! Can any thing
produced

In the old World compare, thought I, for
power
And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold
a city
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are
these 885
To me, or I to them? As much, at least
As he desires that they should be, whom
winds
And waves have wafted to this distant
shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take
root. 890
Here may I roam at large;—my business
is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to
feel
And, therefore, not to act—convinced
that all
Which bears the name of action, how-
soever
Beginning, ends in servitude—still pain-
ful, 895
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to
say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle
Appeared, of high pretensions—unre-
proved
But by the obstreperous voice of higher
still;
Big passions strutting on a petty stage;
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused.—But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and, to laugh
alone, 903
At a composing distance from the haunts
Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
Of all unsocial courses, is least fit 910
For the gross spirit of mankind,—the
one
That soonest fails to please, and quickest
turns
Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,

Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge

Of her own passions; and to regions haste,
Whose shades have never felt the en-
croaching axe, 916
Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
In combination, (wherefore else driven
back 920
So far, and of his old inheritance
So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
More dignified, and stronger in himself;
Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
True, the intelligence of social art 925
Hath overpowered his forefathers, and
soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
Than her destructive energies, attend 929
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream¹
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled
life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained
the top 935
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he
sees; 940
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

“So, westward, tow’rd the unviolated
woods
I bent my way; and, roaming far and
wide, 945
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-
bird;
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
(The sportive bird’s companion in the
grove)
Repeated o’er and o’er his plaintive cry,
I sympathised at leisure with the sound;
But that pure archetype of human great-
ness, 951

¹ See Note, p. 927.

I found him not. There, in his stead,
appeared
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and im-
pure ;
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

“ Enough is told ! Here am I—ye have
heard 956
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek ;
What from my fellow-beings I require,
And either they have not to give, or I
Lack virtue to receive ; what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost 961
Nor can regain. How languidly I look
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined—perhaps it hath been
said :—
But spare your pity, if there be in me 965
Aught that deserves respect : for I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless.—The
tenour
Which my life holds, he readily may con-
ceive
Whoe’er hath stood to watch a mountain
brook
In some still passage of its course, and
seen, 970
Within the depths of its capacious breast,

Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure
sky ;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars ; that, by their onward
lapse, 975
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
A softened roar, or murmur ; and the
sound
Though soothing, and the little floating
isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature
charged 980
With the same pensive office ; and make
known
Through what perplexing labyrinths, ab-
rupt
Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed ;
and quickly, 984
That respite o’er, like traverses and toils
Must he again encounter.—Such a stream
Is human Life ; and so the Spirit fares
In the best quiet to her course allowed ;
And such is mine,—save only for a hope
That my particular current soon will reach
The unfathomable gulf, where all is
still !” 991

BOOK FOURTH.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative.—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction.—Wanderer's ejaculation.—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith.—Hence immoderate sorrow.—Exhortations.—How received.—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind.—Disappointment from the French Revolution.—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions.—Knowledge the source of tranquillity.—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature.—Morbid Solitude pitiable. Superstition better than apathy.—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society.—The various modes of Religion prevented it.—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief.—Solitary interposes.—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times.—These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery.—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers.—Recommends other lights and guides.—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks how.—Reply.—Personal appeal.—Exhortation to activity of body renewed.—How to commune with Nature.—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason.—Effect of his discourse.—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely
vale
His mournful narrative—commenced in
pain,
In pain commenced, and ended without
peace:
Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with
strains
Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his, 6
While we sate listening with compassion
due.
A pause of silence followed; then, with
voice
That did not falter though the heart was
moved,
The Wanderer said:—

"One adequate support 10
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power; 15
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish *fix* not where the
seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme 20
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless
love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone, 26
To the dishonour of his holy name.
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the
world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of
heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall 30
Their lost affections unto thee and
thine!"

Then, as we issued from that covert
 nook,
 He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
 To heaven:—"How beautiful this dome
 of sky;
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed 35
 At thy command, how awful! Shall the
 Soul,
 Human and rational, report of thee
 Even less than these!—Be mute who will,
 who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned
 voice:
 My lips, that may forget thee in the
 crowd, 40
 Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast
 built,
 For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
 In such a temple as we now behold
 Reared for thy presence: therefore am I
 bound 45
 To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced
 to tread,
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
 And from debasement rescued.—By thy
 grace 50
 The particle divine remained unquenched;
 And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless
 flowers,
 From paradise transplanted: wintry age
 Impends; the frost will gather round my
 heart;* 55
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than
 dead!
 —Come, labour, when the worn-out frame
 requires
 Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and
 want;
 And sad exclusion through decay of
 sense;
 But leave me unabated trust in thee— 60
 And let thy favour, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things—
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am
 rich,
 And will possess my portion in content!

"And what are things eternal?—powers
 depart," 66
 The grey-haired Wanderer steadfastly
 replied,
 Answering the question which himself
 had asked,
 "Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat: 70
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-
 shaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists;—immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the
 forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space
 are not. 76
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and
 heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish?—Thou,
 dread source, 79
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place;
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap
 the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile 85
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-
 disturbed;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual
 care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou
 alone 91
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which thou includest, as the sea her
 waves:
 For adoration thou endur'st; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy
 will; 95
 For apprehension those transcendent
 truths
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and
 power)
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
 This universe shall pass away—a work 100

Glorious! because the shadow of thy
might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my
feet

No more shall stray where meditation
leads,

By flowing stream, through wood, or
craggy wild, 105

Loved haunts like these; the unim-
prisoned Mind

May yet have scope to range among her
own,

Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail, 109
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine; when, stationed on
the top

Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes
returned

Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring
the day 115

His bounteous gift! or saw him toward
the deep

Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude;

The measure of my soul was filled with
bliss, 120

And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with
light,

With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

“Those fervent raptures are for ever
flown;

And, since their date, my soul hath under-
gone 124

Change manifold, for better or for worse:
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward; and chide the part of me
that flags,

Through sinful choice; or dread necessity
On human nature from above imposed:

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task 130
Earth to despise; but, to converse with
heaven—¹

This is not easy:—to relinquish all

We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this
world,

I deem not arduous; but must needs
confess 135

That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to
gain.

—Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain them-
selves aloft, 141

Want due consistence; like a pillar of
smoke,

That with majestic energy from earth
Rises; but, having reached the thinner
air,

Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
From this infirmity of mortal kind 146

Sorrow proceeds, which else were not;
at least,

If grief be something hallowed and or-
dained,

If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Yet, through this weakness of the general
heart, 150

Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience dis-
approves.

For who could sink and settle to that
point

Of selfishness; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn 155

For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix

A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,

Which reason promises, and holy writ 160
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust

Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch; despondency far less;

And, least of all, is absolute despair.

—And, if there be whose tender frames
have drooped 165

Even to the dust; apparently, through
weight

Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute;

Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held

¹ See Note, p. 927.

When wanted most; a confidence im-
paired 170

So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down
by love

Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense 176
And over-constant yearning;—there—
there lies

The excess, by which the balance is de-
stroyed.

Too, too contracted are these walls of
flesh,

This vital warmth too cold, these visual
orbs, 180

Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its
course

Along the line of limitless desires. 185
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled
peace,

I cannot doubt that they whom you de-
plore

Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall
wake

From sleep, and dwell with God in end-
less love. 190

Hope, below this, consists not with be-
lief

In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest
power, 195

That finds no limits but her own pure will.

“Here then we rest; not fearing for
our creed

The worst that human reasoning can
achieve,

To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-re-
proach, 200

That, though immovably convinced, we
want

Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith

As soldiers live by courage; as, by
strength

Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time¹,
And domineering faculties of sense
In *all*; in most with superadded foes,
Idle temptations; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing
world; 210

And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—
To seek

Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows,
renewed 216

On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and
prayer—

A stream, which, from the fountain of
the heart 219

Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,
strives

To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience revered and
obeyed, 225

As God's most intimate presence in the
soul,

And his most perfect image in the world.
—Endeavour thus to live; these rules
regard;

These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empy-
real air, 231

Sons of the morning. For your nobler
part,

Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased
away;

With only such degree of sadness left 235
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.”

¹ See Note, p. 927.

While, in this strain, the venerable
Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and an-
nounced 240
His judgments, near that lonely house we
paced
A plot of green-sward, seemingly pre-
served
By nature's care from wreck of scattered
stones,
And from encroachment of encircling
heath :
Small space ! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious ; as a stately
deck 246
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime, talking with his
mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady
breeze. 250
Stillness prevailed around us : and the
voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But,
methought,
That he, whose fixed despondency had
given
Impulse and motive to that strong dis-
course, 255
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed ;
Shrinking from admonition, like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
The Sage continued :—
“For that other loss, 260
The loss of confidence in social man,
By the unexpected transports of our age
Carried so high, that every thought,
which looked
Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
To many seemed superfluous—as, no
cause 265
Could e'er for such exalted confidence
Exist ; so, none is now for fixed despair :
The two extremes are equally disowned
By reason : if, with sharp recoil, from one
You have been driven far as its opposite,
Between them seek the point whereon to
build 271
Sound expectations. So doth he advise

Who shared at first the illusion ; but was
soon
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and
fields ; 275
Nor unimproved by Providence, thus
speaking
To the inattentive children of the world :
‘Vain-glorious Generation ! what new
powers
On you have been conferred ? what gifts,
withheld
From your progenitors, have ye received,
Fit recompense of new desert ? what claim
Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
For you should undergo a sudden change ;
And the weak functions of one busy day,
Reclaiming and extirpating, perform 285
What all the slowly-moving years of time,
With their united force, have left undone ?
By nature's gradual processes be taught ;
By story be confounded ! Ye aspire
Rashly, to fall once more ; and that false
fruit, 290
Which, to your overweening spirits,
yields
Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her
sons
Shall not the less, though late, be justi-
fied.’

“Such timely warning,” said the Wan-
derer, “gave 295
That visionary voice ; and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations ; when the impious
rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the
good 300
To acts which they abhor ; though I be-
wail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the
law,
By which mankind now suffers, is most
just.
For by superior energies ; more strict 305
Affiance in each other ; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles ; the bad

Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.

Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in
hope 310

To see the moment, when the righteous
cause

Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which
Virtue

Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal. 316

That spirit only can redeem mankind;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as
theirs.

Yet, should this confidence prove vain,
the wise 320

Have still the keeping of their proper
peace;

Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
They act, or they recede, observe, and
feel;

'Knowing the heart of man is set to be'¹
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances 326
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are
such

As he must bear, being powerless to re-
dress;

And that unless above himself he can 330
*Erect himself, how poor a thing is man*²!

"Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where
begins 335

The union, the partition where, that
makes

Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit,—cannot step be-
yond,— 339

And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign
Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
For knowledge is delight; and such de-
light 346

Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to inter-
pose, 351

"The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and
he

Is still a happier man, who, for those
heights 355

Of speculation not unfit, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds; not merely
those

That he may call his own, and which de-
pend,

As individual objects of regard, 360
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life 365

And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sus-
tain,

These pure sensations; that can pene-
trate

The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt; and much might recom-
mend, 370

How much they might inspirit and en-
dear,

The loneliness of this sublime retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the dis-
course

Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the froward will and grovelling
soul 375

Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state, who never
heard

¹ See Note, p. 927.

² Daniel.

Of a command which they have power to
break,
Or rule which they are tempted to trans-
gress : 380
These with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold ; their knowledge register ;
Observe their ways ; and, free from envy,
find
Complacency there :—but wherefore this
to you ?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely
hearth, 385
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a 'feathery bunch,' feeds at your
hand :
A box, perchance, is from your casement
hung
For the small wren to build in ;—not in
vain, 389
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly ; and
soars,
Small creature as she is, from earth's
bright flowers,
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness : the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of
heaven, 396
When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves ; and leaves the
dark
Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun 401
Low sunk beneath the horizon !—List !—
I heard,
From yon huge breast of rock, a voice
sent forth
As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again !"—The effect upon the soul was
such 405
As he expressed : from out the mountain's
heart
The solemn voice appeared to issue,
startling
The blank air—for the region all around
Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
Save for that single cry, the unanswer'd
bleat 410
Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,

The plaintive spirit of the solitude !
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
Through consciousness that silence in such
place
Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon
themselves, 416
And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
sumed.
"Ah ! if the heart, too confidently
raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
Too easily, despise or overlook 420
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The trepidations of mortality,
What place so destitute and void—but
there
The little flower her vanity shall check ;
The trailing worm reprove her thought-
less pride ? 426
"These craggy regions, these chaotic
wilds,
Does that benignity pervade, that warms
The mole contented with her darksome
walk
In the cold ground ; and to the emmet
gives 430
Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
The tiny creatures strong by social league ;
Supports the generations, multiplies
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious
plain
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
Their labour, covered, as a lake with
waves ; 436
Thousands of cities, in the desert place
Built up of life, and food, and means of
life !
Nor wanting here, to entertain the
thought,
Creatures that in communities exist 440
Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
ship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave

Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
More obviously the self-same influence
rules

The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pen-
sive flock, 450

The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from
afar,

Hovering above these inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
call

Up through the trenches of the long-
drawn vales

Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl 456

That seek yon pool, and there prolong
their stay

In silent congress; or together roused
Take flight; while with their clang the
air resounds.

And, over all, in that ethereal vault, 460
Is the mute company of changeeful clouds;

Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
The mild assemblage of the starry hea-
vens;

And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall
find 466

Who seeks not; and to him, who hath
not asked,

Large measures shall be dealt. Three
sabbath-days

Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
Of mere humanity, you clomb those
heights; 470

And what a marvellous and heavenly
show

Was suddenly revealed!—the swains
moved on,

And heeded not: you lingered, you per-
ceived

And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
There is a luxury in self-dispraise; 475

And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Trust me, pronouncing on your own de-
sert,

You judge unthankfully: distempered
nerves

Infect the thoughts; the languor of the
frame 480

Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your
couch—

Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed
from heaven

Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through
a watch 485

Of midnight hours, unseasonably twink-
ling

In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.

Take courage, and withdraw yourself
from ways

That run not parallel to nature's course.

Rise with the lark! your matins shall
obtain 491

Grace, be their composition what it may,
If but with hers performed; climb once
again,

Climb every day, those ramparts; meet
the breeze

Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
That from your garden thither soars, to
feed 496

On new-blown heath; let yon command-
ing rock

Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the
stone

In thunder down the mountains; with all
your might

Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red
deer 500

Fly to those harbours, driven by hound
and horn

Loud echoing, add your speed to the
pursuit;

So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills 505
A kindling eye:—accordant feelings
rushed

Into my bosom, whence these words
broke forth:

"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous
health,

To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued, 510

And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)

And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit !—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man 514
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps ; regions consecrate
To oldest time ! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one 520
Among the many there ; and while the
mists

Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid
earth

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument ; and while the
streams 525

(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)
Descending from the region of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the
earth

More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to
roam 531

An equal among mightiest energies ;
And haply sometimes with articulate
voice,

Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely
heard

By him that utters it, exclaim aloud, 535
'Rage on, ye elements ! let moon and stars
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their
turn

With this commotion (ruinous though it
be)

From day to night, from night to day,
prolonged !"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from
my lips 540

The strain of transport, "whosoe'er in
youth

Has, through ambition of his soul, given
way

To such desires, and grasped at such
delight,

Shall feel congenial stirrings late and
long,

In spite of all the weakness that life
brings, 545

Its cares and sorrows ; he, though taught
to own

The tranquillizing power of time, shall
wake,

Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
Loving the sports which once he gloried
in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are Gar-
ry's hills, 550

The streams far distant of your native
glen ;

Yet is their form and image here ex-
pressed

With brotherly resemblance. Turn your
steps

Wherever fancy leads ; by day, by night,
Are various engines working, not the
same 555

As those with which your soul in youth
was moved,

But by the great Artificer endowed
With no inferior power. You dwell
alone ;

You walk, you live, you speculate alone ;
Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign
prince, 560

For you a stately gallery maintain
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have
seen,

Have acted, suffered, travelled far, ob-
served

With no incurious eye ; and books are
yours,

Within whose silent chambers treasure
lies 565

Preserved from age to age ; more pre-
cious far

Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of
need,

The Sultan hides deep in ancestral
tombs.

These hoards of truth you can unlock at
will ; 570

And music waits upon your skilful
touch,

Sounds which the wandering shepherd
from these heights

Hears, and forgets his purpose ;—furnish-
ed thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be up-
raised ?

“A piteous lot it were to flee from
Man— 575

Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose
hours

Are by domestic pleasure uncaressed
And unenlivened ; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
’Mid the transactions of the bustling
crowd ; 580

Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world’s interests—such a one hath
need

Of a quick fancy and an active heart,
That, for the day’s consumption, books
may yield

Food not unwholesome ; earth and air
correct 585

His morbid humour, with delight sup-
plied

Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
—Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her
haunts of ease

And easy contemplation ; gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny
glades 590

And shady groves in studied contrast—
each,

For recreation, leading into each :

These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires
from those 596

Who tend her altars, wait upon her
throne,

And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,
and feels,

And recognises ever and anon

The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately
astray, 601

And nurse ‘the dreadful appetite of
death ?’

If tired with systems, each in its degree
Substantial, and all crumbling in their
turn,

Let him build systems of his own, and
smile 605

At the fond work, demolished with a
touch ;

If unreligious, let him be at once,
Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled
A pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where superstition weaves her airy
dreams. 610

“Life’s autumn past, I stand on
winter’s verge ;

And daily lose what I desire to keep :
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take 615
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my
way ;—

To this would rather bend than see and
hear

The repetitions wearisome of sense, 620
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no
place ;

Where knowledge, ill begun in cold
remark

On outward things, with formal inference
ends ;

Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed—
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;
Meanwhile, the heart within the heart,
the seat 627

Where peace and happy consciousness
should dwell,

On its own axis restlessly revolving,
Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of
truth. 630

“Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked ; and when and wheresoe’er
he moved,

Alone or mated, solitude was not.
He heard, borne on the wind, the articu-
late voice

Of God ; and Angels to his sight ap-
peared 635

Crowning the glorious hills of paradise ;
Or through the groves gliding like morn-
ing mist

Enkindled by the sun. He sate—and
talked
With wingèd Messengers; who daily
brought
To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love.—From those
pure heights 641
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed
forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intuitions moral and divine) 646
Fell Human-kind—to banishment con-
demned
That flowing years repealed not: and
distress
And grief spread wide; but Man escaped
the doom
Of destitution;—solitude was not. 650
—Jehovah—shapeless Power above all
Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localised in hea-
ven;
On earth, enshrined within the wander-
ing ark; 655
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his
throne
Between the Cherubim—on the chosen
Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to
dispense
Judgments, that filled the land from age
to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and
fear; 660
And with amazement smote;—thereby
to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged, sove-
reignty.
And when the One, ineffable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard, 665
Not then was Deity engulfed; nor Man,
The rational creature, left, to feel the
weight
Of his own reason, without sense or
thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,

To benefit and bless, through mightier
power:— 670
Whether the Persian—zealous to reject
Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of temples built by human
hands—
To loftiest heights ascending, from their
tops,
With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to moon and stars, 676
And to the winds and mother elements,
And the whole circle of the heavens, for
him
A sensitive existence, and a God,
With lifted hands invoked, and songs of
praise: 680
Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
For influence undefined a personal shape;
And, from the plain, with toil immense,
upreared
Tower eight times planted on the top of
tower, 685
That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
Descending, there might rest; upon that
height
Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook
Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
With grove and field and garden inter-
spersed; 691
Their town, and foodful region for sup-
port
Against the pressure of beleaguering war.
“Chaldean Shepherds, ranging track-
less fields, 694
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
And guardian of their course, that never
closed
His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
With a submissive reverence they be-
held; 700
Watched, from the centre of their sleep-
ing flocks,
Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to
move
Carrying through ether, in perpetual
round,

Decrees and resolutions of the Gods ;
 And, by their aspects, signifying works
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed. 706
 —The imaginative faculty was lord
 Of observations natural ; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of
 stars
 In set rotation passing to and fro, 710
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned
 With answering constellations, under
 earth,
 Removed from all approach of living
 sight
 But present to the dead ; who, so they
 deemed, 715
 Like those celestial messengers beheld
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

“The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding
 shores,—
 Under a cope of sky more variable, 720
 Could find commodious place for every
 God,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries at the
 choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled
 skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand be-
 stowed 726
 On fluent operations a fixed shape ;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet—triumphant o’er this pompous
 show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense, 730
 On every side encountered ; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the
 streets
 By wandering Rhapsodists ; and in con-
 tempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT
 hung, 735
 Beautiful region ! o’er thy towns and
 farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial
 tombs ;
 And emanations were perceived ; and acts

Of immortality, in Nature’s course, 739
 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
 And armed warrior ; and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awful had relaxed.
 —‘Take, running river, take these locks
 of mine’— 745
 Thus would the Votary say—‘this sever-
 ed hair,
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 Thankful for my beloved child’s return.
 Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 Thy murmurs heard ; and drunk the
 crystal lymph 750
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty
 lip,
 And, all day long, moisten these flowery
 fields !’
 And, doubtless, sometimes, when the
 hair was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired ;
 That hath been, is, and where it was
 and is 756
 There shall endure,—existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident ;
 From diminution safe and weakening
 age ;
 While man grows old, and dwindles, and
 decays ; 760
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart ; and leave no vestige where they
 trod.

“We live by Admiration, Hope, and
 Love ;
 And, even as these are well and wisely
 fixed,
 In dignity of being we ascend. 765
 But what is error ?”—“Answer he who
 can !”
 The Sceptic somewhat haughtily ex-
 claimed :
 “Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they
 not
 Mad Fancy’s favourite vassals ? Does not
 life 769
 Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
 Guides to destruction ? Is it well to trust
 Imagination’s light when reason’s fails,

The unguarded taper where the guarded
faints?
—Stoop from those heights, and soberly
declare
What error is; and, of our errors, which
Doth most debase the mind; the genuine
seats 776
Of power, where are they? Who shall
regulate,
With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage re-
plied, 779
"That for this arduous office you possess
Some rare advantages. Your early days
A grateful recollection must supply
Of much exalted good by Heaven vouch-
safed
To dignify the humblest state.—Your
voice
Hath, in my hearing, often testified 785
That poor men's children, they, and they
alone,
By their condition taught, can under-
stand
The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
For daily bread. A consciousness is
yours 789
How feelingly religion may be learned
In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—
Heard while the dwelling vibrates to the
din
Of the contiguous torrent, gathering
strength
At every moment—and, with strength,
increase 794
Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,
Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
A sightless labourer, whistles at his work—
Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.
—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine
carves, 800
On the green turf, a dial—to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
Throughout a long and lonely summer's
day
His round of pastoral duties, is not left 805
With less intelligence for *moral* things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,

Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all
mankind. 810
Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature's wants, he knows how few
they are,
And where they lie, how answered and
appeased.
This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers 815
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime
content.
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's
mind, 820
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and sup-
ports. 825
Acknowledge, then, that whether by the
side
Of his poor hut, or on the mountain-top,
Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the
score
Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart 831
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
And those illusions, which excite the scorn
Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
Are they not mainly outward ministers
Of inward conscience? with whose service
charged 837
They came and go, appeared and dis-
appear,
Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate
grief, 840
Or pride of heart abating: and, whene'er
For less important ends those phantoms
move,
Who would forbid them, if their presence
serve,
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild
heaths,

Filling a space, else *vacant*, to exalt 845
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her
powers?

“Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our
thoughts

The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan
Greece. 850

—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer’s
day,

With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear 855

A distant strain, far sweeter than the
sounds

Which his poor skill could make, his
fancy fetched,

Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,

And filled the illumined groves with
ravishment. 860

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with
grateful heart

Called on the lovely wanderer who be-
stowed

That timely light, to share his joyous
sport:

And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs, 865

Across the lawn and through the dark-
some grove,

Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and
stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked 871

His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked

The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed 875

Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.

The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed,
their wings,

Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom
they wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and twigs by
hoary age, 880

From depth of shaggy covert peeping
forth

In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns

Of the live deer, or goat’s depending
beard,—

These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild
brood 885

Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd’s awe-inspiring
God!”

The strain was aptly chosen; and I
could mark

Its kindly influence, o’er the yielding
brow

Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noise-
less turf, 891

Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
stream

Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed:—

“’Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth
was taught. 896

The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of
zeal,

Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls retaining
yet 900

The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting
rocks,

In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be
such—

How, think you, would they tolerate this
scheme 905

Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint
Anne; 910

And from long banishment recall Saint
Giles,

To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinborough throned on
crags?

A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded
streets 916
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed.—"You have
turned my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind, 921
And shrunk from vain observances, to
lurk

In woods, and dwell under impending
rocks

Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and
food;

Why?—for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they
moved, 926

A spiritual presence, oft-times miscon-
ceived,

But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their
hearts

With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and
love; 930

And from their fervent lips drew hymns
of praise,

That through the desert rang. Though
favoured less,

Far less, than these, yet such, in their de-
gree,

Were those bewildered Pagans of old
time.

Beyond their own poor natures and
above 935

They looked; were humbly thankful for
the good

Which the warm sun solicited, and earth

Bestowed; were gladsome,—and their
moral sense

They fortified with reverence for the
Gods;

And they had hopes that overstepped the
Grave. 940

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he
exclaimed,

Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason less than these
obtained,

Though far misled? Shall men for whom
our age

Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world
within, 946

Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious
spirits—

Whom earth, at this late season, hath
produced

To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar,
whose pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed
The thinking principle—shall they in fact
Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
Renown, if their presumption make them
such? 955

Oh! there is laughter at their work in
heaven!

Enquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be un-
raised;

That we should pore, and dwindle as we
pore, 960

Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while little-
ness 965

May yet become more little; waging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he de-
sign 970

That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold

By day, and all the pomp which night
reveals;

That these—and that superior mystery
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised, 975
And the dread soul within it—should
exist

Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse
me not

Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature threescore
years, 980

And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men 985
Swayed by such motives, to such ends
employed;

Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet
prize 989

This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

“Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his compeers—the laughing Sage of
France.— 996
Crowned was he, if my memory do not
err,

With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
His stooping body tottered with wreaths
of flowers’ 1001

Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering
tree;

Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
And a most frivolous people. Him I
mean 1005

Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we
found

Piled in a nook, through malice, as might
seem,

Among more innocent rubbish.”—Speak-
ing thus,

With a brief notice when, and how, and
where, 1010

We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man’s
heart

Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. “Gentle
Friend,” 1015

Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,
“You have known lights and guides
better than these.

Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself, 1019
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatsoever be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no ap-
peal

To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion? In the
ports 1026

Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope, 1030
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the
power

To avenge their own insulted majesty.

“O blest seclusion! when the mind
admits 1035

The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her
choice;

When youth’s presumptuousness is mel-
lowed down,

And manhood’s vain anxiety dismissed;
When wisdom shows her seasonable
fruit, 1041

Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure
hung

In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops

To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unproved enjoyment; and is
pleased 1045

To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, wafting wallflower
scents

From out the crumbling ruins of fallen
pride

And chambers of transgression, now for-
lorn.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful
nights! 1050

Who, when such good can be obtained,
would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that dis-
guise,

Stuffed with the thorny substance of the
past

For fixed annoyance; and full oft be-
set 1055

With floating dreams, black and dis-
consolate,

The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

“Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would
hide

And darken, so can deal that they be-
come 1060

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to
exalt

Her native brightness. As the ample
moon,

In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of
light, 1065

In the green trees; and, kindling on all
sides

Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky
veil

Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by
power

Capacious and serene. Like power
abides 1070

In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus
feeds

A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,

From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from
guilt; 1075
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.”

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
“But how begin? and whence?—‘The
Mind is free— 1080
Resolve,’ the haughty Moralist would
say,

‘This single act is all that we demand.’
Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath
shorn

His natural wings!—To friendship let
him turn 1085

For succour; but perhaps he sits
alone

On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no
more!

Religion tells of amity sublime
Which no condition can preclude; of
One 1090

Who sees all suffering, comprehends all
wants,

All weakness fathoms, can supply all
needs:

But is that bounty absolute?—His gifts,
Are they not, still, in some degree,
rewards

For acts of service? Can his love ex-
tend 1095

To hearts that own not him? Will showers
of grace,

When in the sky no promise may be
seen,

Fall to refresh a parched and withered
land?

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?”

In rueful tone, 1100
With some impatience in his mien, he
spake:

Back to my mind rushed all that had
been urged

To calm the Sufferer when his story
closed;

I looked for counsel as unbending now;

But a discriminating sympathy 1105
 Stooped to this apt reply :—

“As men from men
 Do, in the constitution of their souls,
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink
 One deeper than another, self-con-
 demned 1110

Through manifold degrees of guilt and
 shame ;

So manifold and various are the ways
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
 Of all infirmity, and tending all
 To the same point, attainable by all— 1115
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our
 God.

For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
 Lies open : we have heard from you a
 voice

At every moment softened in its course
 By tenderness of heart ; have seen your
 eye, 1120

Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,
 Kindle before us.—Your discourse this
 day,

That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to
 flow

In creeping sadness, through oblivious
 shades

Of death and night, has caught at every
 turn 1125

The colours of the sun. Access for
 you

Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
 Which the imaginative Will upholds

In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
 By the inferior Faculty that moulds, 1130

With her minute and speculative pains,
 Opinion, ever changing !

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear

The convolutions of a smooth-lipped
 shell ; 1135

To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intently ; and his countenance
 soon

Brightened with joy ; for from within
 were heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor ex-
 pressed

Mysterious union with its native sea. 1140
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are
 times,

I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during
 power ; 1145

And central peace, subsisting at the
 heart

Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
 Adore, and worship, when you know it
 not ;

Pious beyond the intention of your
 thought ;

Devout above the meaning of your
 will. 1150

—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease
 to feel.

The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
 If false conclusions of the reasoning power
 Made the eye blind, and closed the
 passages

Through which the ear converses with the
 heart. 1155

Has not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,
 In some calm season, when these lofty
 rocks

At night's approach bring down the un-
 clouded sky,

To rest upon their circumambient
 walls ; 1160

A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,

To glorify the Eternal ! What if these 1165
 Did never break the stillness that prevails

Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never
 chant

Her vespers,—Nature fails not to pro-
 vide

Impulse and utterance. The whispering
 air 1170

Sends inspiration from the shadowy
 heights,

And blind recesses of the caverned rocks ;
 The little rills, and waters numberless,

Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes

With the loud streams: and often, at the
hour 1175
When issue forth the first pale stars, is
heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark blue
dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of
sight— 1180
An iron knell! with echoes from afar
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with
which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the
ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught
again, 1186
And yet again recovered!
But descending
From these imaginative heights, that
yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler
power 1190
Your cherished sullenness is forced to
bend
Even here, where her amenities are
sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself
abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spa-
cious fields,
Where on the labours of the happy
throng 1195
She smiles, including in her wide em-
brace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with
ships
Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we
track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we
march, 1200
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic
woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inani-
mate,

Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye
and ear, 1205
And speak to social reason's inner
sense,
With inarticulate language.
For, the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the
Forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as
excite 1210
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must
feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot
choose 1215
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame. 1220
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing
clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks
round
And seeks for good; and finds the good
he seeks:
Until abhorrence and contempt are
things 1225
He only knows by name; and, if he
hear,
From other mouths, the language which
they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.
“And further; by contemplating these
Forms 1230
In the relations which they bear to
man,
He shall discern, how, through the various
means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that for the instructed, time
will come 1235
When they shall meet no object but may
teach

Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak
of man,

Their duties from all forms; and general
laws, 1240

And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge; and, with the will,
confer

The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their
steps 1245

Departing not, for them shall be con-
firmed

The glorious habit by which sense is
made

Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall
clothe

The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore 1250
The burthen of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name:

For then her heart shall kindle; her dull
eye,

Dull and inanimate, no more shall
hang 1255

Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the
cause

Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be
found 1261

In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive*
power.

—So build we up the Being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of
things, 1265

We shall be wise perforce; and, while
inspired

By choice, and conscious that the Will is
free,

Shall move unswerving, even as if im-
pelled

By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we
see, 1270

Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier
heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent
harangue, 1275

Poured forth with fervour in continuous
stream,

Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
An Indian Chief discharges from his
breast

Into the hearing of assembled tribes,
In open circle seated round, and hushed
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he
speak:

The words he uttered shall not pass
away

Dispersed, like music that the wind
takes up

By snatches, and lets fall, to be for-
gotten; 1285

No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift
Of one whom time and nature had made
wise.

Gracing his doctrine with authority
Which hostile spirits silently allow;
Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of
life; 1291

To hopes on knowledge and experience
built;

Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition; whence the
Soul, 1295

Though bound to earth by ties of pity
and love,

From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were
reached,

Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow
dell, 1300

He had become invisible,—a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Over the mountain-sides, in contrast
bold

With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich
 bequest; 1305
 A dispensation of his evening power.
 —Adown the path that from the glen
 had led
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his
 Mate
 Were seen descending:—forth to greet
 them ran
 Our little Page: the rustic pair ap-
 proach; 1310
 And in the Matron's countenance may be
 read
 Plain indication that the words, which
 told
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent

Before his time into a quiet grave,
 Had done to her humanity no wrong: 1315
 But we are kindly welcomed—promptly
 served
 With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
 Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
 A grateful couch was spread for our
 repose;
 Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we
 lay, 1320
 Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled
 by sound
 Of far-off torrents charming the still
 night,
 And, to tired limbs and over-busy
 thoughts,
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley.—Reflections.—A large and populous Vale described.—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him.—Church and Monuments.—The Solitary musing, and where.—Roused.—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind.—Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to.—Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life.—Apology for the Rite.—Inconsistency of the best men.—Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind.—General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth.—Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive.—Pastor approaches.—Appeal made to him.—His answer.—Wanderer in sympathy with him.—Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error.—The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains and for what purpose.—Pastor consents.—Mountain cottage.—Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants.—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind.—Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard.—Graves of unbaptized Infants.—Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence.—Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived.—Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,	Lingering behind my comrades, thus I breathed	14
And its small lot of life-supporting fields, And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive seat!	A parting tribute to a spot that seemed Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.	
To the still influx of the morning light Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled	Again I halted with reverted eyes; The chain that would not slacken, was at length	5
From human observation, as if yet Primeval forests wrapped thee round with dark	Snapt,—and, pursuing leisurely my way, How vain, thought I, is it by change of place	20
Impenetrable shade; once more fare- well,	To seek that comfort which the mind denies;	
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss, By Nature destined from the birth of things	Yet trial and temptation oft are shun- ned	10
For quietness profound!"	Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate	
Upon the side Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale	Yields no peculiar reason of complaint	25
Which foot of boldest stranger would at- tempt,	Might, by the promise that is here, be won	
	To steal from active duties, and embrace	

Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.

—Knowledge, methinks, in these disorder-
dered times,

Should be allowed a privilege to have 30
Her anchorites, like piety of old ;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and un-
stained

By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abide ! But happier
still

The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope
attends

That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers 40
Discovered or invented ; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways
of truth,

In lucid order ; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did over-
look 45

His unobtrusive merit ; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings ; fervent
thanks 50

For my own peaceful lot and happy
choice ;

A choice that from the passions of the
world

Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried ; and with song
Cheering my days, and with industrious
thought ; 56

With the ever-welcome company of books ;
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining
aid,

And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or
wheel 61

Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sun-
shine

Halting together on a rocky knoll,
Whence the bare road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his
hand 67

In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man
said,

"The fragrant air its coolness still retains ;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to
crop 70

The dewy grass ; you cannot leave us now,
We must not part at this inviting hour."

He yielded, though reluctant ; for his
mind

Instinctively disposed him to retire 74

To his own covert ; as a billow, heaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.

—So we descend : and winding round
a rock

Attain a point that showed the valley—
stretched

In length before us ; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising ground a grey church-
tower, 80

Whose battlements were screened by
tufted trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay
beyond

Among steep hills and woods embosomed,
flowed

A copious stream with boldly-winding
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the
sun. 86

On the stream's bank, and everywhere,
appeared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;
Some scattered o'er the level, others
perched

On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed. 91

"As 'mid some happy valley of the
Alps,"

Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
Destroyed their unoffending common-
wealth, 95

A popular equality reigns here,

Save for yon stately House beneath whose
 roof
 A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal
 pomp,
 Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to
 that House
 Belongs, but there in his allotted Home
 Abides, from year to year, a genuine
 Priest, 101
 The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
 Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
 The father of his people. Such is he;
 And rich and poor, and young and old,
 rejoice 105
 Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouch-
 safed
 To me some portion of a kind regard;
 And something also of his inner mind
 Hath he imparted—but I speak of him
 As he is known to all.
 The calm delights 110
 Of unambitious piety he chose,
 And learning's solid dignity; though born
 Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful
 friends.
 Hither, in prime of manhood, he with-
 drew
 From academic bowers. He loved the
 spot— 115
 Who does not love his native soil?—he
 prized
 The ancient rural character, composed
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress'd
 And undisguised, and strong and serious
 thought;
 A character reflected in himself, 120
 With such embellishment as well beseems
 His rank and sacred function. This deep
 vale
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our
 sight,
 And one a turreted manorial hall
 Adorns, in which the good Man's an-
 cestors 125
 Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of
 this Cure.
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,
 The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole do-
 main,
 Owes that presiding aspect which might
 well

Attract your notice; statelier than could
 else 130
 Have been bestowed, through course of
 common chance,
 On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."
 This said, oft pausing, we pursued our
 way;
 Nor reached the village-churchyard till
 the sun
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had
 risen 135
 Above the summits of the highest hills,
 And round our path darted oppressive
 beams.
 As chanced, the portals of the sacred
 Pile
 Stood open; and we entered. On my
 frame,
 At such transition from the fervid air, 140
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to
 strike
 The heart, in concert with that temperate
 awe
 And natural reverence which the place
 inspired.
 Not raised in nice proportions was the
 pile, 144
 But large and massy; for duration built;
 With pillars crowded, and the roof up-
 held
 By naked rafters intricately crossed,
 Like leafless underboughs, in some thick
 wood,
 All withered by the depth of shade above.
 Admonitory texts inscribed the walls, 150
 Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed;
 Each also crowned with winged heads—
 a pair
 Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
 Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
 Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
 In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
 Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly
 state 157
 By immemorial privilege allowed;
 Though with the Encincture's special
 sanctity
 But ill according. An heraldic shield,
 Varying its tincture with the changeful
 light, 161

Imbued the altar-window ; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by
time

Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery
lined ; 165

And marble monuments were here displayed

Thronging the walls ; and on the floor
beneath

Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems
graven

And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with
small

And shining effigies of brass inlaid. 170

The tribute by these various records
claimed,

Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust ; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-
church, 176

And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honour was begun 180

In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the
seas

His royal state to show, and prove his
strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.
Another tablet registered the death, 185
And praised the gallant bearing, of
a Knight

Tried in the sea-fights of the second
Charles.

Near this brave Knight his Father lay
entombed ;

And, to the silent language giving voice,
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier
day 190

He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found
One only solace—that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved
For her benign perfections ; and yet
more 195

Endeared to him, for this, that, in her
state

Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's
regard,

She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the
storm

That laid their country waste. No need
to speak 200

Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their
time,

And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old ;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed

In modest panegyric.

"These dim lines, 205
What would they tell?" said I,—but,
from the task

Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me ; and, looking down the dark-
some aisle,

I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale 210
Standing apart ; with curvèd arm reclined
On the baptismal font ; his pallid face
Upruned, as if his mind were rapt, or
lost

In some abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured
form 215

That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from morn to night, from year
to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton
rouse ;

Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes 220
That had beguiled the work from which
he came,

With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder
hung ;

To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Re-
cluse

Withdrew ; and straight we followed,—
to a spot 225

Where sun and shade were intermixed ;
for there

A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms

From an adjoining pasture, overhung
 Small space of that green churchyard
 with a light
 And pleasant awning. On the moss-
 grown wall 230
 My ancient Friend and I together took
 Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,
 Standing before us :—

“ Did you note the mien
 Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
 Death's hireling, who scoops out his
 neighbour's grave, 235
 Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
 All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
 Or plant a tree. And did you hear his
 voice ?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound
 From some affecting images and thoughts,
 Which then were silent ; but crave utter-
 ance now. 241

“ Much,” he continued, with dejected
 look,
 “ Much, yesterday, was said in glowing
 phrase

Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
 For future states of being ; and the wings
 Of speculation, joyfully outspread, 246
 Hovered above our destiny on earth :
 But stoop, and place the prospect of the
 soul

In sober contrast with reality,
 And man's substantial life. If this mute
 earth 250
 Of what it holds could speak, and every
 grave

Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow
 and shame,

To see disclosed, by such dread proof,
 how ill 255
 That which is done accords with what
 is known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined ;
 How idly, how perversely, life's whole
 course,

To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
 At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe 261

Not long accustomed to this breathing
 world ;

One that hath barely learned to shape
 a smile,

Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
 With tiny finger—to let fall a tear ; 265
 And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dis-
 solves,

To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might
 seem,

The outward functions of intelligent
 man ;

A grave proficient in amusive feats
 Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
 His expectations, and announce his
 claims 271

To that inheritance which millions rue
 That they were ever born to ! In due
 time

A day of solemn ceremonial comes ;
 When they, who for this Minor hold in
 trust 275

Rights that transcend the loftiest herit-
 age

Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
 For this occasion daintily adorned,
 At the baptismal font. And when the
 pure

And consecrating element hath cleansed
 The original stain, the child is there
 received 281

Into the second ark, Christ's church,
 with trust

That he, from wrath redeemed, therein
 shall float

Over the billows of this troublesome
 world

To the fair land of everlasting life. 285

Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
 Are all renounced ; high as the thought
 of man

Can carry virtue, virtue is professed ;
 A dedication made, a promise given

For due provision to control and guide,
 And unremitting progress to ensure 291
 In holiness and truth.”

“ You cannot blame,”
 Here interposing fervently I said,
 “ Rites which attest that Man by nature
 lies

Bedded for good and evil in a gulf 295

Fearfully low; nor will your judgment
scorn

Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in maj-
esty

He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 'tis given him to descry;
Not without aspirations, evermore 302
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory
lost, 305

May be, through pains and persevering
hope,

Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be
gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answer-
ed—"no; 309

The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring
vows

To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue
prove, 315

Bringing from age to age its own re-
proach,

Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But,
oh!

If to be weak is to be wretched—miser-
able,

As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in
my mind, 320

Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive
power,—

That finds and cannot fasten down; that
grasps

And is rejoiced, and loses while it
grasps;

That tempts, emboldens—for a time
sustains, 325

And then betrays; accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment; and so re-
treads

The inevitable circle: better far

Than this, to graze the herb in thought-
less peace,

By foresight, or remembrance, undis-
turbed! 330

"Philosophy! and thou more vaunted
name

Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the
visible world

Choose for your emblems whatso'er ye
find

Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—

The torch, the star, the anchor; nor
except 336

The cross itself, at whose unconscious
feet

The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter
tears,

And through that conflict seeking rest—
of you, 340

High-titled Powers, am I constrained to
ask,

Here standing, with the unvoyageable
sky

In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive
feet

A subterraneous magazine of bones, 345
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon
be laid,

Where are your triumphs? your dominion
where?

And in what age admitted and con-
firmed?

—Not for a happy land do I enquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sin-
cere, 351

To your serene authorities conform;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion's crook-
ed ways,

Inspired, and thoroughly fortified?—If
the heart 355

Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare of
praise,

Who shall be named—in the resplendent
line

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the best might of faith, wherever
fixed, 360
For one day's little compass, has pre-
served

From painful and discreditable shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so, 365
And Man," said I, "be in his noblest
shape

Thus pitiously infirm; then, he who
made,
And who shall judge the creature, will
forgive.

—Yet, in its general tenor, your com-
plaint

Is all too true; and surely not mis-
placed: 370

For, from this pregnant spot of ground,
such thoughts

Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the
round 375

Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
By which, on Christian lands, from age
to age

Profession mocks performance? Earth is
sick,

And Heaven is weary, of the hollow
words

Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk 380

Of truth and justice. Turn to private
life

And social neighbourhood; look we to
ourselves;

A light of duty shines on every day

For all; and yet how few are warmed or
cheered!

How few who mingle with their fellow-
men 385

And still remain self-governed, and apart,
Like this our honoured Friend; and
thence acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old
age!"

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus
exclaimed 390

The Solitary, "in the life of man,
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring
is there, 395

In spite of many a rough untoward blast,
Hopeful and promising with buds and
flowers;

Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich
day,

That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with
bounteous fruit, 400

Where is she imaged? in what favoured
clime

Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
—Yet, while the better part is missed,
the worse

In man's autumnal season is set forth
With a resemblance not to be denied, 405
And that contents him; bowers that
hear no more

The voice of gladness, less and less supply
Of outward sunshine and internal
warmth;

And, with this change, sharp air and
falling leaves, 409

Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

"How gay the habitations that bedeck
This fertile valley! Not a house but
seems

To give assurance of content within;
Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
As if the sunshine of the day were met
With answering brightness in the hearts
of all 416

Who walk this favoured ground. But
chance-regards,

And notice forced upon incurious ears;
These, if these only, acting in despite
Of the encomiums by my Friend pro-
nounced 420

On humble life, forbid the judging mind
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
And noiseless commonwealth. The sim-
ple race

Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed

From foul temptations, and by constant
care 425
Of a good shepherd tended, as them-
selves
Do tend their flocks) partake man's
general lot
With little mitigation. They escape,
Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt;
feel not
The tedium of fantastic idleness: 430
Yet life, as with the multitude, with
them
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;
That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
And pleasant interests—for the sequel
leaving 435
Old things repeated with diminished
grace;
And all the laboured novelties at best
Imperfect substitutes, whose use and
power
Evince the want and weakness whence
they spring."

While in this serious mood we held
discourse, 440
The reverend Pastor toward the church-
yard gate
Approached; and, with a mild respectful
air
Of native cordiality, our Friend
Advanced to greet him. With a gracious
mien
Was he received, and mutual joy pre-
vailed. 445
Awhile they stood in conference, and I
guess
That he, who now upon the mossy wall
Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
Could have transferred him to the flying
clouds,
Or the least penetrable hiding-place 450
In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
—For me, I looked upon the pair, well
pleased:
Nature had framed them both, and both
were marked
By circumstance, with intermixture fine
Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,

Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
One might be likened: flourishing ap-
peared,
Though somewhat past the fulness of
his prime,
The other—like a stately sycamore, 460
That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied
shade.

A general greeting was exchanged;
and soon
The Pastor learned that his approach
had given
A welcome interruption to discourse
Grave, and in truth too often sad.—"Is
Man 465
A child of hope? Do generations press
On generations, without progress made?
Halts the individual, ere his hairs be
grey,
Perforce? Are we a creature in whom
good
Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
Acknowledge reason's law? A living
power 471
Is virtue, or no better than a name,
Fleeting as health or beauty, and un-
sound?
So that the only substance which remains,
(For thus the tenour of complaint hath
run) 475
Among so many shadows, are the pains
And penalties of miserable life,
Doomed to decay, and then expire in
dust!
—Our cogitations this way have been
drawn,
These are the points," the Wanderer said,
"on which 480
Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir!
the light
Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
By your persuasive wisdom shall the
heart
That frets, or languishes, be stilled and
cheered."

"Our nature," said the Priest, in mild
reply, 485
"Angels may weigh and fathom: they
perceive,

With undistempered and unclouded spirit,

The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
That speculative height *we* may not reach.
The good and evil are our own; and we
Are that which we would contemplate
from far. 491

Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to
decay. 495

Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through
these alone

Are capable to notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest
boast, 500

Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted—never to be won.

—Look forth, or each man dive into
himself; 505

What sees he but a creature too per-
turbed;

That is transported to excess; that
yearns,

Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too
much;

Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in de-
spair? 510

Thus comprehension fails, and truth is
missed;

Thus darkness and delusion round our
path

Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury
lurks

Within the very faculty of sight. 514

“Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best
subject

The will to reason's law, can strictliest
live

And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those
truths, 520

Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through
which

The very multitude are free to range, 525
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidding tract of cheerless
view;

Even as the same is looked at, or ap-
proached. 530

Thus, when in changeful April fields are
white

With new-fallen snow, if from the
sullen north

Your walk conduct you hither, ere the
sun

Hath gained his noontide height, this
churchyard, filled

With mounds transversely lying side by
side 535

From east to west, before you will ap-
pear

An unilluminated, blank, and dreary, plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and
gloom

Saddening the heart. Go forward, and
look back;

Look, from the quarter whence the lord
of light, 540

Of life, of love, and gladness doth dis-
pense

His beams; which, unexcluded in their
fall,

Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;

Then will a vernal prospect greet your
eye, 545

All fresh and beautiful, and green and
bright,

Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the
pall

That overspread and chilled the sacred
turf,

Vanished or hidden; and the whole
domain,

To some, too lightly minded, might ap-
pear 550

A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry—
one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy
shut out; 555
The other, which the ray divine hath
touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as
spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus

With a complacent animation spake,
"And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's
repose 560

On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast
shape

And undisturbed proportions; but a
thing 565

Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose
head

Floats on the tossing waves. With joy
sincere

I re-salute these sentiments confirmed 570

By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument; the passive will
Meek to admit; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and
firm 575

To keep and cherish? how shall man
unite

With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul?

Wise in that union, and without it
blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not
obtain 580

The ingenuous mind, apt to be set
aright;

This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
Declared at large; and by what exercise

From visible nature, or the inner self

Power may be trained, and renovation
brought 585

To those who need the gift. But, after
all,

Is aught so certain as that man is
doomed

To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?
The natural roof of that dark house in
which

His soul is pent! How little can be
known— 590

This is the wise man's sigh; how far we
err—

This is the good man's not unfrequent
pang!

And they perhaps err least, the lowly
class

Whom a benign necessity compels 594

To follow reason's least ambitious course;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by
doubt,

And uncited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil 600
For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Recluse—"praise to the sturdy
plough,

And patient spade; praise to the simple
crook,

And ponderous loom—resounding while
it holds

Body and mind in one captivity; 605

And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honour; which, encasing by the
power

Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of
nerves,

From a too busy commerce with the
heart! 610

—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye
that force,

By slow solicitation, earth to yield

Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth

With wise reluctance; you would I extol,

Not for gross good alone which ye pro-
duce, 616

But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife

Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in
those

Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest
content. 620

—Would I had ne'er renounced it!"

A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek; but, at this closing
turn

Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
"That which we feel we utter; as we
think 625

So have we argued; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus he
spake,

"Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help? The mine of real
life 630

Dig for us; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by
pains

Fruitless as those of aery alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There
lies

Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and
inner heart: 636

Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say
what man

He is who cultivates yon hanging field;
What qualities of mind she bears, who
comes, 640

For morn and evening service, with her
pail,

To that green pasture; place before our
sight

The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel; or
in that

Below, from which the curling smoke
ascends. 645

Or rather, as we stand on holy earth¹,
And have the dead around us, take from
them

Your instances; for they are both best
known,

And by frail man most equitably judged.
Epitomise the life; pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these 651
Who, from their lowly mansions hither
brought,

Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our
feet:

So, by your records, may our doubts be
solved;

And so, not searching higher, we may learn
*To prize the breath we share with human
kind;* 656

And look upon the dust of man with awe."

The Priest replied—"An office you
impose

For which peculiar requisites are mine;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the
task 660

Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from
our sight

Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with
these

The future cannot contradict the past:
Mortality's last exercise and proof 665
Is undergone; the transit made that shows

The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.

You behold, 670
High on the breast of yon dark moun-
tain, dark

With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;

And such it might be deemed—a sleeping
sunbeam; 675

But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;

And that attractive brightness is its own.
The lofty site, by nature framed to
tempt

Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have
chosen, 681

For opportunity presented, thence
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er
land

And ocean, and look down upon the works,

¹ See Note, p. 927.

The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon
green fields ;

And no such visionary views belong 689
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long
have dwelt

A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls
in front,

Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose
crest 695
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney-
top ;

A rough abode—in colour, shape, and size,
Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and con-
trived, to elude

The eye of roving plunderer—for their
need 700

Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong
South-west

In anger blowing from the distant sea.
—Alone within her solitary hut ; 704
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found,
True as the stock-dove to her shallow
nest

And to the grove that holds it. She
beguiles

By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's ; with
success 710

Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of
content,

Until the expected hour at which her
Mate

From the far-distant quarry's vault re-
turns ;

And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of
mind, 716

In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered
pair :

But true humility descends from heaven ;

And that best gift of heaven hath fallen
on them ; 720

Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and
copy these !

Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place,
can hear

The voice of wisdom whispering scripture
texts

For the mind's government, or temper's
peace ; 725

And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity !”

“Much was I pleased,” the grey-haired
Wanderer said,

“When to those shining fields our notice
first

You turned ; and yet more pleased have
from your lips 730

Gathered this fair report of them who
dwell

In that retirement ; whither, by such
course

Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A tired way-faring man, once *I* was
brought

While traversing alone yon mountain-pass.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening
fell, 736

And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
So hazardous that feet and hands be-
came

Guides better than mine eyes—until a
light

High in the gloom appeared, too high,
methought, 740

For human habitation ; but I longed
To reach it, destitute of other hope.

I looked with steadiness as sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower's dis-
tant lamp,

And saw the light—now fixed—and
shifting now— 745

Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.

It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
Thought I—some friendly covert must be
near.

With this persuasion thitherward my
steps 750

I turn, and reach at last the guiding light;
Joy to myself! but to the heart of her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your
tongue hath praised)

Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
Ceased, when she learned through what
mishap I came, 756
And by what help had gained those distant fields.

Drawn from her cottage, on that aery
height,

Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home, 760

By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whensoever untoward chance 764
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground.

'But come,
Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor
abode;

Those dark rocks hide it!' Entering, I
beheld

A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down; and to her office, with leave
asked, 770

The Dame returned.

Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder's
hand

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad
looks,

Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, made the evening's
treat: 776

Need a bewildered traveller wish for
more?

But more was given; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man's form,
and face

Not less than beautiful; an open brow 780
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount 786

Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, those features and
that mien

May have descended, though I see them
here.

In such a man, so gentle and subdued, 790
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall 795
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless
mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn
of day, 800

I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-
winter months

Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never see,
Save when the sabbath brings its kind
release, 806

My helpmate's face by light of day. He
quits

His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we
gain the bread

For which we pray; and for the wants
provide 810

Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many; many friends,
Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my
fire,

All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken
brood, 815

And the wild birds that gather round my
porch.

This honest sheep-dog's countenance I
read;

With him can talk; nor blush to waste a
word

On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.
And if the blustering wind that drives the
clouds 820

Care not for me, he lingers round my door,

And makes me pastime when our tempers
 suit;—
 But, above all, my thoughts are my
 support,
 My comfort:—would that they were
 oftener fixed
 On what, for guidance in the way that
 leads 825
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer
 taught.
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
 To exclaim—‘O happy! yielding to the
 law
 Of these privations, richer in the main!—
 While thankless thousands are oppress
 and clogged 830
 By ease and leisure; by the very wealth
 And pride of opportunity made poor;
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,
 And sink, through utter want of cheering
 light; 834
 For you the hours of labour do not flag;
 For you each evening hath its shining star,
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun.”

“Yes!” said the Solitary with a smile
 That seemed to break from an expanding
 heart,
 “The untutored bird may found, and so
 construct, 840
 And with such soft materials line, her nest
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
 That the thorns wound her not; they
 only guard.
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
 Shares with her species, nature’s grace
 sometimes 846
 Upon the individual doth confer,
 Among her higher creatures born and
 trained
 To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling
 stage 850
 With empty actions and vain passions
 stuffed,
 And from the private struggles of man-
 kind
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
 Far less than once I trusted and be-
 lieved—

I love to hear of those, who, not contend-
 ing 855
 Nor summoned to contend for virtue’s
 prize,
 Miss not the humbler good at which they
 aim,
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
 Into their contraries the petty plagues
 And hindrances with which they stand
 beset. 861
 In early youth, among my native hills,
 I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered
 ground;
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay
 Scattered about under the mouldering
 walls 866
 Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
 As if the moon had showered them down
 in spite.
 But he repined not. Though the plough
 was scared 870
 By these obstructions, ‘round the shady
 stones
 A fertilising moisture,’ said the Swain,
 ‘Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding
 dews
 And damsps, through all the droughty
 summer day
 From out their substance issuing, main-
 tain 875
 Herbage that never fails: no grass springs
 up
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!’
 But thinly sown these natures; rare, at
 least,
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
 That yields such kindly product. He,
 whose bed 880
 Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor
 Pensioner
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered
 dell
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
 If living now, could otherwise report
 Of rustic loneliness: that grey-haired
 Orphan— 885
 So call him, for humanity to him
 No parent was—feelingly could have told,

In life, in death, what solitude can breed
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
—But your compliance, Sir! with our
request 891
My words too long have hindered."

Undeterred,
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition given
To the confiding spirit of his own 895
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor
said,

Around him looking; "Where shall I
begin?

Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
He paused—and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down
again 901

Upon the earth beneath his feet; and
spake:—

"To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and
Life,

And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to
faith 906

In him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reason's mandates; and the hopes
divine

Of pure imagination;—above all, 910
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good

And evil, to the just and the unjust; 914
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this
hollow vale,

Whether their course be turbulent or
smooth, 918

Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

"And blest are they who sleep; and
we that know,

While in a spot like this we breathe and
walk,

That all beneath us by the wings are
covered

Of motherly humanity, outspread 925
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-
field,

In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange
spectacle!

A dismal prospect yields the wild shore
strewn 930

With wrecks, and trod by feet of young
and old

Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who
would think

That all the scattered subjects which
compose 935

Earth's melancholy vision through the
space

Of all her climes—these wretched, these
depraved,

To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off, 939
Topity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed;
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be de-
stroyed—

Were of one species with the sheltered few,
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot, 945
This file of infants; some that never
breathed

The vital air; others, which, though allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit

Administration of the holy rite 950
That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.

These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering little-
one 956

Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy;
the bold youth

Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life 961

Are opening round her; those of middle age,
Cast down while confident in strength
they stand,

Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem,

And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the
decayed 966

And burthensome; and lastly, that poor
few

Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest
spared— 970

Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one
should die¹;' 975

Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke—and
blessed.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore
these regards¹?

Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon
earth 980

As the sole spring and fountain-head of
tears,

His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—No," the philosophic Priest
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and
pure; 986

With her two faculties of eye and ear,

The one by which a creature, whom his sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look
to heaven; 989

The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which
the WORD,

To the four quarters of the winds, pro-
claims.

Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail: 995
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus
maintained;

And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the
shocks,

The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high
truths 1000

In solemn institutions:—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.

There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and
scooped 1005

For Man's affections—else betrayed and
lost,

And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and
end

Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and per-
verse. 1010

The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, in tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless
joy." 1016

¹ See Note, p. 928.

BOOK SIXTH.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England. The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church.—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love.—Anguish of mind subdued, and how.—The lonely Miner.—An instance of perseverance.—Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness.—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here.—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life.—The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where.—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality.—Answer of the Pastor.—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives. Conversation upon this.—Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given.—Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love.—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender.—With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to
gird
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the
throne
Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations
lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is
law.
—Hail to the State of England! And
conjoin 6
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her
Church;
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom
reared 10
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unproved. The voice, that
greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for
both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea sur-
rounds 15
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms
her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious
plains!

Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-
towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to
heaven¹;" 19
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city
breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may
ne'er
That true succession fail of English
hearts, 24
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love. 29
—Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, un-
opposed;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blindness
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war 35
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)

¹ See Note, p. 933.

An air and mien of dignified pursuit; 40
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may
abound

Of those pure altars worthy; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of
gain 45

Superior, insusceptible of pride,
And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
Men, whose delight is where their duty
leads

Or fixes them; whose least distinguished
day

Shines with some portion of that heavenly
lustre 50

Which makes the sabbath lovely in the
sight

Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

—And, as on earth it is the doom of truth

To be perpetually attacked by foes

Open or covert, be that priesthood still,

For her defence, replenished with a band

Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts

Thoroughly disciplined; nor (if in course

Of the revolving world's disturbances

Cause should recur, which righteous

Heaven avert! 60

To meet such trial) from their spiritual

sires

Degenerate; who, constrained to wield

the sword

Of disputation, shrunk not, though as-

sailed

With hostile din, and combating in sight

Of angry umpires, partial and unjust; 65

And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in

fire,

So to declare the conscience satisfied:

Nor for their bodies would accept release;

But, blessing God and praising him, be-

queathed

With their last breath, from out the

smouldering flame, 70

The faith which they by diligence had

earned,

Or, through illuminating grace, received,

For their dear countrymen, and all man-

kind.

O high example, constancy divine!

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
And from the sanctity of elder times 76
Not deviating,—a priest, the like of
whom,

If multiplied, and in their stations set,
Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
Spread true religion and her genuine
fruits) 80

Before me stood that day; on holy
ground

Fraught with the relics of mortality,

Exalting tender themes, by just degrees

To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;

The head and mighty paramount of
truths,— 85

Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,

For mortal creatures, conquered and se-

cured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith

Announced, as a preparatory act

Of reverence done to the spirit of the

place, 90

The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;

Not, as before, like one oppressed with

awe,

But with a mild and social cheerfulness;

Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired

domain, 95

Perchance you not unfrequently have

marked

A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers;

Too delicate employ, as would appear,

For one, who, though of drooping mien,

had yet

From nature's kindness received a frame

Robust as ever rural labour bred." 101

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form

Full well I recollect. We often crossed

Each other's path; but, as the Intruder

seemed

Fondly to prize the silence which he

kept, 105

And I as willingly did cherish mine,

We met, and passed, like shadows. I

have heard,

From my good Host, that being crazed in

brain

By unrequited love, he scaled the
rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted
woods, 110
In hope to find some virtuous herb of
power
To cure his malady!"

The Vicar smiled,—
"Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here: for him
That open grave is destined."

"Died he then 115
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,
"Do not believe it; never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered,
"deeply loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in
vain; 120
Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis
but

A high-prized plume which female Beauty
wears
In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to
hide 125

Humiliation, when no longer free.
That he could brook, and glory in;—but
when

The tidings came that she whom he had
wooed

Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only
hope; 130

Then, Pity could have scarcely found on
earth

An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer
say

That in the act of preference he had
been 135

Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was
gone!

Had vanished from his prospects and
desires;

Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—
ah no!

She lives another's wishes to com-
plete,— 140
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
'His lot and hers, as misery must be
mine!'

"Such was that strong concussion; but
the Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like
some huge oak
By a fierce tempest shaken, soon re-
sumed 145

The steadfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements, circumspect and
slow.

To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had
loved 150

To bend, he stoutly re-addressed him-
self,

Resolved to quell his pain, and search for
truth

With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign ap-
peared 155

Till a betraying sickliness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his frame
it crept

With slow mutation unconcealable;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove 160
Discoloured, then divested.

'Tis affirmed
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery:—and the good Man lacked
not friends

Who strove to instil this truth into his
mind, 165

A mind in all heart-mysteries un-
versed.

'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while
This baneful diligence:—at early morn
Court the fresh air, explore the heaths
and woods;

And, leaving it to others to foretell, 170
By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
Of tides, and when the moon will be
eclipsed,

Do you, for your own benefit, construct
A calendar of flowers; plucked as they
blow

Where health abides, and cheerfulness,
and peace.' 175

The attempt was made;—'tis needless to
report

How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind

A thing most sacred in the eye of
Heaven;

That opens, for such sufferers, relief 180

Within the soul, fountains of grace
divine;

And doth commend their weakness and
disease

To Nature's care, assisted in her office

By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to re-

store; 185

And by her beautiful array of forms

Shedding sweet influence from above; or
pure

Delight exhaling from the ground they
tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if,"
exclaimed

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was
healed 190

By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had
been lost

By slow degrees, were gradually regained;

The fluttering nerves composed; the beat-
ing heart

In rest established; and the jarring
thoughts 195

To harmony restored.—But yon dark
mould

Will cover him, in the fulness of his
strength,

Hastily smitten by a fever's force;

Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused
Time to look back with tenderness on

her 200

Whom he had loved in passion; and to
send

Some farewell words—with one, but one,
request;

That, from his dying hand, she would
accept

Of his possessions that which most he
prized;

A book, upon whose leaves some chosen
plants, 205

By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved;

Mute register, to him, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;

To her, a monument of faithful love 210
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies
One who achieved a humbler victory,

Though marvellous in its kind. A place
there is

High in these mountains, that allured a
band 215

Of keen adventurers to unite their pains

In search of precious ore: they tried, were
foiled—

And all desisted, all, save him alone.

He, taking counsel of his own clear
thoughts,

And trusting only to his own weak
hands, 220

Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
Unseconded, uncoun tenanced; then, as

time
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts
found

No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind; 225

By others dreaded as the luckless thrall

Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope

By various mockery of sight and sound;

Hope after hope, encouraged and de-

stroyed.

—But when the lord of seasons had
matured 230

The fruits of earth through space of twice
ten years,

The mountain's entrails offered to his
view

And trembling grasp the long-deferred
reward.

Not with more transport did Columbus
greet

A world, his rich discovery! But our
Swain, 235

A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he
looked

With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight
walked 240

Giddy and restless; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate
cups;

And truly might be said to die of joy!
He vanished; but conspicuous to this
day

The path remains that linked his cottage-
door 245

To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting
track,

Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The darksome centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw 251
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
And it is named, in memory of the event,
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom
Man has his strength," exclaimed the
Wanderer, "oh! 255

Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of
hope;

That, like this Labourer, such may dig
their way,

'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;' 260
Grant to the wise *his* firmness of re-
solve!"

"That prayer were not superfluous,"
said the Priest,

"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Britain's glory,
holds

Within the bosom of her awful pile, 265
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is
due to all,

Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark; a sigh of
pain

If to the opposite extreme they sank. 270

How would you pity her who yonder
rests;

Him, farther off; the pair, who here are
laid;

But, above all, that mixture of earth's
mould

Whom sight of this green hillock to my
mind

Recalls!

He lived not till his locks were
nipped 275

By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath
usurped 280

The natural crown that sage Experience
wears.

Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he pos-
sessed

Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise— 286
Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth
put on;

And, fraught with antics as the Indian
bird 290

That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth
and still

As the mute swan that floats adown the
stream,

Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than
he; 296

And not a flower, that droops in the
green shade,

More wondrously reserved! If ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suf-
fice; 300

'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes un-
dertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.

Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly endowed

With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit, 305

While both, embellishing each other, stood

Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Fair expectations; nor, when to the world's 310

Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked land 315

Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass;
or aught

That was attractive, and hath ceased to be!

“Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation undeterred, 321
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates.—Whence came he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary host 325

Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring owl

And the owl's prey; from these bare haunts, to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health, 330

The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose nerves 335

Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice

Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched

In glittering halls—was able to derive
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.
Who happier for the moment—who more blithe 341

Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary holds

His talents lending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked 344

To laughter multiplied in louder peals
By his malicious wit; then, all enchained
With mute astonishment, themselves to see

In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed,

As by the very presence of the Fiend
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,
For knavish purposes! The city, too, 351
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers

Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment; 355

Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,

Listen who would, be wrought upon who might,

Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
—Such the too frequent tenour of his boast

In ears that relished the report;—but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.

They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath; and closed his eyes, 364

No more to open on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,

Though from another sprung, different in kind:

Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,

Distracted in propensity; content 370
With neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing; man unblest;

Of contradictions infinite the slave,

Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
One with himself, and one with them
that sleep." 375

"'Tis strange," observed the Solitary,
"strange

It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring
his shame 380

To the parental door; and with his sighs
Infect the air which he had freely breathed
In happy infancy. He could not pine
Through lack of converse; no—he must
have found

Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his dividual being, self-reviewed, 386
Self-catechised, self-punished.—Some
there are

Who, drawing near their final home, and
much

And daily longing that the same were
reached,

Would rather shun than seek the fellow-
ship 390

Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are
laid."

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of
our hills—

Who seems, by these stupendous barriers
cast

Round his domain, desirous not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude 395
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal ease. Of many such 401
Could I discourse; but as their stay was
brief,

So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other
trace

Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several
fates, 406

Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach

Of this far-winding vale, remained as
friends

True to their choice; and gave their
bones in trust 410

To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unescutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain
one

By right of birth; within whose spotless
breast

The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
He, with the foremost whose impatience
hailed 416

The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had
lost,

Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their
head,

With his brave sword endeavoured to
prevent 420

Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of
time

Those troubles had appeased, he sought
and gained,

For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English
ground. 426

"The other, born in Britain's southern
tract,

Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where *they* placed them who in
conscience prized 430

The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of papacy
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
On the distempered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be
thine 436

If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest
hand,

The stream, that bears thee forward,
prove not, soon

Or late, a perilous master. He—who oft,
Beneath the battlements and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober
gloom, 441

Had moralised on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a
sigh

Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitter-
ness, 445

When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the
attempt:

And while the uproar of that desperate
strife

Continued yet to vibrate on his ear, 450
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed
name,

(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the
world

To the deep shade of those untravelled
Wilds; 455

In which the Scottish Laird had long
possessed

An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they
met,

Two doughty champions; flaming Ja-
cobite

And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe 460
Than those which they had severally sus-
tained,

Would have inclined each to abate his
zeal

For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have
heard

My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the
calm

Of that small town encountering thus,
they filled, 465

Daily, its bowling-green with harmless
strife;

Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the
church;

And vexed the market-place. But in the
breasts

Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiment,
Such leaning towards each other, that
their days 471

By choice were spent in constant fellow-
ship;

And if, at times, they fretted with the
yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it
more.

"A favourite boundary to their length-
ened walks 475

This Churchyard was. And, whether they
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and
linked

In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,

One spirit seldom failed to extend its
sway 480

Over both minds, when they awhile had
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground,
And breathed its soothing air;—the spirit
of hope

And saintly magnanimity; that—spurn-
ing

The field of selfish difference and dis-
pute, 485

And every care which transitory things,
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,
create—

Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred,

Which else the Christian virtue might
have claimed. 490

"There live who yet remember here to
have seen

Their courtly figures, seated on the stump
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-
place.

But as the remnant of the long-lived tree
Was disappearing by a swift decay, 495

They, with joint care, determined to erect,
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand

For public use preserved, and thus sur-
vive

As their own private monument: for
this

Was the particular spot, in which they
wished 500

(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish
the desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.

So, where the mouldered tree had stood,
 was raised
 Yon structure, framing, with the ascent
 of steps
 That to the decorated pillar lead, 505
 A work of art more sumptuous than
 might seem
 To suit this place; yet built in no proud
 scorn
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
 Around the margin of the plate, whereon
 The shadow falls to note the stealthy
 hours, 511
 Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these
 words
 Thither we turned; and gathered, as we
 read,
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers
 couched:
"Time flies; it is his melancholy task 515
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And reproduce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee
confirmed!" 521

"Smooth verse, inspired by no un-
 lettered Muse,"
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain
 of thought
 Accords with nature's language;—the soft
 voice
 Of yon white torrent falling down the
 rocks 525
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same ef-
 fect.
 If, then, their blended influence be not
 lost
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
 Even upon mine, the more are we re-
 quired 529
 To feel for those among our fellow-men,
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
 Are yet made desperate by 'too quick
 a sense
 Of constant infelicity,' cut off
 From peace like exiles on some barren
 rock,

Their life's appointed prison; not more
 free 535
 Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
 With nothing better, in the chill night
 air,
 Than their own thoughts to comfort them.
 Say why
 That ancient story of Prometheus chained
 To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus; 540
 The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant
 the woes
 By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
 And the dark sorrows of the line of
 Thebes?
 Fictions in form, but in their substance
 truths, 545
 Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
 Exchange the shepherd's frock of native
 grey
 For robes with regal purple tinged; con-
 vert
 The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
 Of circumstance; and here the tragic
 Muse 551
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
 Amid the groves, under the shadowy
 hills,
 The generations are prepared; the pangs,
 The internal pangs, are ready; the dread
 strife 555
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer,
 "these be terms
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,
 We, whose established and unfailing
 trust 560
 Is in controlling Providence, admit
 That, through all stations, human life
 abounds
 With mysteries;—for, if Faith were left
 untried,
 How could the might, that lurks within
 her, then
 Be shown? her glorious excellence—that
 ranks 565
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues—
 proved?

Our system is not fashioned to preclude
That sympathy which you for others ask ;
And I could tell, not travelling for my
theme

Beyond these humble graves, of grievous
crimes 570

And strange disasters; but I pass them
by,

Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed
in peace.

—Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight

By the deformities of brutish vice: 575
For, in such portraits, though a vulgar
face

And a coarse outside of repulsive life

And unassuming manners might at once
Be recognised by all—"Ah! do not
think,"

The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-
claimed, 580

"Wish could be ours that you, for such
poor gain,

(Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for
whom?)

Should breathe a word tending to violate
Your own pure spirit. Not a step we
look for

In slight of that forbearance and reserve
Which common human-heartedness in-
spires, 586

And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
From us to infringe the laws of charity.
Let judgment here in mercy be pro-
nounced; 591

This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and
this

Wisdom enjoins; but if the thing we seek
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in
mind

How, from his lofty throne, the sun can
fling 595

Colours as bright on exhalations bred
By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
Or the pellucid lake."

"Small risk," said I,
"Of such illusion do we here incur; 600

Temptation here is none to exceed the
truth;

No evidence appears that they who rest
Within this ground, were covetous of
praise,

Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and
green, 605

Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
A heaving surface, almost wholly free

From interruption of sepulchral stones,
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf

And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen
trust 610

The lingering gleam of their departed
lives

To oral record, and the silent heart;

Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph: for, if those fail,

What boots the sculptured tomb? And
who can blame, 615

Who rather would not envy, men that
feel

This mutual confidence; if, from such
source,

The practice flow,—if thence, or from
a deep

And general humility in death?

Nor should I much condemn it, if it
spring 620

From disregard of time's destructive
power,

As only capable to prey on things
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

"Yet—in less simple districts, where
we see

Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone
In courting notice; and the ground all
paved 626

With commendations of departed worth;
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent
lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my
part, 630

Though with the silence pleased that here
prevails,

Among those fair recitals also range,
Soothed by the natural spirit which they
breathe.

And, in the centre of a world whose soil
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed
round 635

With such memorials, I have sometimes
felt,

It was no momentary happiness
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice
that speaks

In envy or detraction is not heard ;
Which malice may not enter ; where the
traces 640

Of evil inclinations are unknown ;
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation ; and no jarring tone
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned," 645
The Pastor said, "I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant ; love, es-
teem,

And admiration ; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts 650
Retired and covert ; so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade.

And when
I speak of such among my flock as
swerved 655

Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may attend ;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not
leave 661

Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel—

These elements of virtue, that declare 665
The native grandeur of the human soul—
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course :
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the grey cottage by the murmuring
stream 670

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled

Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

"There," said the Vicar, pointing as he
spoke, 675

"A woman rests in peace ; surpassed by
few

In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature ; her complexion
dark

And saturnine ; her head not raised to
hold

Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest
towards earth, 680

But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual
thought

Was her broad forehead ; like the brow
of one

Whose visual nerve shrinks from a pain-
ful glare 685

Of overpowering light.—While yet a
child,

She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not
unfurnished

With its appropriate grace, yet rather
seeking

To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign
queen, 691

Over her comrades ; else their simple
sports,

Wanting all relish for her strenuous
mind,

Had crossed her only to be shunned with
scorn.

—Oh ! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has
enthralled, 696

That they have lived for harsher servi-
tude,

Whether in soul, in body, or estate !
Such doom was hers ; yet nothing could
subdue 699

Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
Those brighter images by books imprest
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars

That occupy their places, and, though
oft

Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by
haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

“Two passions, both degenerate, for
they both 706

Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious thrift; 709
And a strange thralldom of maternal love,
That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound—by vexation, and regret, and
scorn,

Constrained forgiveness, and relenting
vows,

And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame
concealed—

To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.

—Her wedded days had opened with
mishap, 716

Whence dire dependence. What could
she perform

To shake the burthen off? Ah! there
was felt,

Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.

She mused, resolved, adhered to her
resolve; 720

The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the
heart

Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's
blessing

Not seeking from that source, she placed
her trust

In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could be
spared, 725

From each day's need, out of each day's
least gain.

“Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
Save the contentment of the builder's
mind;

A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content; 731

A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart de-
plored.

Dread life of conflict! which I oft com-
pared

To the agitation of a brook that runs 735

Down a rocky mountain, buried now and
lost

In silent pools, now in strong eddies
chained;

But never to be charmed to gentleness:

Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathom-
ing. 740

“A sudden illness seized her in the
strength

Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon,
almost 745

To anger, by the malady that griped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing
power,

As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?

She prayed, she moaned;—her husband's
sister watched 749

Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she
rule,’

This was the death-doomed Woman heard
to say

In bitterness, ‘and must she rule and
reign,

Sole Mistress of this house, when I am
gone? 755

Tend what I tended, calling it her own!’
Enough;—I fear, too much.—One vernal
evening,

While she was yet in prime of health and
strength,

I well remember, while I passed her door
Alone, with loitering step, and upward
eye 760

Turned towards the planet Jupiter that
hung

Above the centre of the Vale, a voice

Roused me, her voice; it said, ‘That
glorious star

In its untroubled element will shine
As now it shines, when we are laid in
earth 765

And safe from all our sorrows.’ With a
sigh

She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained

By faith in glory that shall far transcend
Aught by these perishable heavens dis-
closed

To sight or mind. Nor less than care
divine 770

Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
Was into meekness softened and sub-
dued ;

Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink into the grave ;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust, 775
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
Tho' in this Vale, remembered with deep
awe."

THE Vicar paused ; and toward a seat
advanced,

A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-
yard wall ; 779

Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worship, while
the bells

Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.

Beneath the shade we all sate down ; and
there 785

His office, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of
Mazch,

Screened by its parent, so that little
mound

Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small
heap 790

Speaks for itself ; an Infant there doth
rest ;

The sheltering hillock is the Mother's
grave.

If mild discourse, and manners that con-
ferred

A natural dignity on humblest rank ;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,

That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;

And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears

Shed when the clouds had gathered and
distained 800

The spotless ether of a maiden life ;
If these may make a hallowed spot of
earth

More holy in the sight of God or Man ;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall

brood 804
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

"Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless
man,

Could field or grove, could any spot of
earth,

Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed ; render back

an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been

trod ! 810
There, by her innocent Baby's precious

grave,
And on the very turf that roofs her own,

The Mother oft was seen to stand, or
kneel

In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not ; the swelling turf reports

Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's
tears 816

Is silent ; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her

Who, at her heart's light bidding, once
had moved

In virgin fearlessness, with step that
seemed 820

Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morn-

ing dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and

airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind ;

and yet,
By reconciliation exquisite and rare, 825

The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-
girl

Were such as might have quickened and
inspired

A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the

shade
What time the hunter's earliest horn is

heard 830
Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm

Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL
TREE;

From dateless usage which our peasants
hold

Of giving welcome to the first of May

By dances round its trunk.—And if the
sky 835

Permit, like honours, dance and song, are
paid

To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty
stars

Or the clear moon. The queen of these
gay sports,

If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the
ground 840

So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were braided;—but this
praise,

Methinks, would better suit another
place.

“She loved, and fondly deemed her-
self beloved.

—The road is dim, the current unper-
ceived, 845

The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure
youth,

May be delivered to distress and shame.
Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen
danced,

Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL
TREE, 850

She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,

Alone, within her widowed Mother's
house.

It was the season of unfolding leaves, 855
Of days advancing toward their utmost
length,

And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening
power

Winds pipe through fading woods; but
those blithe notes 859

Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen
dwelt

Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost
twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked
perch, 865

While all the undergrove is thick with
leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—‘Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to her-
self,

‘Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn
pledge, 870

And nature that is kind in woman's
breast,

And reason that in man is wise and good,
And fear of him who is a righteous judge;

Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that began

Their spring-time with one love, and
that have need 876

Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received; while that poor
bird—

O come and hear him! Thou who hast to
me

Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly
creature, 880

One of God's simple children that yet
know not

The universal Parent, how he sings
As if he wished the firmament of heaven

Should listen, and give back to him the
voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how

far 886

His darkness doth transcend our fickle
light!’

“Such was the tender passage, not by
me

Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had

been 890

Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,

Bedropped with tears. 'Twill please you
to be told

That, studiously withdrawing from the
eye 894

Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource;
How thankful for the warmth of summer
days,

When she could slip into the cottage-
barn,

And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil go
Of their long twilight, pore upon her
book

By the last lingering help of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her
bed!

Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

“A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon
its face

She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought
of,—joy 910

Far livelier than bewildered traveller
feels,

Amid a perilous waste that all night long
Hath harassed him toiling through fear-
ful storm,

When he beholds the first pale speck
serene

Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, re-
vealed, 915

And greets it with thanksgiving. ‘Till
this hour,’

Thus, in her Mother’s hearing Ellen
spake,

‘There was a stony region in my heart;
But He, at whose command the parchèd
rock

Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-
ing stream, 920

Hath softened that obduracy, and made
Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I
breathe

The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake,
My Infant! and for that good Mother
dear, 925

Who bore me; and hath prayed for me
in vain;—

Yet not in vain; it shall not be in vain.’

She spake, nor was the assurance unful-
filled;

And if heart-rending thoughts would oft
return,

They stayed not long.—The blameless
Infant grew; 930

The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
loved

They soon were proud of; tended it and
nursed;

A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant
lands;

Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may ob-
serve 936

Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it
adorns.

“Through four months’ space the Infant
drew its food

From the maternal breast; then scruples
rose; 940

Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
came and crossed

The fond affection. She no more could
bear

By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget

Their slender means: so, to that parent’s
care 945

Trusting her child, she left their common
home,

And undertook with dutiful content
A Foster-mother’s office.

‘Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple
vales

The natural feeling of equality 950
Is by domestic service unimpaired;

Yet, though such service be, with us,
removed

From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungente mind can easily find means
To impose severe restraints and laws
unjust, 955

Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to
feel:

For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
Of such excitement and divided thought

As with her office would but ill accord)
 The pair, whose infant she was bound to
 nurse, 960
 Forbad her all communion with her own :
 Week after week, the mandate they en-
 forced.

—So near! yet not allowed upon that
 sight

To fix her eyes—alas! 'twas hard to bear!
 But worse affliction must be borne—far
 worse; 965

For 'tis Heaven's will—that, after a disease
 Begun and ended within three days' space,
 Her child should die; as Ellen now ex-
 claimed,

Her own—deserted child!—Once, only
 once,

She saw it in that mortal malady; 970
 And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
 Permission to attend its obsequies.

She reached the house, last of the funeral
 train;

And some one, as she entered, having
 chanced

To urge unthinkingly their prompt de-
 parture, 975

'Nay,' said she, with commanding look,
 a spirit

Of anger never seen in her before,
 'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down
 she sate,

And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
 Weeping and looking, looking on and
 weeping, 980

Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
 Until at length her soul was satisfied.

"You see the Infant's Grave; and to
 this spot,

The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps :
 Hither she came; here stood, and some-
 times knelt 986

In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene!
 So call her; for not only she bewailed
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitter-
 ness

Her own transgression; penitent sincere
 As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!
 —At length the parents of the foster-
 child, 992

Noting that in despite of their commands
 She still renewed and could not but renew
 Those visitations, ceased to send her
 forth; 995

Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, con-
 fined.

I failed not to remind them that they
 erred;

For holy Nature might not thus be
 crossed,

Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain
 I pleaded—

But the green stalk of Ellen's life was
 snapped, 1000

And the flower drooped; as every eye
 could see,

It hung its head in mortal languishment.
 —Aided by this appearance, I at length

Prevailed; and, from those bonds released,
 she went

Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled;

The rash betrayer could not face the
 shame 1006

Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had
 caused;

And little would his presence, or proof
 given

Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
 For, like a shadow, he was passed away

From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to
 her mind 1011

For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
 Save only those which to their common

shame,
 And to his moral being appertained:

Hope from that quarter would, I know,
 have brought 1015

A heavenly comfort; there she recognised
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;

There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,

Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
 In blindness all too near the river's edge;

That work a summer flood with hasty
 swell 1021

Had swept away; and now her Spirit
 longed

For its last flight to heaven's security.

—The bodily frame wasted from day to
 day;

Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
 Her mind she strictly tutored to find
 peace 1026
 And pleasure in endurance. Much she
 thought,
 And much she read; and brooded feel-
 ingly
 Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
 Her heart she opened; and no pains were
 spared 1031
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing
 words.
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified
 on earth!
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she
 sate, 1035
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
 May I not mention—that, within those
 walls,
 In due observance of her pious wish,
 The congregation joined with me in
 prayer 1040
 For her soul's good? Nor was that office
 vain.
 —Much did she suffer: but, if any friend,
 Beholding her condition, at the sight
 Give way to words of pity or complaint,
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof,
 and said, 1045
 'He who afflicts me knows what I can
 bear;
 And, when I fail, and can endure no
 more,
 Will mercifully take me to himself.'
 So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit
 passed
 Into that pure and unknown world of
 love 1050
 Where injury cannot come:—and here is
 laid
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks
 made known
 That each had listened with his inmost
 heart.
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less
 strong 1055

Or less benign than that which I had felt
 When seated near my venerable Friend,
 Under those shady elms, from him I
 heard
 The story that retraced the slow decline
 Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath
 With the neglected house to which she
 clung. 1061
 —I noted that the Solitary's cheek
 Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased
 though sad,
 More pleased than sad, the grey-haired
 Wanderer sate;
 Thanks to his pure imaginative soul 1065
 Capacious and serene; his blameless life,
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth,
 and love
 Of human kind! He was it who first
 broke
 The pensive silence, saying:—
 "Blest are they
 Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
 Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have
 erred. 1071
 This tale gives proof that Heaven most
 gently deals
 With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's
 fate,
 Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have
 heard 1075
 Of one who died within this vale, by doom
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.
 Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the
 bones
 Of Wilfred Armathwaite?"
 The Vicar answered,
 "In that green nook, close by the Church-
 yard wall, 1080
 Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
 In memory and for warning, and in sign
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been
 known,
 Of reconciliation after deep offence—
 There doth he rest. No theme his fate
 supplies 1085
 For the smooth glozings of the indulgent
 world;
 Nor need the windings of his devious
 course
 Be here retraced;—enough that, by mishap

And venial error, robbed of competence,
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
He craved a substitute in troubled joy ;
Against his conscience rose in arms, and,
 braving 1092
Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-
vow.

That which he had been weak enough to do
Was misery in remembrance; he was
stung, 1095
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the
smiles

Of wife and children stung to agony.
Wretched at home, he gained no peace
abroad ;

Ranged through the mountains, slept
upon the earth, 1000

Asked comfort of the open air, and found
No quiet in the darkness of the night,
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.

His flock he slighted : his paternal fields
Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
To fly—but whither ! And this gracious
Church, 1105

That wears a look so full of peace and hope

And love, benignant mother of the vale,
How fair amid her brood of cottages !
She was to him a sickness and reproach.
Much to the last remained unknown : but
this

Is sure, that through remorse and grief
he died :

Though pitied among men, absolved by
God,

He could not find forgiveness in himself ;
Nor could endure the weight of his own
shame.

“Here rests a Mother. But from her
I turn III 5

And from her grave.—Behold—upon that
ridge,

That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,

Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where
she dwelt ;

And where yet dwells her faithful Partner,
left

1120

(Full eight years past) the solitary prop

Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to
a tale

Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine
eyes

See daily in that happy family.
—Bright garland form they for the pen-
sive brow

Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—
not one,

Not one of all the band, a full-blown
flower.

Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious
fear,

Now, by experience taught, he stands
assured,

That God, who takes away, yet takes not
half

Of what he seems to take; or gives it
back,

Not to our prayer, but far beyond our
prayer;

He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,
And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these
truths, II40

Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth,
or grown

Out of the living rock, to be adorned 1145
By nature only ; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover, then, a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

“Brought from the woods the honey-
suckle twines

Around the porch, and seems, in that
trim place, 1150

A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will
be soon

Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the
garden-wall,

And with the flowers are intermingled
stones

Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of
 the hills. 1155
 These ornaments, that fade not with the
 year,
 A hardy Girl continues to provide;
 Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky
 heights,
 Her Father's prompt attendant, does for
 him
 All that a boy could do, but with delight
 More keen and prouder daring; yet hath
 she, 1161
 Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
 For her own flowers and favourite herbs,
 a space,
 By sacred charter, holden for her use.
 —These, and whatever else the garden
 bears 1165
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
 I freely gather; and my leisure draws
 A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
 Of bees around their range of sheltered
 hives
 Busy in that enclosure; while the rill,
 That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes
 his voice 1171
 To the pure course of human life which
 there
 Flows on in solitude. But, when the
 gloom

Of night is falling round my steps, then
 most
 This Dwelling charms me; often I stop
 short, 1175
 (Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth
 my sight
 With prospect of the company within,
 Laid open through the blazing window:—
 there
 I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
 Spinning amain, as if to overtake 1180
 The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
 Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
 That skill in this or other household
 work,
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand,
 herself,
 While she was yet a little-one, had
 learned. 1185
 Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are
 gay;
 And the whole house seems filled with
 gaiety.
 —Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be
 deemed,
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
 I turned, that ye in mind might witness
 where, 1190
 And how, her Spirit yet survives on
 earth!"

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. —(CONTINUED).

ARGUMENT.

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind.—Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart.—Clergyman and his Family.—Fortunate influence of change of situation.—Activity in extreme old age.—Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue.—Lamentations over mis-directed applause.—Instance of less exalted excellence in a deaf man.—Elevated character of a blind man.—Reflection upon Blindness.—Interrupted by a Peasant who passes—his animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity.—He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees.—A female Infant's Grave.—Joy at her Birth.—Sorrow at her Departure.—A youthful Peasant—his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities—his untimely death.—Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture.—Solitary how affected.—Monument of a Knight.—Traditions concerning him.—Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society.—Hints at his own past Calling.—Thanks the Pastor.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the Historian passed, The words he uttered, and the scene that lay Before our eyes, awakened in my mind Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours; When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale, 5 (What time the splendour of the setting sun Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow, On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur) A wandering Youth, I listened with de- light To pastoral melody or warlike air, 10 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp By some accomplished Master, while he sate Amid the quiet of the green recess, And there did inexhaustibly dispense An interchange of soft or solemn tunes, 15	Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice From youth or maiden, or some honoured chief Of his compatriot villagers (that hung Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes 20 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power Were they, to seize and occupy the sense; But to a higher mark than song can reach Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the stream 25 Which overflowed the soul was passed away, A consciousness remained that it had left, Deposited upon the silent shore Of memory, images and precious thoughts, That shall not die, and cannot be de- stroyed. 30 “These grassy heaps lie amicably close,”
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Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind
 Along the surface of a mountain pool:
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we
 behold
 Five graves, and only five, that rise to-
 gether 35
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
 On the smooth playground of the village-
 school?"

The Vicar answered,—“No disdainful
 pride
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course
 Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
 To place those hillocks in that lonely
 guise. 41
 —Once more look forth, and follow with
 your sight
 The length of road that from yon moun-
 tain's base
 Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till
 its line
 Is lost within a little tuft of trees; 45
 Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
 The cultured fields; and up the heathy
 waste,
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
 Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft, 50
 By which the road is hidden, also hides
 A cottage from our view; though I discern
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
 The smokeless chimney-top.—

All unembowered
 And naked stood that lowly Parsonage 55
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest
 roads
 By which our northern wilds could then
 be crossed; 60
 And into most of these secluded vales
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest ar-
 rived
 With store of household goods, in pan-
 niers slung
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling
 bells, 65
 And on the back of more ignoble beast;

That, with like burthen of effects most
 prized
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight
 years;
 But still, methinks, I see them as they
 passed 70
 In order, drawing toward their wished-
 for home.
 —Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised
 freight,
 Each in his basket nodding drowsily;
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with
 flowers, 75
 Which told it was the pleasant month of
 June;
 And, close behind, the comely Matron
 rode,
 A woman of soft speech and gracious
 smile,
 And with a lady's mien.—From far they
 came,
 Even from Northumbrian hills; yet theirs
 had been 80
 A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
 By music, prank, and laughter-stirring
 jest;
 And freak put on, and arch word dropped—
 to swell
 The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
 That gathered round the slowly-moving
 train. 85
 —‘Whence do they come? and with what
 errand charged?
 Belong they to the foretune-telling tribe
 Who pitch their tents under the green-
 wood tree?
 Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
 Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the
 Wood, 90
 And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set
 forth
 The lucky venture of sage Whittington,
 When the next village hears the show
 announced
 By blast of trumpet?’ Plenteous was the
 growth
 Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen 95
 On many a staring countenance portrayed
 Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.

And more than once their steadiness of
face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And questions in authoritative tone, 101
From some staid guardian of the public
peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he
rode,

In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,
By notice indirect, or blunt demand 105
From traveller halting in his own despite,
A simple curiosity to ease:

Of which adventures, that beguiled and
cheered

Their grave migration, the good pair
would tell,

With undiminished glee, in hoary age. 110

“A Priest he was by function; but his
course

From his youth up, and high as man-
hood's noon,

(The hour of life to which he then was
brought)

Had been irregular, I might say, wild;
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care

Too little checked. An active, ardent
mind; 116

A fancy pregnant with resource and
scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and

games;
A generous spirit, and a body strong 120

To cope with stoutest champions of the
bowl;

Had earned for him sure welcome, and
the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
Of country 'squire; or at the statelier

board
Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly

pomp 125

Withdrawn,—to while away the summer
hours

In condescension among rural guests.

“With these high comrades he had
revelled long,

Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk

By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier
aim 131

Abandoning and all his showy friends,
For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
He turned to this secluded chapelry;

That had been offered to his doubtful
choice 135

By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and
bare

They found the cottage, their allotted
home;

Naked without, and rude within; a spot
With which the Cure not long had been
endowed:

And far remote the chapel stood,—re-
mote, 140

And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
Save through a gap high in the hills, an
opening

Shadeless and shelterless, by driving
showers

Frequented, and beset with howling
winds.

Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might
hang 145

On his own mind, to quarrel with the
choice

Or the necessity that fixed him here;
Apart from old temptations, and con-
strained

To punctual labour in his sacred charge.
See him a constant preacher to the poor!

And visiting, though not with saintly
zeal, 151

Yet, when need was, with no reluctant
will,

The sick in body, or distrest in mind;
And, by as salutary change, compelled

To rise from timely sleep, and meet the
day 155

With no engagement, in his thoughts,
more proud

Or splendid than his garden could afford,
His fields, or mountains by the heath-
cock ranged,

Or the wild brooks; from which he now
returned

Contented to partake the quiet meal 160

Of his own board, where sat his gentle
Mate

And three fair Children, plentifully fed
Though simply, from their little house-
hold farm;

Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
By nature yielded to his practised
hand;— 165

To help the small but certain comings-in
Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
A charitable door.

So days and years

Passed on;—the inside of that rugged
house 170

Was trimmed and brightened by the
Matron's care,

And gradually enriched with things of
price,

Which might be lacked for use or orna-
ment.

What, though no soft and costly sofa
there

Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the
walls, 176

Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fended, which at
once

Repelled the storm and deadened its loud
roar.

Their snow-white curtains hung in decent
folds; 180

Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain-
plants,

That creep along the ground with sinuous
trail,

Were nicely braided; and composed a
work

Like Indian mats, that with appropriate
grace

Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun
wool 186

But tintured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festal
days,

Covered the smooth blue slabs of moun-
tain-stone

With which the parlour-floor, in simplest
guise 190

Of pastoral homesteads, had been long
inlaid.

“Those pleasing works the Housewife's
skill produced:

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
A thriving covert! And when wishes,
formed 196

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper
mind,

Restored me to my native valley, here
To end my days; well pleased was I to
see

The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-
side, 200

Screen'd from assault of every bitter
blast;

While the dark shadows of the summer
leaves

Danced in the breeze, chequering its
mossy roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing
help

To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed, 206

Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

“But how could I say, gently? for he
still

Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat at
nights 211

Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few likings had he dropped, few plea-
sures lost;

Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
And still his harsher passions kept their
hold— 215

Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in
glee

Of long-past banquetings with high-born
friends:

Then, from those lulling fits of vain de-
light 219

Uproused by recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

—Those transports, with staid looks of
pure good-will,

And with soft smile, his consort would
reprove. 225
She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was ad-
vanced
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound.
Him might we liken to the setting sun 230
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from
the west
With an inconstant and unmellowed
light;
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray 236
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like hea-
ven's dew, 240
Without reserve descending upon both.

“Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of the
Vale!
And, to his unmolested mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty
years; 245
Sparing both old and young in that
abode.
Suddenly then they disappeared: not
twice
Had summer scorched the fields; not
twice had fallen,
On those high peaks, the first autumnal
snow,
Before the greedy visiting was closed, 250
And the long-privileged house left empty
—swept
As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
Had been among them; all was gentle
death,
One after one, with intervals of peace.
A happy consummation! an accord 255
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save
that here
Was something which to mortal sense
might sound
Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last, survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-
prized gift, 261
His little smiling Grandchild, were no
more.

“‘All gone, all vanished! he deprived
and bare,
How will he face the remnant of his life?
What will become of him?’ we said, and
mused 265
In sad conjectures—‘Shall we meet him
now
Haunting with rod and line the craggy
brooks?
Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,
Striving to entertain the lonely hours
With music?’ (for he had not ceased to
touch 270
The harp or viol which himself had
framed,
For their sweet purposes, with perfect
skill.)
‘What titles will he keep? will he remain
Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,
A planter, and a rearer from the seed? 275
A man of hope and forward-looking mind
Even to the last!’—Such was he, un-
subdued.
But Heaven was gracious; yet a little
while,
And this Survivor, with his cheerful
throng
Of open projects, and his inward hoard
Of unsunned griefs, too many and too
keen, 281
Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment. Like a shadow
thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, while reclined he
lay 285
For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,
Their lenient term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there
behold)
By yet a higher privilege once more 290
Were gathered to each other.”

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words;
 Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear
 Lest in those passages of life were some
 That might have touched the sick heart
 of his Friend 295
 Too nearly, or intent to reinforce
 His own firm spirit in degree deprest
 By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
 Thus silence broke:—"Behold a thought-
 less Man
 From vice and premature decay pre-
 served 300
 By useful habits, to a fitter soil
 Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit,
 lodged
 Amid the untrodden desert, tells his
 beads,
 With each repeating its allotted prayer,
 And thus divides and thus relieves the
 time; 305
 Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose
 mind could string,
 Not scantily, bright minutes on the
 thread
 Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile
 A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
 Till gentlest death released him.
 Far from us
 Be the desire—too curiously to ask 311
 How much of this is but the blind
 result
 Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
 And what to higher powers is justly
 due.
 But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring
 vale 315
 A Priest abides before whose life such
 doubts
 Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature
 lie
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes
 Of reason, honourably effaced by debts
 Which her poor treasure-house is content
 to owe, 320
 And conquests over her dominion gained,
 To which her frowardness must needs
 submit.
 In this one Man is shown a temperance—
 proof

Against all trials; industry severe
 And constant as the motion of the day;
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with
 shade 326
 That might be deemed forbidding, did
 not there
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
 And resolution competent to take 330
 Out of the bosom of simplicity
 All that her holy customs recommend,
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.
 —Preaching, administering, in every work
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks 335
 Of worldly intercourse between man and
 man,
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears
 A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
 With spiritual graces, like a glory,
 crowned."
 "Doubt can be none," the Pastor said,
 "for whom 340
 This portraiture is sketched. The great,
 the good,
 The well-beloved, the fortunate, the
 wise,—
 These titles emperors and chiefs have
 borne,
 Honour assumed or given: and him, the
 WONDERFUL,
 Our simple shepherds, speaking from the
 heart, 345
 Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
 In a dependent chapelry that lies
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
 And, having once espoused, would never
 quit; 350
 Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
 That lowly, great, good Man. A simple
 stone
 May cover him; and by its help, per-
 chance,
 A century shall hear his name pro-
 nounced,
 With images attendant on the sound; 355
 Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight
 close
 In utter night; and of his course remain
 No cognizable vestiges, no more

Than of this breath, which shapes itself
in words
To speak of him, and instantly dis-
solves." 360

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which
round his theme
Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed;
"Noise is there not enough in doleful
war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand
forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din? 366
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless
love—

And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear— 369
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may?
—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and cele-
brate 375

The good man's purposes and deeds;
retrace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end;
That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury
clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the
brain, 380

And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread
o'er field,

Hamlet, and town; and piety survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or bower;
Not for reproof, but high and warm
delight, 385

And grave encouragement, by song in-
spired?

—Vain thought! but wherefore murmur
or repine?

The memory of the just survives in
heaven:

And, without sorrow, will the ground
receive 389

That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what lies here confines us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,

And milder worth: nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards
were paid,
For such example.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose
bare 396

And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches toward me, like a long
straight path

Traced faintly in the greensward; there,
beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman
lies, 400

From whom, in early childhood, was
withdrawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird
of dawn 405

Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his
delight

The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When
stormy winds

Were working the broad bosom of the
lake 410

Into a thousand thousand sparkling
waves,

Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on
cloud

Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye

Was silent as a picture: evermore 415
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he
moved.

Yet, by the solace of his own pure
thoughts

Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful
dog; 420

The plough he guided, and the scythe he
swayed;

And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not: neither field nor flock
he owned: 425

No wish for wealth had place within his
mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or
care.

"Though born a younger brother, need
was none

That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he be-
held 431

His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well
pleased,

By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family; 435

The fellow-labourer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
—Nor deem that his mild presence was a
weight

That pressed upon his brother's house;
for books

Were ready comrades whom he could not
tire; 440

Of whose society the blameless Man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his
thoughts;

Beyond its natural elevation raised 445
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity

Which all acknowledged. The dark
winter night,

The stormy day, each had its own re-
source;

Song of the muses, sage historic tale, 450
Science severe, or word of holy Writ

Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of just men
Made perfect, and from injury secure.

—Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the
field, 455

To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-
plaint:

And they, who were about him, did not
fail

In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners: and his peaceful
smiles, 460

The gleams of his slow-varying counte-
nance,
Were met with answering sympathy and
love.

"At length, when sixty years and five
were told,

A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature: and a few short
steps 465

Of friends and kindred bore him from his
home

(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.

—Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful
grief; 470

Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now that monumental stone pre-
serves

His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward
aids, 474

And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.

—And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing
sound

Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;

And, at the touch of every wandering
breeze, 480

Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful
of things!

Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!
Whose sacred influence, spread through
earth and heaven,

We all too thanklessly participate, 485
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him

Whose place of rest is near yon ivied
porch.

Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-
plained;

Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined, course.
What terror doth it strike into the mind

To think of one, blind and alone, ad-
vancing 492

Straight toward some precipice's airy
brink!

But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed
 his steps,
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
 And on the very edge of vacancy 496
 Not more endangered than a man whose
 eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret
 blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough
 hills,
 Nor in the woods, that could from him
 conceal 500
 Its birthplace; none whose figure did
 not live
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the
 earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious
 mind;
 The ocean paid him tribute from the
 stores
 Lodged in her bosom; and, by science
 led, 505
 His genius mounted to the plains of
 heaven.
 —Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls
 rolled,
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness
 paired,—
 But each instinct with spirit; and the
 frame
 Of the whole countenance alive with
 thought, 510
 Fancy, and understanding: while the
 voice
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth
 With eloquence, and such authentic
 power,
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge
 stood
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed.” 515

“A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,
 A marvellous spectacle,” the Wanderer
 said,

“Beings like these present! But proof
 abounds

Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease
 to be. 520

And to the mind among her powers of
 sense

This transfer is permitted,—not alone
 That the bereft their recompense may
 win;

But for remoter purposes of love
 And charity; nor last nor least for
 this, 525

That to the imagination may be given
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
 Darkness is banished from the realms of
 death,

By man's imperishable spirit, quelled. 530
 Unto the men who see not as we see
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.

And know we not that from the blind
 have flowed

The highest, holiest, raptures of the
 lyre; 535

And wisdom married to immortal verse?”

Among the humbler Worthies, at our
 feet

Lying insensible to human praise,
 Love, or regret,—*whose* lineaments would
 next

Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it
 chanced 540

That, near the quiet churchyard where
 we sate,

A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
 Whose sharp descent confounded their
 array,

Came at that moment, ringing noisily. 545

“Here,” said the Pastor, “do we muse,
 and mourn

The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
 Stretched on his bier—that massy timber
 wain;

Nor fail to note the Man who guides the
 team.”

He was a peasant of the lowest class: 550
 Grey locks profusely round his temples
 hung

In clustering curls, like ivy, which the
 bite

Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air
 lodged

Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a
smile. 555

When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident-to-morrows; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and
shrewd. 561

His gestures note,—and hark! his tones
of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered, "You have read
him well.

Year after year is added to his store 565
With *silent* increase: summers, winters—
past,

Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix 570
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose;
Possessed like outskirts of some large
domain,

By any one more thought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless
lord! 575

Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight; hears, too, every sabbath
day,

The Christian promise with attentive ear;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him, 580
Though of the kind which beasts and
birds present

In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.

How many scrupulous worshippers fall
down

Upon their knees, and daily homage
pay 585

Less worthy, less religious even, than his!

"This qualified respect, the old Man's
due,

Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-
smile)

"I feel at times a motion of despite 590
Towards one, whose bold contrivances and
skill,

As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
part

In works of havoc; taking from these
vales,

One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore 595
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours
nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noontide dew
were damped, 600

And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship
Launched into Morecambe-bay, to *him*
hath owed

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast
that bears

The loftiest of her pendants; He, from
park 605

Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thou-
sand spindles:

And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
Content with meaner prowess, must have
lacked

The trunk and body of its marvellous
strength, 610

If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot— 615

That sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent¹

On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they
shear

The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL
ELM, 620

Around whose trunk the maidens dance
in May—

And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their
several rights

¹ See Note, p. 933.

In vain, if he were master of their fate ;
His sentence to the axe would doom
them all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is, 625
And promising to keep his hold on earth
Less, as might seem, in rivalry with
men

Than with the forest's more enduring
growth,

His own appointed hour will come at
last ;

And, like the haughty Spoilers of the
world, 630

This keen Destroyer, in his' turn, must
fall.

"Now from the living pass we once
again :

From Age," the Priest continued, "turn
your thoughts ;

From Age, that often unlamented drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three
spans long ! 635

—Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the
board

Of Gold-rill side ; and, when the hope
had ceased

Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of the
whole ;

And so acknowledged with a tremulous
joy 640

Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm
With which by nature every mother's soul
Is stricken in the moment when her throes
Are ended, and her ears have heard the
cry

Which tells her that a living child is
born ; 645

And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the dread storm is weathered by
them both.

"The Father—him at this unlooked-
for gift

A bolder transport seizes. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open
door, 650

Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, almost to all that pass ;
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer

Spread on the never-empty board, and
drink

Health and good wishes to his new-born
girl, 655

From cups replenished by his joyous
hand.

—Those seven fair brothers variously were
moved

Each by the thoughts best suited to his
years :

But most of all and with most thankful
mind

The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched ;
A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained
To fill the total measure of his soul !

—From the low tenement, his own abode,
Whither, as to a little private cell,

He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and
noise, 665

To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
Once every day he duteously repaired

To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe :
For in that female infant's name he heard
The silent name of his departed wife ;

Heart-stirring music ! hourly heard that
name ; 671

Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret
Green,'

Often did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill
side.'

"Oh ! pang unthought of, as the pre-
cious boon

Itself had been unlooked-for ; oh ! dire
stroke 675

Of desolating anguish for them all !

—Just as the Child could totter on the
floor,

And, by some friendly finger's help up-
stayed

Ranged round the garden walk, while she
perchance

Was catching at some novelty of spring.
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its
cell 681

Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful
season

The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction ; whence, all unfore-
warned, 685

The household lost their pride and soul's delight.

—But time hath power to soften all regrets,

And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress

Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears

Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye 690

Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,

Yet this departed Little-one, too long

The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps

In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

“On a bright day—so calm and bright, it seemed 695

To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair—

These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;

A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse Let down into the hollow of that grave,

Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould. 700

Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!

Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,

That they may knit together, and there-with

Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!

Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss. 705

Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,

To me as precious as my own!—Green herbs

May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)

Over thy last abode, and we may pass

Reminded less imperiously of thee;— 710

The ridge itself may sink into the breast

Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;

Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,

Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash 714

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove

Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head

Decked with autumnal berries, that out-shine

Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,

By a brook-side or solitary tarn,

How she her station doth adorn: the pool 720

Glow as at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks

Are brightened round her. In his native vale

Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;

A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts

By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam 725

Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,

By all the graces with which nature's hand

Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards

Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,

Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form: 730

Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,

Discovered in their own despite to sense

Of mortals (if such fables without blame

May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)—

So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise, 735

And through the impediment of rural cares,

In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;

And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,

In him the spirit of a hero walked

Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit

Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If

touched by him, 741

The inglorious football mounted to the pitch

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,

Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!

The indefatigable fox had learned 745

To dread his perseverance in the chase.

With admiration would he lift his eyes

To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand

Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:

Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak 750

To guard the royal brood. The sailing

glead,

The wheeling swallow, and the darting

snipe,

The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere, 755
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast

Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats;

Our Country marked the preparation vast
 Of hostile forces; and she called—with voice 760

That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,

And in remotest vales was heard—to arms!

—Then, for the first time, here you might have seen

The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet changed,

That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields. 765

Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,

From this lone valley, to a central spot
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and choice

Of the surrounding district, they might learn 770

The rudiments of war; ten—hardy, strong,

And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief

And yet a modest comrade, led them forth

From their shy solitude, to face the world,

With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet 776

Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound

To most laborious service, though to them
 A festival of unencumbered ease;

The inner spirit keeping holiday, 780
 Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

“Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,

Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,

Among his fellows, while an ample map
 Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
 From which the gallant teacher would discourse, 786

Now pointing this way, and now that.
 —‘Here flows,’

Thus would he say, ‘the Rhine, that famous stream!

Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,

A mightier river, winds from realm to realm; 790

And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back

Bespotted—with innumerable isles:

Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk;
 observe

His capital city!’ Thence, along a tract
 Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,
 His finger moved, distinguishing the spots 796

Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged;

Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
 On which the sons of mighty Germany
 Were taught a base submission.—‘Here behold 800

A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,

Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,

And mountains white with everlasting snow!’

—And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow,

Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
 Of that young peasantry, who, in our days, 806

Have fought and perished for Helvetia's rights—

Ah, not in vain!—or those who, in old time,

For work of happier issue, to the side
 Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts, 810

When he had risen alone! No braver Youth

Descended from Judean heights, to march
With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in
arms

When grove was felled, and altar was cast
down,

And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-in-
flamed, 815

And strong in hatred of idolatry."

The Pastor, even as if by these last
words

Raised from his seat within the chosen
shade,

Moved towards the grave;—instinctively
his steps

We followed; and my voice with joy
exclaimed: 820

"Power to the Oppressors of the world
is given,

A might of which they dream not. Oh!
the curse,

To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;

And, to whole nations bound in servile
straits, 825

The liberal donor of capacities

More than heroic! this to be, nor yet

Have sense of one connatural wish, nor
yet

Deserve the least return of human thanks;
Winning no recompense but deadly hate

With pity mixed, astonishment with
scorn!" 831

When this involuntary strain had
ceased,

The Pastor said: "So Providence is
served;

The forked weapon of the skies can send
Illumination into deep, dark holds, 835

Which the mild sunbeam hath not power
to pierce.

Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and
cast

Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear*!
For, not unconscious of the mighty debt

Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer
owes, 840

Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet

Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,

By horror of their impious rites, pre-
served;

Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon 846
Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'

This hallowed grave demands, where rests
in peace

A humble champion of the better cause;
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he

asked 851

No higher name; in whom our country
showed,

As in a favourite son, most beautiful.
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,

Spread with the spreading of her wealthy
arts, 855

England, the ancient and the free, ap-
peared

In him to stand before my swimming
eyes,

Unconquerably virtuous and secure.
—No more of this, lest I offend his dust:

Short was his life, and a brief tale re-
mains. 860

"One day—a summer's day of annual
pomp

And solemn chase—from morn to sultry
noon

His steps had followed, fleetest of the
fleet,

The red-deer driven along its native
heights

With cry of hound and horn; and, from
that toil 865

Returned with sinews weakened and re-
laxed,

This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng

convened

To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire

Seized him, that self-same night; and
through the space 871

Of twelve ensuing days his frame was
wrenched,

Till nature rested from her work in death.
To him, thus snatched away, his com-
rades paid 874

A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless
blue— 876

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering
there,

From some commanding eminence had
looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would
he have seen 880

A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid: seldom hath that eye been
moist

With tears, that wept not then; nor were
the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth
to join

In this sad service, less disturbed than
we. 885

They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which an-
nounced,

Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave;

And distant mountains echoed with a
sound

Of lamentation, never heard before !”

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable
Friend 891

Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood

Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response,

Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide
land, 896

The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
Its rights and virtues—by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure
heart 900

With patriotic confidence and joy.

And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside ;

Whether through manly instinct to con-
ceal

Tender emotions spreading from the
heart 905

To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humours of habitual spleen

That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man

Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes
urged

To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.

—Right toward the sacred Edifice his
steps 911

Had been directed ; and we saw him now
Intent upon a monumental stone,

Whose uncouth form was grafted on the
wall,

Or rather seemed to have grown into the
side 915

Of the rude pile ; as oftentimes trunks of
trees,

Where nature works in wild and craggy
spots,

Are seen incorporate with the living
rock—

To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note
Of his employment, with a courteous
smile 920

Exclaimed—

“The sagest Antiquarian's eye
That task would foil ;” then, letting fall
his voice

While he advanced, thus spake : “Tradition tells

That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse sumptuously at-
tired, 925

And fixed his home in this sequestered
vale.

'Tis left untold if here he first drew
breath,

Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,
Unknowing and unknown. A pleasing
thought

I sometimes entertain, that haply bound
To Scotland's court in service of his
Queen, 931

Or sent on mission to some northern
Chief

Of England's realm, this vale he might
have seen

With transient observation ; and thence
caught

An image fair, which, brightening in his
soul 935

When joy of war and pride of chivalry
Languished beneath accumulated years,

Had power to draw him from the world,
resolved

To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned.

“Vague thoughts are these ; but, if be-
lief may rest 941

Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield,
and borne

Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked 945
With brodered housings. And the lofty
Steed—

His sole companion, and his faithful
friend,

Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes
Of admiration and delightful awe, 950
By those untravelled Dalesmen. With
less pride,

Yet free from touch of envious discontent,
They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
Like a bright star, amid the lowly band
Of their rude homesteads. Here the
Warrior dwelt ; 955

And, in that mansion, children of his own,
Or kindred, gathered round him. As a
tree

That falls and disappears, the house is
gone ;

And, through improvidence or want of
love

For ancient worth and honourable things,
The spear and shield are vanished, which
the Knight 961

Hung in his rustic hall. One ivied arch
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
Of that foundation in domestic care

Raised by his hands. And now no trace
is left 965

Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this
stone,

Faithless memorial ! and his family name
Borne by yon clustering cottages, that
sprang

From out the ruins of his stately lodge :
These, and the name and title at full
length,— 970

Sir Alfred Erthing, with appropriate
words

Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
Or posy, girding round the several fronts

Of three clear-sounding and harmonious
bells,

That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.”

“So fails, so languishes, grows dim,
and dies,” 976

The grey-haired Wanderer pensively ex-
claimed,

“All that this world is proud of. From
their spheres

The stars of human glory are cast down ;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings¹,

Princes, and emperors, and the crowns
and palms 981

Of all the mighty, withered and con-
sumed !

Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man him-
self

Departs ; and soon is spent the line of
those 985

Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,

Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed,
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a
smile

Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed : to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden over-
throw : 995

Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire ; and nature’s pleasant robe of
green,

Humanity’s appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. The
vast Frame

Of social nature changes evermore 1000
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at
need,—

And by this law the mighty whole sub-
sists :

With an ascent and progress in the
main ; 1005

¹ See Note, p. 933.

Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the
hopes

And expectations of self-flattering minds!

“The courteous Knight, whose bones
are here interred,

Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of
men; 1010

Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age!

Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright
clouds

That, on the steady breeze of honour,
sailed 1015

In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright order
fade,

And its devotion gradually decline,
(While war, relinquishing the lance and
shield,

Her temper changed, and bowed to other
laws) 1020

Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn
roof,

And old religious house—pile after pile;
And shook their tenants out into the
fields, 1026

Like wild beasts without home! Their
hour was come;

But why no softening thought of grati-
tude,

No just remembrance, scruple, or wise
doubt?

Benevolence is mild; nor borrows help,

Save at worst need, from bold impetuous
force, 1031

Fitliest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might
Of mutability; and airy hopes,
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feed
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened nations at the
sight

Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

“Even,” said the Wanderer, “as that
courteous Knight, 1041

Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentle-
ness,

(If I may venture of myself to speak, 1045
Trusting that not incongruously I blend
Low things with lofty) I too shall be
doomed

To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my youth
embraced

With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere
seemlier now 1051

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher
thanks

For the pathetic records which his voice
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt
truth,

Tending to patience when affliction
strikes; 1055

To hope and love; to confident repose
In God; and reverence for the dust of
Man.”

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house.—Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the Wanderer—and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit.—Favourable effects.—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes.—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth.—Physical science unable to support itself.—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society.—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill.—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed.—Conversation broken off by a renewed invitation from the Pastor.—Path leading to his House.—Its appearance described.—His Daughter.—His Wife.—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion.—Their happy appearance.—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale To those acknowledgments subscribed his own, With a sedate compliance, which the Priest Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said :— “If ye, by whom invited I began 5 These narratives of calm and humble life, Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained; And in return for sympathy bestowed And patient listening, thanks accept from me. —Life, death, eternity! momentous themes 10 Are they—and might demand a seraph's tongue, Were they not equal to their own support; And therefore no incompetence of mine Could do them wrong. The universal forms Of human nature, in a spot like this, 15 Present themselves at once to all men's view: Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make The individual known and understood;	And such as my best judgment could select From what the place afforded, have been given; 20 Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal To his might well be likened, who unlocks A cabinet stored with gems and pictures— draws His treasures forth, soliciting regard To this, and this, as worthier than the last, 25 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased More than the exhibitor himself, becomes Weary and faint, and longs to be released. —But let us hence! my dwelling is in sight, And there—” At this the Solitary shrunk 30 With backward will; but, wanting not address That inward motion to disguise, he said To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake; —“The peaceable remains of this good Knight Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn, 35
---	---

If consciousness could reach him where
he lies

That one, albeit of these degenerate times,
Deploring changes past, or dreading
change

Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in
thought,

The fine vocation of the sword and lance
With the gross aims and body-bending
toil 41

Of a poor brotherhood who walk the
earth

Pitied, and, where they are not known,
despised.

"Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the
two estates

Are graced with some resemblance.
Errant those, 45

Exiles and wanderers—and the like are
these;

Who, with their burthen, traverse hill
and dale,

Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.
—What though no higher recompense be
sought

Than honest maintenance, by irksome
toil 50

Full oft procured, yet may they claim
respect,

Among the intelligent, for what this
course

Enables them to be and to perform.
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,

While solitude permits the mind to feel;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply
defects 56

By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse: and to these poor
men

Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)
Is bountiful—go wheresoe'er they may; 60

Kind nature's various wealth is all their
own.

Versed in the characters of men; and
bound,

By ties of daily interest, to maintain
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;

Such have been, and still are in their
degree, 65

Examples efficacious to refine

Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
By importation of unlooked-for arts,
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
Raising, through just gradation, savage
life 70

To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
—Within their moving magazines is
lodged

Power that comes forth to quicken and
exalt

Affections seated in the mother's breast,
And in the lover's fancy; and to feed 75

The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
—By these Itinerants, as experienced
men,

Counsel is given; contention they appease
With gentle language; in remotest wilds,
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings
bring; 80

Could the proud quest of chivalry do
more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer,
"they who gain

A panegyric from your generous tongue!
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone. 85

Their purer service, in this realm at least,
Is past for ever.—An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,
yet

To most strange issues. I have lived to
mark

A new and unforeseen creation rise 90
From out the labours of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen

As that of war, which rests not night
or day,

Industrious to destroy! With fruitless
pains 95

Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod
again,

A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he
came—

Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter
proud, 101

And dignified by battlements and towers

Of some stern castle, mouldering on the
brow

Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-
track wild, 105

And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been
shaped)

Or easier links connecting place with
place)

Have vanished—swallowed up by stately
roads

Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth
has lent 111

Her waters, Air her breezes¹; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side 115
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned
from far.

“Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-
mand,

How quick, how vast an increase! From
the germ

Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and com-
pact, 120

Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and
there,

Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,—spread through
spacious tracts,

O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as
wreaths 126

“Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his
steps,

He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the
plough 131

“Owes to alliance with these new-born
arts!

—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence
the shores

Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the
world 135

With the world's choicest produce.
Hence that sum

Of keels that rest within her crowded
ports,

Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails

That, through her inland regions, to and
fro 140

Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,

Hence a dread arm of floating power, a
voice

Of thunder daunting those who would
approach

With hostile purposes the blessèd Isle, 145
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

“And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving
care

And Heaven's good providence, preserved
from taint! 150

With you I grieve, when on the darker
side

Of this great change I look; and there
behold

Such outrage done to nature as compels
The indignant power to justify herself;

Yea, to avenge her violated rights, 155
For England's bane.—When soothing
darkness spreads

O'er hill and vale,” the Wanderer thus
expressed

His recollections, “and the punctual
stars,

While all things else are gathering to
their homes, 159

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;

As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful
lord;

Then, in full many a region, once like
this 165

The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light

¹ See Note, p. 983.

Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric
huge;

And at the appointed hour a bell is
heard, 170

Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
behest—

A local summons to unceasing toil!

Disgorge are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined
pile, 175

A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
door—

And in the courts—and where the rum-
bling stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens,
youths, 180

Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task re-
sumes

Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master-idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old 185
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and
night

On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were
they; 191

Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the
year,

When in their land the Almighty's ser-
vice ceased. 195

“Triumph who will in these profaner
rites

Which we, a generation self-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see 200
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,

Measuring the force of those gigantic
powers 205

That, by the thinking mind, have been
compelled

To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by
the might 210

Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory
rests, 214

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding
waves,

Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had
been raised. 219

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how
weak 225

Those arts, and high inventions, if un-
propped

By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive
grief,

Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetful-
ness! 230

When from the Wanderer's lips these
words had fallen,

I said, “And, did in truth those vaunted
Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we
escape

Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all
price, 235

The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love, 240

And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-
life

A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?

Where now the beauty of the sabbath
kept 246

With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning
grace

Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled
round?" 251

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passion-
ate response,

"Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;
Which I behold with trembling, when I
think 255

What lamentable change, a year—a
month—

May bring; that brook converting as it
runs

Into an instrument of deadly bane
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their sires, 260
Drink the pure water of its innocent
stream

With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's
heart!

Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn
to eve, 265

The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the
wheel, 269

Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with
pride;

Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the
mind;

Nothing to praise, to teach, or to com-
mand! 275

"The Father, if perchance he still re-
tain

His old employments, goes to field or wood,
No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his*
sight;

Breathing fresh air, and treading the
green earth; 280

Till their short holiday of childhood
ceased,

Ne'er to return! That birthright now is
lost.

Economists will tell you that the State
Thrives by the forfeiture — unfeeling
thought,

And false as monstrous! Can the mother
thrive 285

By the destruction of her innocent sons
In whom a premature necessity
Blocks out the forms of nature, precon-
sumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
The infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay! 291

The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether a pining discontent survive,
And thirst for change; or habit hath sub-
dued 294

The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

"Oh, banish far such wisdom as con-
demns

A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;
Without his own consent, or knowledge,
fixed! 300

He is a slave to whom release comes not,
And cannot come. The boy, where'er he
turns,

Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
Among the clouds, and roars through the
ancient woods;

Or when the sun is shining in the east,
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the
school 306

Of his attainments? no; but with the air
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue
arch.

His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-
flakes

Or locks of wool, announces whence he
comes. 310
Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip
pale,
His respiration quick and audible;
And scarcely could you fancy that a
gleam
Could break from out those languid eyes,
or a blush
Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
Is that the countenance, and such the
port, 316
Of no mean Being? One who should be
clothed
With dignity befitting his proud hope;
Who, in his very childhood, should ap-
pear
Sublime from present purity and joy! 320
The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,
So joyful in its motions, is become
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;
And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
Through the whole body, with a languid
will 326
Performs its functions; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
The gentle visitations of the sun, 330
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-
ceived.
—Can hope look forward to a manhood
raised
On such foundations?"
"Hope is none for him!"
The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as
deep. 336
Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
If there were not, before those arts ap-
peared,
These structures rose, commingling old
and young,
And unripe sex with sex, for mutual
taint; 340
If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed
Isle,
Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at
large;

Yet walked beneath the sun, in human
shape,
As abject, as degraded? At this day, 345
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
And tottering hovels, whence do issue
forth
A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white
growth 350
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Of fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
burnt brows,
By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their
lips;
Naked, and coloured like the soil, the
feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they
drew 355
Some nourishment, as trees do by their
roots,
From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay; but out-
stretched hand
And whining voice denote them suppli-
cants 360
For the least boon that pity can bestow.
Such on the breast of darksome heaths
are found;
And with their parents occupy the skirts
Of furze-clad commons; such are born
and reared
At the mine's mouth under impending
rocks; 365
Or dwell in chambers of some natural
cave;
Or where their ancestors erected huts,
For the convenience of unlawful gain,
In forest purlieus; and the like are bred,
All England through, where nooks and
slips of ground 370
Purloined, in times less jealous than our
own,
From the green margin of the public way,
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
And gaiety of cultivated fields. 374
Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
Do I remember ofttimes to have seen
'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest
watch,

Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand ;

Then, following closely with the cloud of dust, 379

An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.

—Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,

And, on the freight of merry passengers
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed ;

And spin—and pant—and overhead again,
Wild pursuivants ! until their breath is lost, 386

Or bounty tires—and every face, that smiled

Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way.

—But, like the vagrants of the gipsy tribe,

These, bred to little pleasure in themselves, 390

Are profitless to others.

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale
Of civil polity, and early trained

To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,
The bread they eat. A sample should I give 395

Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich

The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose shrill notes

Impart new gladness to the morning air !'
Forgive me if I venture to suspect 400

That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints ;

Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees

Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,

Fellows to those that lustily upheld 405

The wooden stools for everlasting use,
Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his brow !

Under whose shaggy canopy are set
Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy stare—

Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange— 410

Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
A look or motion of intelligence

From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-row,

Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,

Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last. 415

—What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,

What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul

Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice ?

This torpor is no pitiable work 420

Of modern ingenuity ; no town

Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught

Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,
To which (and who can tell where or how soon ?)

He may be roused. This Boy the fields produce : 425

His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering scythe,

The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests

In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
The sceptre of his sway ; his country's name,

Her equal rights, her churches and her schools— 430

What have they done for him ? And, let me ask,

For tens of thousands uninformed as he ?
In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here ?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,

To whom the appeal couched in its closing words 435

Was pointedly addressed ; and to the thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose
Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give

Prompt utterance ; but the Vicar interposed

With invitation urgently renewed. 440

—We followed, taking as he led, a path
Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,

Whose flexile boughs low bending with a weight
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots
 That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds 445
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,
 Is here—how grateful this impervious screen!
 —Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot
 On rural business passing to and fro
 Was the commodious walk: a careful hand 450
 Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o'er
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook.—Across the vale
 The stately fence accompanied our steps;
 And thus the pathway, by perennial green 455
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
 With feminine allurement soft and fair,
 The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend pile 461
 With bold projections and recesses deep;
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
 Fronting the noontide sun. We paused to admire
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
 The low wide windows with their mullions old; 466
 The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone;
 And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned: 470
 Profusion bright! and every flower assuming

A more than natural vividness of hue
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom
 Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here 475
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
 And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green
 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight 481
 For wren and redbreast,—where they sit and sing
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
 Of nicest workmanship; that once had held
 The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
 Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
 On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-mount 491
 Crowned by its antique summer-house—descends,
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
 For she hath recognised her honoured friend,
 The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss 495
 The glad some child bestows at his request;
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
 Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,
 And with a pretty restless hand of love.
 —We enter—by the Lady of the place
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared
 The finer lineaments of form and face;
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in 505

And wisdom loves.—But when a stately
 ship
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid
 coast
 On homeward voyage,—what if wind and
 wave,
 And hardship undergone in various
 climes,
 Have caused her to abate the virgin
 pride, 510
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope
 With which she left her haven—not for
 this,
 Should the sun strike her, and the im-
 partial breeze
 Play on her streamers, fails she to as-
 sume
 Brightness and touching beauty of her
 own, 515
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair,
 appeared
 This goodly Matron, shining in the
 beams
 Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
 Was spread, and we partook a plain re-
 past. 519

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
 The mid-day hours with desultory talk;
 From trivial themes to general argument
 Passing, as accident or fancy led,
 Or courtesy prescribed. While question
 rose 524
 And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
 Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
 Resumed the manners of his happier
 days;
 And in the various conversation bore
 A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
 Yet with the grace of one who in the
 world 530
 Had learned the art of pleasing, and had
 now
 Occasion given him to display his skill,
 Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of
 truth.
 He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
 Upon the landscape of the sun-bright
 vale, 535
 Seen, from the shady room in which we
 sat,

In softened perspective; and more than
 once
 Praised the consummate harmony serene
 Of gravity and elegance, diffused
 Around the mansion and its whole do-
 main; 540
 Not, doubtless, without help of female
 taste
 And female care.—“A blessed lot is
 yours!”
 The words escaped his lip, with a tender
 sigh
 Breathed over them: ’toutsuddenly the door
 Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys 545
 Appeared, confusion checking their de-
 light.
 —Not brothers they in feature or attire,
 But fond companions, so I guessed, in
 field,
 And by the river’s margin—whence they
 come, 549
 Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
 One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
 The boy of plainer garb, whose blush
 survives
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the
 other be
 To that fair girl who from the garden-
 mount
 Bounded:—triumphant entry this for
 him! 555
 Between his hands he holds a smooth
 blue stone,
 On whose capacious surface see outspread
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted
 trouts;
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by
 degrees
 Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
 Upon the board he lays the sky-blue
 stone 561
 With its rich freight; their number he
 proclaims;
 Tells from what pool the noblest had
 been dragged;
 And where the very monarch of the
 brook,
 After long struggle, had escaped at last—
 Stealing alternately at them and us 566
 (As doth his comrade too) a look of pride;
 And, verily, the silent creatures made

A splendid sight, together thus exposed ;
 Dead—but not sullied or deformed by
 death, 570
 That seemed to pity what he could not
 spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
 Of those two boys ! yea in the very words
 With which the young narrator was in-
 spired,
 When, as our questions led, he told at
 large 575
 Of that day's prowess ! Him might I
 compare,
 His looks, tones, gestures, eager elo-
 quence,
 To a bold brook that splits for better
 speed,
 And at the self-same moment, works its
 way
 Through many channels, ever and anon
 Parted and re-united : his compeer 581
 To the still lake, whose stillness is to
 sight
 As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
 —But to what object shall the lovely
 Girl
 Be likened ? She whose countenance and
 air 585

Unite the graceful qualities of both,
 Even as she shares the pride and joy of
 both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved ; his
 vivid eye
 Glistened with tenderness ; his mind, I
 knew,
 Was full ; and had, I doubted not, re-
 turned, 590
 Upon this impulse, to the theme—ere-
 while
 Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys
 Withdrew, on summons to their well-
 earned meal ;
 And He—to whom all tongues resigned
 their rights
 With willingness, to whom the general
 ear 595
 Listened with readier patience than to
 strain
 Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
 That ceased not when his voice had
 ceased—as One
 Who from truth's central point serenely
 views
 The compass of his argument—began 600
 Mildly, and with a clear and steady
 tone.

BOOK NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE.

ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul.—How lively this principle is in Childhood.—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood.—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted.—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government.—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument.—The condition of multitudes deplored.—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light.—Truth placed within reach of the humblest.—Equality.—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to.—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government.—Glorious effects of this foretold.—Walk to the Lake.—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill.—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—in the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him.—The change ascribed to Christianity.—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead.—Gratitude to the Almighty.—Return over the Lake.—Parting with the Solitary.—Under what circumstances.

“To every Form of being is assigned,”
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
“An *active* Principle:—howe’er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures; in the stars 5
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary
rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate’er exists hath properties that
spread 10
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds. 15
This is the freedom of the universe;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know; and yet is revered
least,
And least respected in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home. The food of
hope 20
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by hope

And by desire; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity; 25
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—nay perchance this very
hour
(For every moment hath its own to-
morrow!)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are
almost sick
With present triumph, will be sure to
find 30
A field before them freshened with the
dew
Of other expectations;—in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth
obeys
A like glad impulse; and so moves the
man
’Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and
fears,— 35
Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood—but that there the Soul
discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour; thence can
hear 40

Reverberations; and a choral song,
 Commingling with the incense that as-
 cends,
 Undaunted, toward the imperishable hea-
 vens,
 From her own lonely altar?

Do not think

That good and wise ever will be allowed,
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such
 estate 46

As shall divide them wholly from the stir
 Of hopeful nature. Rightly it is said
 That Man descends into the VALE of
 years;

Yet have I thought that we might also
 speak, 50

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
 As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
 On which 'tis not impossible to sit

In awful sovereignty; a place of power, 55
 A throne, that may be likened unto his,
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
 Down from a mountain-top,—say one of
 those

High peaks, that bound the vale where
 now we are. 59

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
 With all the shapes over their surface
 spread:

But, while the gross and visible frame of
 things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
 Yea almost on the Mind herself, and
 seems 65

All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice
 Of waters, with invigorated peal
 From the full river in the vale below,
 Ascending! For on that superior height
 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
 Of near obstructions, and is privileged 71
 To breathe in solitude, above the host
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
 That suits not them. The murmur of the
 leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear: 75
 This he is freed from, and from thousand
 notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than
 these,)

By which the finer passages of sense
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would
 incline
 To listen, is prevented or deterred. 80

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed
 by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,
 We are not so removed for utter loss;
 But for some favour, suited to our need?
 What more than that the severing should
 confer 85

Fresh power to commune with the in-
 visible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
 To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
 To run the giddy round of vain delight, 91
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the
 hopes

Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
 And termination of his mortal course; 95
 Them only can such hope inspire whose
 minds

Have not been starved by absolute ne-
 glect;

Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
 To whom kind Nature, therefore, may
 afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
 Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may
 ensure. 101

For me, consulting what I feel within
 In times when most existence with herself
 Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
 That, far as kindly Nature hath free
 scope 105

And Reason's sway predominates; even
 so far,

Country, society, and time itself,
 That saps the individual's bodily frame,
 And lays the generations low in dust,
 Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, par-
 take 110

Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
 And cherishing with ever-constant love,
 That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is
 turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made
 An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool 115
 Or implement, a passive thing employed
 As a brute mean, without acknowledg-
 ment

Of common right or interest in the end ;
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
 Say, what can follow for a rational soul
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
 And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
 For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
 And ofttimes Death, avenger of the past,
 And the sole guardian in whose hands we
 dare 125

Entrust the future.—Not for these sad
 issues

Was Man created ; but to obey the law
 Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis
 known

That when we stand upon our native soil,
 Unelbowed by such objects as oppress 130
 Our active powers, those powers them-
 selves become

Strong to subvert our noxious qualities :
 They sweep distemper from the busy day,
 And make the chalice of the big round
 year

Run o'er with gladness ; whence the Be-
 ing moves 135

In beauty through the world ; and all
 who see

Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbour-
 hood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force
 Of language shall a feeling heart express
 Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
 We look for health from seeds that have
 been sown 141

In sickness, and for increase in a power
 That works but by extinction? On them-
 selves

They cannot lean, nor turn to their own
 hearts

To know what they must do ; their wis-
 dom is 145

To look into the eyes of others, thence
 To be instructed what they must avoid :
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
 How with most quiet and most silent
 death,

With the least taint and injury to the
 air 150
 The oppressor breathes, their human form
 divine,
 And their immortal soul, may waste
 away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you
 have spared

My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
 A wide compassion which with you I
 share. 155

When, heretofore, I placed before your
 sight

A Little-one, subjected to the arts

Of modern ingenuity, and made
 The senseless member of a vast machine,
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel ; 160
 Think not, that, pitying him, I could
 forget

The rustic Boy, who walks the fields,
 untaught ;

The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth 165
 We both have witnessed, lot which I
 myself

Shared, though in mild and merciful
 degree :

Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,
 Through which I struggled, not without
 distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-
 thrall'd 170

'Mid thorns and brambles ; or a bird that
 breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon
 the wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. If
 they, whose souls

Should open while they range the richer
 fields 174

Of merry England, are obstructed less
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
 Nor less to be deplored. For who can
 doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist
 Such as the boy you painted, lineal
 heirs

Of those who once were vassals of her
 soil, 180

Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees
Which it sustained. But no one takes delight
In this oppression; none are proud of it;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My thoughts 186
Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far;—
To victims, which the merciful can see
Nor think that they are victims—turned to wrongs,
By women, who have children of their own,
Beheld without compassion, yea, with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads 196
The healthier, the securer, we become;
Delusion which a moment may destroy!
Lastly I mourned for those whom I had seen
Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground, 200
Where circumstance and nature had combined
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind;
Thus would have lived, or never have been born. 205

“Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence that difference? Whence but from himself?
For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form! The sun is fixed, 209
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight

Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair, 215
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law. 220
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
Reason, and, with that reason, sniles and tears;
Imagination, freedom in the will;
Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
Foretasted, immortality conceived 225
By all,—a blissful immortality,
To them whose holiness on earth shall make
The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be deemed
The failure, if the Almighty, to this point 230
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding; leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
Hard to be won, and only by a few; 235
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers. 240
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here! Here is no boon
For high—yet not for low; for proudly graced—
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends 245
To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth
As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk

The fields of earth with gratitude and
hope;
Yet, in that meditation, will he find 250
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath
made
So wide a difference between man and
man.

“Then let us rather fix our gladdened
thoughts 255
Upon the brighter scene. How blest that
pair
Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even
now)
Blest in their several and their common
lot!

A few short hours of each returning day
The thriving prisoners of their village-
school: 260
And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant
homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy;
To breathe and to be happy, run and
shout

Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss;
For every genial power of heaven and
earth, 265

Through all the seasons of the changeful
year,

Obsequiously doth take upon herself
To labour for them; bringing each in turn
The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge,
health,

Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is
theirs, 270

Granted alike in the outset of their
course

To both; and, if that partnership must
cease,

I grieve not,” to the Pastor here he
turned,

“Much as I glory in that child of yours,
Repine not for his cottage-comrade,
whom 275

Belike no higher destiny awaits
Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled;
The wish for liberty to live—content
With what Heaven grants, and die—in
peace of mind,

Within the bosom of his native vale. 280
At least, whatever fate the noon of life
Reserves for either, sure it is that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a jocund time,
That in itself may terminate, or lead 285
In course of nature to a sober eve.
Both have been fairly dealt with; looking
back

They will allow that justice has in them
Been shown, alike to body and to mind.”

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent
voice 291
And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

“O for the coming of that glorious
time

When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth 294

And best protection, this imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*

Them who are born to serve her and
obey;

Binding herself by statute to secure¹
For all the children whom her soil
maintains 300

The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that
none,

However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run 305
Into a wild disorder; or be forced

To drudge through a weary life without
the help

Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free! 310
This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-
claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is en-
rolled, 315

Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,

¹ See Note, p. 933.

And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known
his need. 320

—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,

This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves

Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a
prayer 325

That from the humblest floor ascends to
heaven,

It mounts to reach the State's parental
ear;

Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant 330
The unquestionable good—which, Eng-
land, safe

From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk in-
curred

That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo. 335

“Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-
burnt cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar
wind, 340

And forced to join in less obnoxious
shapes

Which, ere they gain consistence, by a
gust

Of the same breath are shattered and
destroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair
Isles

Remains entire and indivisible: 345
And, if that ignorance were removed,
which breeds

Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their
spheres. 350

—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we re-
quire

The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possest 355
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught
and trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take 360
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“With such foundations laid, avaunt
the fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful
growth 365
Through mutual injury! Rather in the
law

Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for
joy.

—For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious
bees 370

Fraught with their burthens; and a way
as smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding
flight

From the thronged hive, and settle where
they list

In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;
So the wide waters, open to the power, 375
The will, the instincts, and appointed
needs

Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send them
forth;

Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours
hope 380

Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.

“Yes,” he continued, kindling as he
spake,

“Change wide, and deep, and silently
performed,

This Land shall witness ; and as days roll
on, 385
Earth's universal frame shall feel the
effect ;

Even till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
Of humanised society ; and bloom
With civil arts, that shall breathe forth
their fragrance, 390

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
From culture, unexclusively bestowed
On Albion's noble Race in freedom born,
Expect these mighty issues : from the
pains 394

And faithful care of unambitious schools
Instructing simple childhood's ready ear :
Thence look for these magnificent results !
—Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
Are at its centre, British Lawgivers ;

Ah ! sleep not there in shame ! Shall Wis-
dom's voice 400

From out the bosom of these troubled
times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
And shall the venerable halls ye fill
Refuse to echo the sublime decree ?
Trust not to partial care a general good ;
Transfer not to futurity a work 406
Of urgent need.—Your Country must
complete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
plague

Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe,
makes 410

The brightness more conspicuous that in-
vests

The happy Island where ye think and
act ;

Now, when destruction is a prime pur-
suit,

Show to the wretched nations for what
end 414

The powers of civil polity were given."

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
The Sage broke off. No sooner had he
ceased

Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
"Behold the shades of afternoon have
fallen

Upon this flowery slope ; and see—be-
yond— 420

The silvery lake is streaked with placid
blue ;

As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How temptingly the landscape shines !
The air

Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies
moored 425

Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint
We rose together : all were pleased ; but
most

The beauteous girl, whose cheek was
flushed with joy.

Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
To her loved brother and his shy com-
peer. 431

—Now was there bustle in the Vicar's
house

And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,
And down the vale along the streamlet's
edge

Pursued our way, a broken company, 435
Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.

Thus having reached a bridge, that over-
arched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image ; on a grassy bank 440
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal
flood

Another and the same ! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathèd horns su-
perb,

The breathing creature stood ; as beauti-
ful, 445

Beneath him, showed his shadowy coun-
terpart.

Each had his glowing mountains, each
his sky,

And each seemed centre of his own fair
world :

Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several
spheres, 450

Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight !

"Ah ! what a pity were it to disperse,

Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words

The Lady whispered, while we stood and
gazed 455

Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on,
she said

In like low voice to my particular ear,
"I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age. 461

How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms
of things,

Caught in their fairest, happiest, atti-
tude!

While he is speaking, I have power to
see 465

Even as he sees; but when his voice hath
ceased,

Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as
now,

That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it
is, 470

Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose
peace

The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts
were heard

Sent from the jocund hearts of those two
Boys, 475

Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after
us.

With caution we embarked; and now the
pair

For prouder service were address; but
each,

Wishful to leave an opening for my
choice, 480

Dropped the light oar his eager hand had
seized.

Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took—and for a grateful
office

Pregnant with recollections of the time

When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-
mere! 485

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a
crew

Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy
marge

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms ac-
cordant, oars

Free from obstruction; and the boat ad-
vanced 490

Through crystal water, smoothly as a
hawk,

That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert,
cleaves

With correspondent wings the abyss of
air.

—"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky
isle 495

With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall
guide the helm,

While thitherward we shape our course;
or while

We seek that other, on the western shore;
Where the bare columns of those lofty
firs,

Supporting gracefully a massy dome 500
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate

A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"Turn where we may," said I, "we
cannot err

In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scat-
tered groves, 505

And mountains bare, or clothed with
ancient woods,

Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,

They ceased not to surround us; change
of place,

From kindred features diversely com-
bined, 510

Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the
light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone 515

Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,

And in his mind recorded it with love!
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her
 Poet speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised, 520
 And unsought pleasures springing up by
 chance;

As if some friendly Genius had ordained
 That, as the day thus far had been
 enriched

By acquisition of sincere delight,
 The same should be continued to its
 close. 525

One spirit animating old and young,
 A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—
 and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook
 A choice repast—served by our young
 companions 530

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
 Launched from our hands the smooth
 stone skimmed the lake;

With shouts we raised the echoes;—
 stiller sounds

The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
 Whose low tones reached not to the
 distant rocks 535

To be repeated thence, but gently sank
 Into our hearts; and charmed the peace-
 ful flood.

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
 From land and water; lilies of each hue—
 Golden and white, that float upon the
 waves, 540

And court the wind; and leaves of that
 shy plant,

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the
 vale,

That loves the ground, and from the sun
 withholds

Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her
 sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did
 the place 545

And season yield; but, as we re-
 embarked,

Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the
 shore

Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
 In a low voice, yet careless who might
 hear,

“The fire, that burned so brightly to our
 wish, 550

Where is it now?—Deserted on the
 beach—

Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning
 breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
 Whose ends are gained? Behold an
 emblem here

Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal
 joys! 555

And, in this unpremeditated slight
 Of that which is no longer needed, see
 The common course of human gratitude!”

This plaintive note disturbed not the
 repose

Of the still evening. Right across the lake
 Our pinnace moves; then, coasting creek
 and bay, 561

Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
 Where couch the spotted deer; or raised
 our eyes

To shaggy steeps on which the careless
 goat

Browsed by the side of dashing water-
 falls; 565

And thus the bark, meandering with the
 shore,

Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
 Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
 We clomb a green hill's side; and, as we
 clomb, 570

The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
 O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
 Of the smooth lake, in compass seen:—
 far off,

And yet conspicuous, stood the old
 Church-tower, 575

In majesty presiding over fields
 And habitations seemingly preserved
 From all intrusion of the restless world
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,

And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon
we couched 581
Or sate reclined; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries; or to favourite
points 585
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while un-
shared.
That rapturous moment never shall I
forget
When these particular interests were
effaced
From every mind!—Already had the
sun, 590
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of
light—
Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain-tops or
veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the
crown 595
Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced—
ere we,
Who saw, of change were conscious—had
become
Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms 601
Scattered through half the circle of the
sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on
each,
With prodigal communion, the bright
hues
Which from the unapparent fount of
glory 605
They had imbibed, and ceased not to
receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the
liquid deep
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open
side
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes
intent 610
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused

Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,
The Priest in holy transport thus ex-
claimed:

“Eternal Spirit! universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou
hast deigned 616
To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the
pomp 620
Of those who fill thy courts in highest
heaven,
The radiant Cherubim;—accept the
thanks
Which we, thy humble Creatures, here
convened,
Presume to offer; we, who—from the
breast 624
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face—
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they are who in thy presence
stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth 630
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of
earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal
stain.
—Accomplish, then, their number; and
conclude
Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
The consummation that will come by
stealth 636
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the
law,
As it is written in thy holy book, 640
Throughout all lands; let every nation
hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall
rise, 645

To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
—Father of good! this prayer in bounty
grant,

In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, nor till then, shall persecution
cease,

And cruel wars expire. The way is
marked, 650

The guide appointed, and the ransom
paid.

Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples
meet

The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger
still;

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love 656
Proffered to all, while yet on earth
detained.

“So fare the many; and the thoughtful
few,

Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
ask, 660

Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their
seed;

And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth, 665
And ne’er to fail? Shall that blest day
arrive

When they, whose choice or lot it is to
dwell

In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studios of mutual benefit; and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and
flowers 670

Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself?—The law of faith
Working through love, such conquest
shall it gain,

Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace im-
part! 675

And with that help the wonder shall be
seen

Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy
praise

Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

“Once,” and with wild demeanour, as
he spake,

On us the venerable Pastor turned 680
His beaming eye that had been raised to
Heaven,

“Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a
sound

Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bowed the
head

To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to
promote 686

Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.

Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cove,
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnised; and
there— 690

Amid impending rocks and gloomy
woods—

Of those terrific Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swoln cataracts (which now are
heard

Soft murmuring) was too weak to over-
come, 695

Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks

Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary faculties to see

The thing that hath been as the thing
that is, 700

Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths volu-
minous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,
To Taranis erected on the heights

By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Exultingly, in view of open day 706

And full assemblage of a barbarous host;
Or to Andates, female Power! who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

—A few rude monuments of mountain-
stone 710

Survive; all else is swept away.—How
bright

The appearances of things! From such,
how changed

The existing worship; and with those
compared,

The worshippers how innocent and blest !
 So wide the difference, a willing mind
 Might almost think, at this affecting
 hour, 716
 That paradise, the lost abode of man,
 Was raised again : and to a happy few,
 In its original beauty, here restored.

"Whence but from thee, the true and
 only God, 720
 And from the faith derived through Him
 who bled

Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
 Of good from evil ; as if one extreme
 Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who
 come 724

To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
 Called to such office by the peaceful sound
 Of sabbath bells ; and ye, who sleep in
 earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallowed
 walls !

For you, in presence of this little band
 Gathered together on the green hill-side,
 Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer 731
 Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King ;
 Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
 mands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
 And in good works ; and him, who is
 endowed 735

With scantiest knowledge, master of all
 truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.
 Conscious of that abundant favour show-
 ered

On you, the children of my humble care,
 And this dear land, our country, while on
 earth 740

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
 Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.
 These barren rocks, your stern inherit-
 ance ;

These fertile fields, that recompense your
 pains ;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-
 top ; 745

Woods waving in the wind their lofty
 heads,

Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the
 still—

They see the offering of my lifted hands,
 They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
 They know if I be silent, morn or even :
 For, though in whispers speaking, the
 full heart 751
 Will find a vent ; and thought is praise
 to him,
 Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
 From whom all gifts descend, all bless-
 ings flow ! "

This vesper-service closed, without de-
 lay, 755

From that exalted station to the plain
 Descending, we pursued our homeward
 course,

In mute composure, o'er the shadowy
 lake,

Under a faded sky. No trace remained
 Of those celestial splendours ; grey the
 vault— 760

Pure, cloudless, ether ; and the star of
 eve

Was wanting ; but inferior lights appeared
 Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and
 some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly
 forth

In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
 Her mooring-place ; where, to the shelter-
 ing tree, 766

Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her
 prow,

With prompt yet careful hands. This
 done, we paced

The dewy fields ; but ere the Vicar's door
 Was reached, the Solitary checked his
 steps ; 770

Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-
 stowed

A farewell salutation ; and, the like
 Receiving, took the slender path that
 leads

To the one cottage in the lonely dell :
 But turned not without welcome promise
 made 775

That he would share the pleasures and
 pursuits

Of yet another summer's day, not loth
 To wander with us through the fertile
 vales,

And o'er the mountain-wastes. "An-
 other sun,"
 Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we
 part; 780
 Another sun, and peradventure more;
 If time, with free consent, be yours to
 give,
 And season favours."

To enfeebled Power,
 From this communion with uninjured
 Minds,
 What renovation had been brought; and
 what 785
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,

Dejected, and habitually disposed
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
 Excuse and solace for her own defects;
 How far those erring notions were re-
 formed; 790
 And whether aught, of tendency as good
 And pure, from further intercourse en-
 sued;
 This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle
 Hearts
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the
 past— 795
 My future labours may not leave untold.

NOTES.

"If thou indeed derive thy light" (Inscription following title-page).

Written (earliest draft) some time after 1813; first printed (amongst *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*) in ed. 1827. Expanded (1836), and placed in its present position in ed. 1845.—Ed.

GUILT AND SORROW (page 23).

Thirty stanzas (xxii.—xxxiv., and xxxviii.—l.) of *Guilt and Sorrow* were printed in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, under the title of *The Female Vagrant*. This poem of 1798—much altered from time to time, and ultimately cut down to twenty-five stanzas—appeared in successive edd. of the Poetical Works from 1815 to 1843. The whole, as it now stands, was first printed in the vol. entitled *Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years* (1842). "Beside the changes made in these stanzas by Wordsworth from the point of view of poetic art, there are others the object of which seems to be to moderate the force of his indictment of society" (Dowden).—Ed.

"And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly" (page 25, l. 81).

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.—W.

THE BORDERERS (page 37).

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the revolution was rapidly

advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.—W.

TO A BUTTERFLY (page 79).

The following pseudonyms occur in Wordsworth's poems:—*Emmetine*, *Emma*=Dorothy, *Dora*, the poet's sister; *Laura*=Dora his daughter (until after her death in 1847); *Edward*=Johnnie, the household name of his eldest born. Each of these poetical substitutes, it will be observed, is the exact metrical or accentual equivalent of the baptismal name for which it stands. The identity of the pseudonym *Louisa* (*Poems Founded on the Affections*, No. VI.) has been recently discussed (*Athenæum*, Sept. 16; Oct. 14, 21, 1894). If *Louisa* was chosen—as the above-mentioned names undoubtedly were—on the principle of metrical equivalence, then the "young lady" so named by the poet cannot have been either Dorothy his sister, or Mary his wife. It is possible that by *Louisa* Wordsworth may have intended his wife's sister, the "wild-hearted maid," Joanna Hutchinson; nor should the opening lines of the poem *To Joanna*—which, rightly understood, amount to nothing more than merry banter—be regarded as constituting a solid argument against this view. The case of *Lycoris* is irrelevant, and need not be discussed here.—Ed.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN (page 81).

This poem was written by Dorothy Wordsworth at Coleorton, on the eve of the return of Wordsworth and his wife from London where they had spent a month (prob. April) in 1807.—Ed.

THE NORMAN BOY (page 91).

"Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the oak of Allonville, in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

Vide No. 14, Saturday Magazine.—W.

TO — (page 110).

No doubt addressed to the Poet's daughter Dora. See *The Longest Day*, stanza xvi.—Ed.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER (page 120).

This poem was written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, in the spring of 1802.—Ed.

TO THE DAISY (page 157).

This poem, and two others to the same flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled "A Field Flower." This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets:

"Though it happe me to rehersin
That ye han in your freshe songis said,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaid,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."
1807.—W.

THE SEVEN SISTERS (page 161).

The story of this poem is from the German of Frederica Brun [*flor.* 1765—1825.—Ed.].—W.

THE DANISH BOY (page 165).

"These stanzas were designed to introduce a Ballad upon the Story of a Danish Prince who had fled from Battle, and, for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the Inhabitant of a Cottage in which he had taken refuge. The House fell under a curse, and the Spirit of the Youth, it was believed, haunted the Valley where the crime had been committed."—W. 1827.

THE WAGGONER (page 173).

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had

not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said:—"They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no *ideas*."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eyewitness.—W.

"The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling" (page 173, l. 3).

When the poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—"

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.—W.

After the line, "*Can any mortal clog come to her,*" (p. 178, l. 28) followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.

Can any mortal clog come to her?
It can: . . .

.

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near."
—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously impest,
That just marked out the object and withdrew:
Right welcome service! . . .

.

ROCK OF NAMES¹

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee and Thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
For they were given on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,

¹ The "Rock of Names" is at Thirlmere, "on the right hand of the road a short way past Waterhead." Upon it were carved the initials of William, Dorothy and John Wordsworth, of S. T. Coleridge, and of Mary and Sarah Hutchinson.—Ed.

We worked until the Initials took
 Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
 Long as for us a genial feeling
 Survives, or one in need of healing,
 The power, dear Rock, around these cast,
 Thy monumental power, shall last
 For me and mine! O thought of pain,
 That would impair it or profane!
 Take all in kindness then, as said
 With a staid heart but playful head:
 And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
 Thy charge when we are laid asleep.”—W.

“*She was a Phantom of delight*” (page 186).

“*She was a Phantom of delight*, he [Wordsworth] said, was written ‘on his dear wife.’” (Hon. Justice Coleridge in *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, ii. 306).—Ed.

“*O Nightingale! thou surely art*” (page 186).

Written probably at Coleorton, in Nov. or Dec., 1806.—Ed.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE (page 195).

W. wrote as follows to some friends who had received a copy of *Resolution and Independence* in manuscript:—“I will explain to you in prose my feelings in writing that poem. . . . I describe myself as having been exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature; and then as depressed, even in the midst of those beautiful objects, to the lowest dejection and despair. A young poet in the midst of the happiness of nature is described as overwhelmed by the thoughts of the miserable reverses which have befallen the happiest of all men, viz. poets. I think of this till I am so deeply impressed with it, that I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of Providence. A person reading the poem with feelings like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting something spiritual or supernatural. What is brought forward? A lonely place, ‘a pond by which an old man *was*, far from all house or home:’ not *stood*, nor *sat*, but *was*—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible. This feeling of spirituality or supernaturalness is again referred to as being strong in my mind in this passage. How came he here? thought I, or what can he be doing? I then describe him, whether ill or well is not for me to judge with perfect confidence; but this I *can* confidently affirm, that though I believe God has given me a strong imagination, I cannot conceive a figure more impressive than that of an old man like this, the survivor of a wife and ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with him his own fortitude, and the necessities which an unjust state of society has laid upon him.”—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 172, 173.

THE THORN (page 197).

This Poem ought to have been preceded by an introductory Poem, which I have been prevented from writing by never having felt myself in a mood when it was probable that I should write it well. The character which I have here introduced speaking is sufficiently common. The Reader will perhaps have a general notion of it,

if he has ever known a man, a captain of a small trading vessel, for example, who being past the middle age of life, had retired upon an annuity or small independent income to some village or country town of which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, having little to do, become credulous and talkative from indolence; and from the same cause, and other predisposing causes by which it is probable that such men may have been affected, they are prone to superstition. On which account it appeared to me proper to select a character like this to exhibit some of the general laws by which superstition acts upon the mind. Superstitious men are almost always men of slow faculties and deep feelings; their minds are not loose, but adhesive; they have a reasonable share of imagination, by which word I mean the faculty which produces impressive effects out of simple elements; but they are utterly destitute of fancy, the power by which pleasure and surprise are excited by sudden varieties of situation and by accumulated imagery.

It was my wish in this poem to show the manner in which such men cleave to the same ideas; and to follow the turns of passion, always different, yet not palpably different, by which their conversation is swayed. I had two objects to attain; first, to represent a picture which should not be unimpressive, yet consistent with the character that should describe it; secondly, while I adhered to the style in which such persons describe, to take care that words, which in their minds are impregnated with passion, should likewise convey passion to Readers who are not accustomed to sympathize with men feeling in that manner or using such language. It seemed to me that this might be done by calling in the assistance of Lyrical and rapid Metre. It was necessary that the Poem, to be natural, should in reality move slowly; yet I hoped that, by the aid of the metre, to those who should at all enter into the spirit of the Poem, it would appear to move quickly. The Reader will have the kindness to excuse this note, as I am sensible that an introductory Poem is necessary to give the Poem its full effect.

Upon this occasion I will request permission to add a few words closely connected with ‘The Thorn’ and many other Poems in these volumes. There is a numerous class of readers who imagine that the same words cannot be repeated without tautology: this is a great error: virtual tautology is much oftener produced by using different words when the meaning is exactly the same. Words, a Poet’s words more particularly, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, and not measured by the space which they occupy upon paper. For the Reader cannot be too often reminded that Poetry is passion: it is the history or science of feelings. Now every man must know that an attempt is rarely made to communicate impassioned feelings without something of an accompanying consciousness of the inadequateness of our own powers, or the deficiencies of language. During such efforts there will be a craving in the mind, and as long as it is unsatisfied the speaker will cling to the same words, or words of the same character. There are also various other reasons why repetition and apparent tautology are fre-

quently beauties of the highest kind. Among the chief of these reasons is the interest which the mind attaches to words, not only as symbols of the passion, but as *things*, active and efficient, which are of themselves part of the passion. And further, from a spirit of fondness, exaltation, and gratitude, the mind luxuriates in the repetition of words which appear successfully to communicate its feelings. The truth of these remarks might be shown by innumerable passages from the Bible, and from the impassioned poetry of every nation. "Awake, awake, Deborah!" &c. Judges, chap. v., verses 12th, 27th, and part of 28th. See also the whole of that tumultuous and wonderful Poem.—W. 1800—1805.

SONG AT THE FEAST, &c. (page 203).

Henry Lord Clifford, &c., &c., who is the subject of this poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland"); "for the Earl's Father had slain him." A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed); but who, as he adds, "dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the bye, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born,) that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age; and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his 'Book of Nobility,' p. 622, where he writes of them all." It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and

wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c., &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.—W.

"Earth helped him with the cry of blood"
(page 204, l. 27).

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers' "Collection of English Poets."—W.

"And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn," &c. (p. 205, ll. 122, 123).

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of this tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.—W.

"Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls" (p. 205, ll. 142, 143).

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that

besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.—W.

*LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE
TINTERN ABBEY* (page 205).

I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode; but it was written with a hope that in the translations and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites, of that species of composition.—W. 1802-5.

LAODAMIA (page 209).

In 1827 a change of unique importance—amounting to an absolute reversal of the central motive of the poem—was made in the penultimate stanza of *Laodamia*. In edd. 1815, 1820 the heroine's love, while described as at war with Reason, is expressly declared guiltless; and she is dismissed to the serene region tenanted by happy Ghosts, there "to gather flowers of blissful quiet," &c., &c. In 1827 all this is reversed. Love, indulged "in Reason's spite," is now declared a crime; and *Laodamia*, as manifestly guilty, is "doomed to wander in a grosser clime, Apart from happy Ghosts." In 1832 the severity of the sentence is mitigated: not now to dateless exile from the presence of her beloved, but to a limited period of exclusion,—an expiatory or purgatorial term of banishment—is she sentenced by "the just Gods whom no weak pity moves." Changes made subsequently to 1832 in no way affect the question of *Laodamia's* doom. The several forms successively assumed by this stanza must now be given:—

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time
And these frail elements—to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Edd. 1815, 1820.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved;
She who thus perished not without the crime
Of Lovers that in Reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime
Apart from happy Ghosts—that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Ed. 1827.

Edd. 1832 and 1836 follow ed. 1827 exactly, except in line 4, which in them runs as follows:—

"Was doomed to wear out her appointed time."
She—who, though warned, exhorted, and reproved,
Thus died, from passion desperate to a crime—
By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers, &c.

Edd. 1840-1843.

Our text follows the version of edd. 1845 and 1849. In defence of the change effected in 1827, Wordsworth wrote to his nephew John Wordsworth in 1831:—"As first written, the heroine was dismissed to happiness in Elysium. To what purpose then the mission of Protesilaus? He exhorts her to moderate her passion; the exhortation is fruitless, and no punishment follows. So it stood: at present she is placed among unhappy ghosts for disregard of the exhortation. Virgil also places her there; but compare the two passages and give me *your* opinion" (*William Wordsworth*, by Elizabeth

Wordsworth, p. 131). Thus *Laodamia* probably owes the mitigated doom subsequently (ed. 1832) pronounced upon her to the interpolation of the poet's nephew John Wordsworth.—Ed.

DION (page 212).

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato:

"Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing,"
&c., &c., &c.—W.

"Living hill" (page 217, l. 114).

"'while the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still."
DR. DARWIN.—W.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED
(page 223).

"In the Vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate."

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.—W.

PETER BELL (page 236).

After line 515 occurred the stanza (immortalised by Shelley) omitted by Wordsworth after 1819:

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd!"

In Crabb Robinson's Diary, June 6, 1812, we find: "Mrs. Basil Montagu told me she had no doubt she had suggested this image to Wordsworth by relating to him an anecdote. A person, walking in a friend's garden, looking in at a window, saw a company of ladies at a table near the window with countenances *fixed*. In an instant he was aware of their condition, and broke the window. He saved them from incipient suffocation."—Ed.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS (page 250).

Through the kindness of the author, Professor Edward Dowden, I am enabled to print at length the following valuable note upon the grouping of the Miscellaneous Sonnets. The note originally appeared in the Aldine Edition of Wordsworth's Poems, vol. iii., p. 327 (ed. 1892).—Ed.

"A group of Miscellaneous Sonnets was first published by Wordsworth in the 'Poems in two volumes,' 1807. In subsequent editions the number of Sonnets was increased, and the arrangement was altered. It seems to me evident that although these poems were written at various widely-parted times, they were finally arranged so as to illustrate one another, and form not indeed a linked chain of sonnets but a sequence as far as a sequence can be made from disconnected pieces by happy ordering. Let me try to show that this is the case with at least the thirty-six sonnets of Part I.

"I. Prefatory Sonnet on the Sonnet: contentment in limitation.

"II. The cottage of the poor: its beauty and happiness; contentment in limitation.

"III. The native vale of the child; the child's contentment in limitation altered by growth to manhood.

"IV. A little cottage, but glorified by Skiddaw and by the Muses.

"V. The glory of Skiddaw and its streams, though unsung by the Muses.

"VI. The glory of a little mountain stream sanctified by memory and the affections.

"VII. A mountain lake, glorified even more by human love than by Fancy and the Muses.

"VIII. Vale and mountain glorified by friendship and the art of music.

"IX. Immortality conferred on the beauty of nature by a friend's art of painting.

"X. True art springs from the human heart, and all external things are modified by human affections.

"XI. Fancy and the Muse also deal with outward nature and add a grace and dignity to it.

"XII, XIII, XIV., three sonnets 'To Sleep' stand unconnected with what precedes and serve as a resting-place.

"XV. The simplicity of the life of nature; the cumbersome pride of the artificial life.

"XVI. Walton; the happiness of a life 'nobly versed in simple discipline.'

"XVII. Dyer; the modesty and simplicity of his verse.

"XVIII. 'Peter Bell,' a poem of nature, ill received in an artificial age.

"XIX. Loss of cottage simplicity and its joys: the decay of spinning.

"XX. Spinning—a lost art: intellectual pride of the age.

"XXI. Pious use of the cottage fleece on Easter Sunday: contrast with these days of mechanical progress.

"XXII. Decay of rustic piety: Easter and Christmas church-going.

"XXIII. Piety of rural nuptials: love and religion united.

"XXIV-XXVI. Love and devotion have fitly led up to the sonnets translated from Michael Angelo, on mortal love leading to God.

"XXVII. And here is a fitting place for the contemplation of Death.

"XXVIII, XXIX. Beauty and repose in death a source of faith.

"XXX. But there are glad childlike hearts untouched by great solemnities, yet pure and sacred: mystery of the sea.

"XXXI. The 'reverential fear' of the sea, connected with a ship setting forth.

"XXXII. A ship singled out for love.

"XXXIII. How few of these glories and mysteries of Nature are felt by us! The mystery and beauty of the sea.

"XXXIV. The poets of Fashion contrasted with the poet of Nature.

"XXXV. Ennui and misanthropy of the poet of worldlings; how true Imagination transmutes the sorrows of life.

"XXXVI. Memorial Sonnet to Raisley Calvert who enabled the author to live the life poetic.

"The reader who follows and verifies the above analysis can hardly doubt that Wordsworth was studious to arrange his sonnets with a view to their mutual illustration."

Page 250, Dedication, L 14.

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTRESS OF WINCHILSEA.—W.

"Wild Redbreast!" &c. (*Sonnet* XI., page 272).

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, p. 143. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.—W.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS (page 284).

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:

"Dumfries, August, 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There, said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr.—(I have forgotten the name)—a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:—

'Is there a man,' &c.

"The churchyard is full of gravestones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, &c. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to enquire after Mrs. Burns, who had gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as

a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B's youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

"I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection, which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

"Scruffel, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him."

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

"If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions: indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."—W.

SONNET COMPOSED AT — CASTLE. (page 292).

In the MS. copy of this Sonnet which Wordsworth sent to Walter Scott (Oct. 16, 1803) the first line ran as follows:

"Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord
Whom mere despatch," &c.

"In that original shape," says Lockhart, "Scott always recited it [the sonnet], and few lines in the language were more frequently in his mouth."—Ed.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY (page 295).

In Ed. 1807, the vessel in which the boy embarked was a common wash-tub:

"But say, what was it? Thought of fear!
Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
—A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the blind Boy."

The shell was substituted (in 1815) for the tub, on the suggestion of Coleridge—a change of which Charles Lamb and Barron Field strongly disapproved.—Ed.

"Jones! as from Calais southward" (Sonnet III., page 304).

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches, p. 601.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasant sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the 7th of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3.—W.

Sonnet VII. (page 305).

In this and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles avowed in HIS MANIFESTOES; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.—W.

NOVEMBER, 1806 (page 310).

"Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not." Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sydney.—W.

"Zaragoza" (Sonnet XVI., page 316).

In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.—W.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM (page 322).

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard; they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."—W.

THANKSGIVING ODE (page 329).

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination; in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise. But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which

her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving;—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through these volumes.—W.

“Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a *multitude*, a *stanza* would have been indispensable. But though I have called it a ‘Thanksgiving Ode,’ strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem composed, or supposed to be composed, on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an *individual* upon that occasion. It is a *dramatised ejaculation*; and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre” (Letter of Wordsworth to Southey, 1816, in *Memoirs* by Bishop Wordsworth, ii. 60, 61.)—En.

(Page 330, l. 122).

“Discipline the rule whereof is passion.”

LORD BROOKE.—W.

Sonnet I. (page 333).

If in this sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take

shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.—W.

BRUGÈS (page 338).

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought

Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,

Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,

When mutability, in drunken joy

Triumphant, and from all restraint released,

Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage

Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;

Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age

Is hers in venerable years arrayed:

And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,

What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,

And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,

Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,

If fancy would portray some stately town,

Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,

Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c. has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—*Extract from Journal.*—W.

"Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent
bleach" (page 335).

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between

France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the "BRECHE DE ROLAND."—*Raymond's Pyrenees.*—W.

"Miserere Domine" (page 336).

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "The Remorse." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?—W.

"Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life!" (page 336).

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.—W.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH (page 336).

"The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."—W.

ENGELBERG (page 338).

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.—W.

"*Tho' searching damp and many an envious
flaw
Have marred this Work;*" (page 342).

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

"*Of Figures human and divine*" (page 343).

The Statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!—W.

"*Still, with those white-robed Shapes, a living
Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise*" (page 347).

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1,000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.—W.

ON BEING STRANDED, &c. (page 349).

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which

their standards were to float. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.—W.

"*We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate*" (page 349).

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.—W

"*Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forks*"
(page 350).

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.—W.

"*ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount*" (page 350).

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January, 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.—W.

"*Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—*"
(page 351).

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.—W.

—"although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow" (page 353, ll. 76, 77).

These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W.

"*His sepulchral verse*" (page 356, l. 241).

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them on pp. 573-8, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—W.

"*This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood*" (page 358).

In the course of this continental tour of 1837, Wordsworth was deeply impressed with the splendour and profusion of the flowering broom in the valleys and the more sheltered heights of the Apennines; and reluctantly owned the inferiority of the English to the French variety in respect of both beauty and fragrance. The note upon the Oxford movement which follows (and which should properly be read at the conclusion of this poem) was written, at the request of the poet, by his friend Frederick Faber.—ED.

It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.—W.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO (p. 358).

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine-tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W.

CAMALDOLI (page 363).

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo (or Rumwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name), in the 11th century, the ground (campo) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive

edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between twenty and thirty distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been thirteen years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated Scaramelli, San Giovanni della Croce, Saint Dionysius the Areopagite (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.—W.

"*What aim had they, the Pair of Monks*" (page 363).

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from enquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.—W.

AT VALLOMBROSA (page 364).

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the natural woods of the region of Vallombrosa are

deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.—W.

—“*more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed;*” (p. 363, ll. 46, 47).

Here and infra, see Forsyth.—W.

THE RIVER DUDDON (page 375).

A Poet¹ whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be thus enters upon his description of the “Ruins of Rome:”

“The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;”

and ends thus—

“The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs.”

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, “Lewesdon Hill,” is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

“To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.”

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled “The Brook,” of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject, cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—“one calleth to another;” and I would gladly believe, that “The Brook” will, ere long, murmur in concert with “The Duddon.” But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the “*Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius*” of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo “Brook”):

“The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel’ he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn’s meander,
AND NA’ THINK LANG.”—W.

“*There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder-
ness;*

*The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire
blue*” (Sonnet VI., page 377).

These two lines are in a great measure taken from “The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem,” by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his “Vision of Alfred” is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile—

—“Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumens.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia’s gulf with glassy ice o’erspread,
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o’er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.”

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.—W.

Sonnets XVII. and XVIII. (page 380).

THE EAGLE requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steepes of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed.

¹ i.e. the Welshman John Dyer (1699-1753), author of *Grongar Hill* (1726), a kind of descriptive ode in octosyllabic verse, and of the two didactic poems in Miltonic blank verse, entitled, *The Ruins of Rome* (1740) and *The Fleece* (1757). *Lewesdon Hill*, by the Rev. William Crowe, went through three editions between 1788 and 1804.—Ed.

Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the PASSES of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets (which together may be considered as a Poem), will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive "*Guide to the Lakes*," lately published. "The road leading from Conistown to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the river Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale; wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone."

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed; but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Conistown over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy

hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished*!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls" (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high), "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. "The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), "was heard, not without alarm,

by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, &c. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman," in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, *viz.* five pounds *per annum*: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:

To Mr. —.

"CONISTON, July 26, 1754.

"SIR,

"I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

"SIR,—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C—, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen;

Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £17, of which is paid in cash, viz. £5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and £5 from W. P., Esq., of P—, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of L—, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessities of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge,) I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite mis bestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

"Sir,

"Your much obliged and most obedient
humble Servant,

"R. W., Curate of S—.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop, (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me,) thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"MY LORD,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would he leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

"Your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient

"Son and Servant,

"ROBERT WALKER."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even magnificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket money," who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount at the end of the year surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than £2,000; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry: eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teach-

ing. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the homespun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance

of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.

—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, “from wanting the necessaries of life;” but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father’s example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child’s carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one it might be thought could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy “he never sent empty away;”—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was

nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher’s labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt’s Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. “There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson’s wife; to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amounted to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes, to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1,000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty.”

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether

from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock¹; a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grand-daughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect

by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the "Christian Remembrancer," October, 1839: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations."

"He sat up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no school-house. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain side.

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his chil-

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not his own," he would rather forego his rights than distract for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

dren. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seahwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

“Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his goth year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. . . . He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

“Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. ‘How clear the moon shines to-night!’ He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.”

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

“Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

“HENRY FOREST, Curate.”

“Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.”

“Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being twenty-five years of age.”

“This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

“Hæc testor H. FOREST.”

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:—

“Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus:
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.”—W.

“We feel that we are greater than we know”
(page 384, last line).

“And feel that I am happier than I know.”
MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.—W.

The poet in question is Moschus; the passage of which W. is thinking is from the *Epitaphium Bionis*, ll. 106—111.

The seventh line of the Sonnet is a reminiscence of the following line of Moschus:—

ἄμμος δ', οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες.
—ED.

HIGHLAND HUT (page 390).

This Sonnet describes the exterior of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the “Address to the Wind,” and other poems, in these volumes, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the interior of one of these rude habitations.

“On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky bingin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

“A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right

in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. 'She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'Ye'll get that,' bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the twilight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to '*go ben*,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff: there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and

yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—*MS.—W.*

"Once on those steeps I roamed" (page 392).

The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasant contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the

different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elm and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings: you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—*M.S. Journal*.—W.

HART'S-HORN TREE (page 393).

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Balliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

"Hercules kill'd Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hercules."

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

The tree has now disappeared, but I will remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in

a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her daughters, near Eden, &c. &c.—W.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

(page 395).

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. WHITAKER's *History of the Deanery of Craven*.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, "*The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*," "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, &c., of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods.

Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked grit-stone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."—W.

"Action is transitory"—(page 396).

This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.—W.

"From Bolton's old monastic Tower" (p. 396, l. 1).

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."—W.

"A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest" (p. 396, l. 27).

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English cathedral."—W.

"Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!"
(page 396, l. 34).

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for £70. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."—W.

"When Lady Aëliza mourned" (p. 398, l. 226).

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."—W.

"Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;"
(page 398, l. 242).

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate,

by the female line, from the Maulverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."—W.

"Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet"
(page 399, l. 268).

In the second Volume of these Poems [Collective Edition of 1820.—Ed.] will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burns and Nicholson's "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland." It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS., on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, &c., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.—W.

*"Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,"*
(page 402, ll. 594-5).

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.—W.

*"Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!"* (page 405, ll. 814-15).

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.—W.

"In that other day of Neville's Cross?"
(page 405, l. 823).

"In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosse, then Prior of the Abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

The battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil,

one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length), "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, &c. &c., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHARINE, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.—W.

*"An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—"*
(page 409, ll. 1167-8).

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, (two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."—W.

*"despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;"*
(page 413, ll. 1568-9).

"After the attainder of Richard Norton his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2nd or 3rd of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey, made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the "mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivry, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary

works, fishponds, and island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."—W.

"In the deep fork of Amerdale;" (p. 415, l. 1707).

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—DR. WHITAKER.—W.

"When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—"God us ayde!"
(page 415, ll. 1761-2).

On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "E. A." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."—W.

"The grassy rock-encircled Pound"
(page 416, l. 1803).

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W. where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, &c. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these seqacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery, Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.—W.

ECCLIASTICAL SONNETS (page 418).

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

"Did Holy Paul," &c. (page 418).

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.—W.

"That Hill, whose flowery platform," &c.
(page 420).

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Varis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruce dicaretur."—W.

"Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs" (page 421).

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.—W.

"By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth;"
(page 421, xi., ll. 9, 10).

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.—W.

Sonnet XII. (page 421).

"Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Broccmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished: the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.—W.

Sonnet XV. (page 422).

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longestatura, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."—W.

"Man's life is like a Sparrow," (page 422).

See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "'Who,' exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and the temples?' 'I,' answered the Chief Priest; 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of

others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a coursar (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, pollutæ ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.—W.

—"such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams;" (page 423).

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.—W.

Sonnet XIX. (page 423).

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervicè, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedicti, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum prebebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.—W.

"The people work like congregated bees"
(page 424, xxiv., l. 2).

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.—W.

—"pain narrows not his cares" (page 425).

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.—W.

"Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!"
(page 425).

The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner.—W.

"Here Man more purely lives," &c. (page 429).

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses"—W.

"Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark :"
(page 432).

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious :—and, as is, alas ! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine And green oak are their covert ; as the gloom Of night oft foils their enemy's design ; She calls them Riders on the flying broom ; Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become One and the same through practices malign." W.

"And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age"
(page 433, xxi, ll. 7, 8).

These two lines are adopted from a MS. written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W.

"One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured," &c. (page 437).

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple : and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see : and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man : wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"—Fox's *Acts*, &c.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.—W.

"The gift exalting, and with playful smile :"
(page 438).

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table ; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends ; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money ; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany ; and he said,

'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter ; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college ; and so God bless you, good Richard.'—See WALTON'S *Life of Richard Hooker*.—W.

—"craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—"
(page 439, xli, ll. 10, 11).

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance.—W.

LAUD (page 440).

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry ; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers :—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour."—W.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS (pages 443, 444).

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject ; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore ; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W.

"A genial hearth—
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion" (page 444, xviii, ll. 1-3).*

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of

the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and morality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.—W.

Sonnet XXXII. (page 448).

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."—W.

"Teaching us to forget them or forgive"
(page 449, xxxv, l. 10).

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.—W.

—"*Had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension*"
(page 449, xxxvii, ll. 5, 6).

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."—W.

*"Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed;"* (page 450, xl, ll. 9, 10).

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

*"Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues,"* &c. (page 452, XLVI, ll. 5, 6).

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

"Wings at my shoulders seem to play"
(page 453, line 49).

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W.

"But if thou, like Cocytus," &c.
(page 464, iv., l. 5).

Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the bridge, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping; a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his "Colloquies," "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind:—

—"ambiguo lapsu refuitque fluitque,
Occurrensque sibi venturus aspicit undas."—W.

"By hooded Votaresses," &c. (p. 465, viii., l. 11.)

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.—W.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LANDING
AT WORKINGTON (page 465).

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of

respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W.

STANZAS, &c. (page 465).

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," says Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.—W.

'Are not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred ties'
(page 467, l. 73).

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power

of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results, and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.—W.

"And they are led by noble Hillary" (page 469).

The TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W.

BY A RETIRED MARINER (page 470).

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W.

"Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!" (p. 471, XXI., l. 9).

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance! —W.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE
(page 472).

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.—W.

Sonnet XXIX: CAVE OF STAFFA (p. 473).

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be

written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.—W.

*"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer!"* (page 474, XXXI.).

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man, making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.—W.

IONA. UPON LANDING (page 474).

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.—W.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND (page 476).

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word *Dean*, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.—W.

"Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!"
(page 477, XL., l. 14).

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.—W.

"A weight of awe, not easy to be borne"
(page 477, XLIII., l. 1).

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.—W.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE (page 477).

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had

thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W.

"Descending to the worm in charity;"
(page 500, l. 32).

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.—W.

Sonnet IV (page 514, l. 14).

"All change is perilous and all chance unsound."
SPENSER.—W.

Sonnet VIII. (page 515).

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.—W.

Additional Note.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.—W. 1850.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE (page 535).

This story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Hudlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.—W.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE (page 541).

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.—W.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE (page 569).

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," page 187; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," *passim*.—W.

Moss Champion (*Silene acaulis*) (page 581 n.).

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I

ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.—W.

"From the most gentle creature nursed in fields" (page 584, xv., l. 23).

This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending,

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"
—W.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG (page 586).

Walter Scott . . . died 21st Sept., 1832.
S. T. Coleridge . . . " 25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb . . . " 27th Dec., 1834.
Geo. Crabbe . . . " 3rd Feb., 1832.
Felicja Hemans . . . " 16th May, 1835.

—W.

THE EXCURSION. PREFACE (p. 755, ll. 83, 84).

*"Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul," &c.*

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*.—W.

"—much did he see of men" (page 761).

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

"We learn from Cæsar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to

follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papist or protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder, that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose *to carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."—HERON'S *Journey in Scotland*, vol. i. p. 89.—W.

"Lost in unsearchable eternity!" (page 788).

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's "Theory of the Earth," a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hac tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror; cum ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediteranei, hinc æquor cæreulum, illinc tractus Alpino prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facile prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hic spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hic elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coacervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hac parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum, et insanæ rerum strages: quas cum intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

"In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quæ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quæ terram respiciebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quæ verò mare, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies illa marina adeo erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset a summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsæ.

"Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et sæcæ specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quas i ab imo ventre evomit.

"Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute; sinistrum non adeo neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpide aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, quasi ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito periiit. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes, Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper mihi memoranda!"—Page 89. *Telluris Theoria sacra, etc. Editio secunda.*—W.

"Of Mississippi, or that northern stream"
(page 799).

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered savannah; or contemplates from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, "These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts masterially; his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon "The Hurricane," a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.—W.

"*'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise,*" &c. (page 803).

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography."—W.

"*Alas! the endowment of immortal power,
Is matched unequally with custom, time,*" &c. (page 804).

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—"Intimations of Immortality," page 587.—W.

"*Knowing the heart of man is set to be*" &c. (page 806).

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

"Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

"Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

"And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

"Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Fill of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear."—W.

"*Or rather, as we stand on holy earth
And have the dead around us*" (page 832).

"*Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?*"

Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've
heard,

Perhaps I might; . . .
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange
round;

Yet all in the broad highway of the world."

See *The Brothers*.—W.

"And gentle 'Nature grieved,' " &c. (page 887).

"And suffering Nature grieved that one should die."
SOUTHEY'S *Retrospect*.—W.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?" (page 837).

The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, "The Friend;" and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.—W.

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

It need scarcely be said, that an Epitaph presupposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire; first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation; and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations, as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who was wont to say, 'Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.'"

"I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save."

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his "Discourse of Funeral Monuments," says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him *CElina*, afterwards *Epitaphia*, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraven upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of

reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not I think as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the social feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfoldment of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions; for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these enquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been as inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain

any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that Man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corpse of an unknown person lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the shell of the flown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corpse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It

is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birthplace in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in *close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased*: and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the way-sides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves;—of hope "undetermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it," or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree

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by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place; and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenious Poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints' Church, Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish, that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country:—

"Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot,
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when,
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within
The silent grave, I would have stayed.

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
'Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathised,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed:
And I would bless her visit; for to me
'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God."—

JOHN EDWARDS.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded

population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish-church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the epitaphs of Pope, to two causes; first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant: and every man has a character of his own, to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: That to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us: with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts

is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and, least of all, do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred, by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds—of death, and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition.—It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the reader's mind, of the individual, whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images,—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented.—But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity; his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely; may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It is truth, and of the highest order;

for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No;—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and anti-thetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for, the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unaffecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points, of nature and condition, wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human Beings to itself, and "equalises the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, justice, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their

importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not, (as will for the most part be the case,) when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the child is proud that he can read it;—and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillising object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way on this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialised. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language

earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable: as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the general ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men, in all instances save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenour of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a man, or even some one conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualise them. This is already done by their Works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration—or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue;—or a declaration touching that pious humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation—or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power;—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,

Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

W.

*"And spires whose 'silent finger points to
heaven'" (page 838).*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeple, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, p. 223.

*That sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent" (page 866).*

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees;
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*Perish the roses and the flowers of kings"
(page 872).*

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions

here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," &c.—W.

—"*Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes" (page 876).*

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.—W.

"Binding herself by statute" (page 888).

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.—W.

PREFACES

ETC., ETC.

MUCH the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them, or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition. [W. W. ed. 1849-56.]

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS."

[*Notes.*—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes as having little of a special application to their contents.]

THE first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure; and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality, and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is

susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader: but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me for attempting

to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation¹.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present

outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting, that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and,

¹ It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured

to look steadily at my subject; consequently, there is I hope in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well

adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry! sheds no tears "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded, that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him, must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he

describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he

knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude; the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion

and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorise the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts

and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion, but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very

small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of "Clarissa Harlowe," or the "Gamester;" while Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes,

never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a SYSTEMATIC defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously

received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is *necessary* to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the Reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode

of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste; for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has

observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way

in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming, that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry: in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

APPENDIX.

See page 939—"by what is usually called POETIC DICTION."

PERHAPS, as I have no right to expect that attentive perusal, without which, confined, as I have been, to the narrow limits of a preface, my meaning cannot be thoroughly understood, I am anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which the phrase poetic diction has been used; and for this purpose, a few words shall here be added, concerning the origin and characteristics of the phraseology, which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual

state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterised by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true, that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had

heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language: and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be uninteresting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd diction. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction* than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," &c. &c. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," &c. &c. 1st Co-

rinthians, chap. xiii. By way of immediate example take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

"Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original, "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

"Ye winds, that have made me your sport
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I must visit no more.
My Friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see."

This passage is quoted as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &c., are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed: it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the Reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of,

and which has been my chief guide in all I have said,—namely, that in works of *imagination and sentiment*, for of these only have I been treating, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse,

they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it may be graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.

WITH the young of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage; or it relaxes of itself;—the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended as a *study*.

Into the above classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science,) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses*, and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the

question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is

a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to overrate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book.—To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious;—and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity;—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is in-

capable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion—whose clement is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whether then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory compomure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?—among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed—that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trust-worthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly, to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region;"—men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who therefore feed as the many direct

them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits—must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them: it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that now reads the "Creation" of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the "Faery Queen" faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage"—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic Author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the

same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him¹. His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their bouffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this miscon-

¹ The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Barts, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.

ception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature?

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous poems, in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an¹ act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them: and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there sitting where he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the Pindaric odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the "Paradise Lost" made its appearance. "Fit audience find though few," was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts

to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Take, from the number of purchasers, persons of this class, and also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, and but few I fear would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase; "for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of reading poetry) "than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing title-pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, fourth edition, 1686; Waller, fifth edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know; but I well remember, that, twenty-five years ago, the booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable man; but merely to show—that, if Milton's work were not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early editions of the "Paradise Lost" were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only three thousand copies of the Work were sold in eleven years; and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the Works of Shakspeare; which probably did not together make one thousand Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorised, then, to affirm, that the reception of the "Paradise Lost," and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous².—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellanies or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with *original* excellence.

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to

1 This flippancy insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr. Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakspeare's Sonnets, see Numbers, 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 123, and many others.

2 Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus. "It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful edition of 'Paradise Lost' that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed."

think that there are no fixed principles¹ in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." The Pastorals, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the "Paradise Lost" appeared Thomson's "Winter," which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *anti-thesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got

the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now, it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons" does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the "Iliad." A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless²; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature,

2

CORTES alone in a night-gown.

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes."

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.

¹ This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.

were not at that time holden in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in *such good condition* at the time of the publication of the "Seasons," the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little *more*; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognized a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the "Seasons" the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps "Damon and Musidora"); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet¹ were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the "Seasons," pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the "Life and Writings of Pope." In the "Castle of Indolence" (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his lifetime was so small,

¹ Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his "Seasons," and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the "Seasons" of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating or imitating these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of "Sir Cauline" and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the "Hermit of Warkworth," a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact² with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

"Now daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the Lady Emeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

"And soone she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the walles,
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,
'Tis I thy true-love call."

² Shenstone, in his "Schoolmistress," gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's 2nd Series of the "Curiosities of Literature") the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

Which is thus tricked out and dilated :

"Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,
Und Hochburgs Lampen überall
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Fräulein immerdar,
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:
Da horch! Ein süßer Liebeston
Kam leis' empör geflogen.
'Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!'"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the "Epic Poem Temora," in eight Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion. —Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work, it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accom-

modating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his "ands" and his "buts!" and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingalian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly unimportant upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon Poems*,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the "Reliques" of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the "Reliques;" I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably,

to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley!—What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contra-distinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakespeare?—These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes?—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not

laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here.—TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive,—to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word, Imagination, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, Imagination; but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste

may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurably as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—*Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry!—But,

“Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on its foes.”

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer, at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general—stretched on his palanquin, and borne by his slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspired by his leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem—that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence,

which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others—that are complex and revolutionary; some—to which the heart yields with gentleness; others—against which it struggles with pride; these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected, is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the poet melts these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos; an enthusiastic, as well as an ordinary, sorrow; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself—but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime,—if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word, *popular*, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power;—wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic enunciation of the remotest future, *there*, the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers.—Grand thoughts (and Shakspeare must often have sighed over this truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing—that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous

admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above—that, of good poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? What preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

“—Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge—”
MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclama-

tion, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them—that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evince something of the “Vision and the Faculty divine;” and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction;—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

1815.

DEDICATION.

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as

have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—to whom it has suggested so many admirable pictures. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received from your pencil,¹ may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,
My dear Sir George,
Yours most affectionately and faithfully,
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
February 1, 1815.

¹ The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

THE powers requisite for the production of poetry are: first, those of Observation and Description,—i.e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer; whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2ndly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface.) 3rdly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.¹

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, The Narrative,—including the Epopeia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order

that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "*Arma virumque cano*;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the "*Iliad*" or the "*Paradise Lost*" would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale;—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2ndly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the Poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3rdly, The Lyrical,—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the "*Seasons*" of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's "*Schoolmistress*," "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*" of Burns, "*The Two Dogs*" of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the "*Allegro*" and "*Penseroso*" of Milton, Beattie's "*Minstrel*," Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*." The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the "*Georgics*" of Virgil, "*The Fleece*" of Dyer, Mason's "*English Garden*," &c.

And, lastly, philosophical Satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's "*Night Thoughts*," and Cowper's "*Task*," are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems

¹ As sensibility to harmony of numbers, and the power of producing it, are invariably attendants upon the faculties above specified, nothing has been said upon those requisites.

have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versa*. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of "Poems founded on the Affections;" as might this latter from those, and from the class "proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre; with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves; the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so oppressive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of all voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed

with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Let us come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. "A man," says an intelligent author, "has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*φαντάζειν* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterised. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced."—*British Synonyms discriminated*, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?—Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot hangs from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:—

"Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."

— "half way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire,"

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate or Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From impressions of sight we will pass to those of sound; which, as they must necessarily be of a less definite character, shall be selected from these volumes:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;"

of the same bird,

"His voice was *buried* among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee *Bird*,
Or but a wandering *Voice*?"

The stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee *Bird*,
Or but a wandering *Voice*?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd contemplating it from the seclusion of the cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself."

Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.

Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power: but the Imagination also shapes and *creates*; and how? By innumerable processes; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced "sailing from Bengala," "They," i.e. the "merchants," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So," (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to

recombine the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"*Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*"

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming shone,"—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction "His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect!" The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contra-distinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of *Una* is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

"I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you Daughters!"

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I

omit to mention; yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equaled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, "His stature reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament!—When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature, than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence,

1 Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion;—the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal.—Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.—Referring the Reader to those inestimable volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the "Paradise Lost":—

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

"Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance: Dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case; a flash of surprise, and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as "Earth had before trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan."

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied king," and yet a military monarch,—advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of fanciful comparisons, which indicate

on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the foe into his fortress, where

—"a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

"'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the gelid blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold."

"It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;
.....

"Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,

"Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home
Our fancies round the world shall roam."

"We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine."

"But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive."

"We'll drink the wanting into health,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy; th' oppress
Into security and rest."

"The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty."

"The brave shall triumph in success
The lover shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, bays."

"Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?"

When I sat down to write this Preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive; but, thinking that I ought rather to apologise for detaining the reader so long, I will here conclude.

POSTSCRIPT.

1835.

In the present volume, as in those that have preceded it, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, I trust, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which I have glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society; in reference to these, I wish here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were I conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, I might avail myself of the periodical press for offering anonymously my thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but I feel that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from my name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader, will dispose him to receive more readily the impression which I desire to make, and to admit the conclusions I would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon my attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. I am aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than my own; yet I cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this I will confine myself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which I wish to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law.

This dictate of humanity is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners; but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt which would be quite out of place here; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilized humanity.

There can be no greater error; in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth: it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft, or violence.

And here, as in the Report of the Commissioners the fundamental principle has been recognised, I am not at issue with them any farther than I am compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of it more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, I cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice: If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to *his* preservation? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property?

But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance, involves the protection, of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeopardizing of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to

public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the "Paradise Lost," Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul—

"Did I request Thee, Maker, from my lay
To mould me man; did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me?
..... My will
Concurred not to my being."

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator! and under few so afflictive as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want of the necessities of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civilisation among them, been placed in circumstances more favourable to piety and resignation to the divine will, than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil, or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms, even they who have been imprudent and underserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in vain to show, by appeals to experience, in contrast with this view, that provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life, and dispositions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from granting relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman, as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciousness that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the

earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succour from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woeful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependent, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavours to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that, which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

"Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food."

Justly might I be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of the reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work, may find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing; and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms; the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas! it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For it has been

invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with a mutual understanding, that the relief each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours will be granted to himself, or his relatives, should it hereafter be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment:—the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. By some, judging coldly, if not harshly, this conduct might be imputed to an unwarrantable pride, as she and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that law-givers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge that, if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Dependency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow-men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue?

With all due deference to the particular experience, and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it; it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon

the presumption that it is a labouring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labour, and causing to them expense; and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, it may be hoped, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without advertent to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted, or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty escape: in France, there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities,

whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect, shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history, and of works of fiction, we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but, in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle, which has been here defended, should be either avowedly abandoned or but ostensibly retained.

But after all, there may be little reason to apprehend permanent injury from any experiment that may be tried. On the one side will be human nature rising up in her own defence, and on the other prudential selfishness acting to the same purpose, from a conviction that, without a compulsory provision for the exigencies of the labouring multitude, that degree of ability to regulate the price of labour, which is indispensable for the reasonable interest of arts and manufactures, cannot, in Great Britain, be upheld.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, allusion is made to the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories. In order to relieve many of the evils to which that class of society are subject and to establish a better harmony between them and their employers, it would be well to repeal such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies. There are, no doubt, many and great obstacles to the formation and salutary working of these societies, inherent in the mind of those whom they would obviously benefit. But the combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour would

be fairly checked by them, as far as they were practicable; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by investing them in buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be working for him while he was at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance, or endanger public tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way *knowingly*: for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavourable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, *there* the people will dislike both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in fruitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered

for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life; but the Church having been forcibly brought by political considerations to my notice, while treating of the labouring classes, I cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without advertent to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its indiscriminate adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who

are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation; whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world,—that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the

complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, *that* preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and reprimands are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government; and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention, and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor

thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that—

"In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours."—*MS.*

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong, in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be everywhere impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal considerations, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the

lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon, by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will they pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigencies of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels, of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there, an *impediment* to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so? But if any one, in the face of the fact which has just been stated, and in opposition to authentic reports to the same effect from various other quarters, should still contend, that a voluntary system is sufficient for the spread and maintenance of religion, we would ask, what kind of religion? wherein would it differ, among the many, from deplorable fanaticism?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous: but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends

yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much over-rate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly by a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth, that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in equal degree), whether of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to fear that a moral wound may be inflicted upon the heart of the English people, for which a remedy cannot be speedily provided by the utmost efforts which the members of the Church will themselves be able to make.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off this or that from her articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtlety had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the disposition of the new constituencies under the reformed parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals acting in their private capacities, will endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous rivalry?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing: and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations, in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for which their tenants and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to anything of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view, which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I entered upon the above notices, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from my MSS. written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, I should indeed rejoice, and little would I care for losing credit as a poet

with intemperate critics, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, my affections have been moved, and my imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

"Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds;
To men, as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show;
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower!
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obedience paid
Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire, through unadulterated ears,
Four rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,
In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular,
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these;
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement and energy, and will;
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are, among the walks of homely life,
Still higher, men for contemplation framed;
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy;
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength
They do not breathe among them; this I speak
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world."

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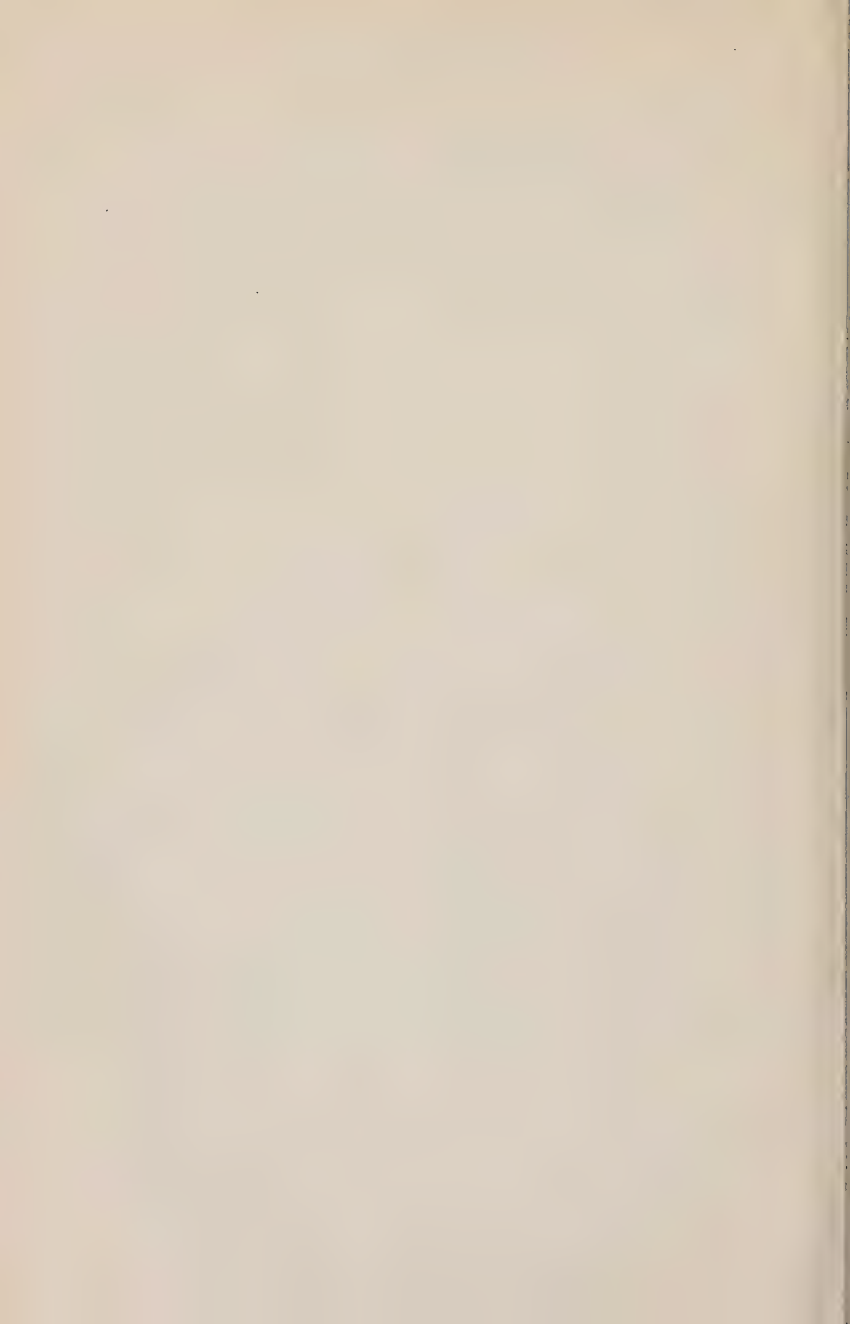
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Mathew Arnolds -
Forsaken Mermaid

